

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Boothby
INNOCECE is here at play—
Time tread softly,
Take not the infant years away,
The dimpled cheeks and hands and all
To leave us only memory
Of a baby and a ball.

Beauty of a dream unfolds—
O Time, hold back;
You see, in chubby hands he holds
Our heartstrings, and unconsciously
With baby fingers plays a tune,
Life's unending melody.

By P. Duncan-Brown



~ BABYHOOD ~

BRAVO JOAN! ... Australia's

Goddess of SPORT Our Champion Among World's Stars!

PEGGY SCRIVEN'S STORY

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.



PEGGY SCRIVEN is bitterly disappointed because she will not be able to meet Joan on Australian courts.

MISS HARTIGAN has just won fresh laurels by playing through to the finals of the Irish tennis championship. She met her defeat at the hands of Mrs. Sperling, formerly Fraulein Krahwinkel, who is graded as Germany's No. 1 player.

Her achievements during her first visit abroad have been phenomenal, but it is not her tennis prowess alone which makes her so splendid an ambassador for Australia. Her natural grace and winsome manners have charmed everybody.

Her attractive physique and gay, disarming smile have even overcome the natural desire for England to win, and at every match her fans can be heard crying, "Bravo for Joan!"

Her play is improving all the time. Joan told me that she has been very off her game since arriving, and found the French courts especially trying, also, though the French audiences were very partial to the Australian players, they were so demonstrative and made such a fuss about every decision of the umpire's that it rather put one off one's game.

Joan considers the standard of tennis very high amongst the women in England. She has not found the American women as "hot-stuff" as expected. She is very fond of Miss Dorothy Round, the English champion, and says she is a most delightful person to be with in play. Helen Jacobs also is a girl who appeals to Joan. She thinks Mrs. Parnley-Whittinghall the best-dressed player and says she always looks charming in her full, pleated shorts.

Joan leads a normal life with none of the dieting and restrictions which make some tennis players such tiresome com-

pany. No, a good grilled steak and strawberries and cream will suit Miss Hartigan as a light lunch before a big match!

THIS charming young Australian player must definitely be ranked among the first half-dozen tennis players of the world.

Her triumphs have even surpassed those of the late Daphne Akhurst, whose achievement of forging ahead into the semi-finals at Wimbledon was only accomplished after her second visit to England. Her record equals even that of Jack Crawford, last year's world's champion, who was eliminated early in the singles during his first visit to Wimbledon in 1928. It was not until four years later that he was able to fill the last place in the world's ranking list of 10 players.

English critics are loud in their praise of Joan's first effort at Bournemouth, where almost straight from a boat journey of 12,000 miles, amid strange surroundings, and playing on hard courts, she did not succumb until she met Miss Mary Healey, one of Britain's graded players. This in itself was no mean achievement.

Later, in the French championships, she was beaten by another English player, K. Stammers, but in the preceding round Joan had accounted for Mlle. Goldschmidt, who is ranked as the second best player in France.

But all this fades into insignificance as compared with her play at Wimbledon. For years to come, the audience surrounding the famous centre court will talk of the young girl who came from Australia and defeated the world's second best tennis player. Peggy

Scriven, twice champion of France, Wightman Cup player, and the winner of many tournaments on the Continent, was downed in the quarter-finals by Joan Hartigan.

Why Peggy Scriven Will Not Come!

IN a special interview, the famous English tennis star, Peggy Scriven, expressed keen disappointment at her exclusion from the team for Australia.

It will be remembered that Miss Scriven showed defiance of the tennis authorities when, on the occasion of the French championships being played last year, she paid her own expenses, and won the championships, although the British Lawn Tennis Association had left her out of the team.

Miss Scriven was so eager to visit Australia, that she wrote to the association expressing her eagerness to make one of the team. The association, in answer, stipulated that Miss Scriven should make herself available also for the team that will tour America.

"I am very upset that I have not been included in the team to tour Australia," Miss Peggy Scriven said.

"I wrote to the British Lawn Tennis Association some time ago expressing my eagerness to visit Australia. In reply the Association stipulated that I would first have to visit America."



AUSTRALIA'S CHAMPION, JOAN HARTIGAN.

"I pointed out that, like the other players, I would prefer to go direct to Australia, as a trip to America also would necessitate my remaining away from England for over nine months."

"Had I known that on the trip to America depended my exclusion from the team to Australia, I would have consented to the nine-months' tour."

"However, the general impression gained in England is that the Australian Council cannot afford to finance four players."

"I have looked forward to meeting Joan Hartigan on her own courts, and to meeting the other Australian women players of whom I have heard so much."

When it was suggested that perhaps the tennis authorities were still

smarting from the blow she dealt them when, as an independent player, she played in the French championships and captured the title, Miss Scriven denied that such was the case.

The tennis world is amazed at her non-inclusion in the team, and both Jack Crawford and Dorothy Round have openly expressed their disappointment.

Dorothy Round feels she has been left without a doubles partner, and no doubt Jack Crawford was expecting Miss Scriven to partner him in the mixed doubles.

Miss Scriven is considered one of the biggest draw-cards in tennis circles in America, France and England. It would be an unfortunate thing for Australia if she is denied the opportunity of being seen in action there.

EPIC AIR RACE ... Starts in Three Months' TIME!

Just three months from to-morrow the greatest and most spectacular air race in the world's history will start from London, with Melbourne as the finishing post.

Over 60 machines from 14 nations have entered, with the world's most brilliant airmen as pilots.

At least four women pilots will take their places in this spectacular contest. They are Mrs. Amy Mollison, and three Americans, Mrs. Louise Thadden, Ruth Nicholls, and Laura Ingalls.

THE prize money for the epic contest has been found by a great Australian, Sir John Macpherson Robertson. Every true Australian will be eager to have this country worthily represented in the race, and this has been made possible by the enterprise of the All-Australian (British) Aeroplane Committee.

Only one Australian-built machine is to participate in the great pageant. The All-Australian plane is nearing completion at the workshops of the Tugan Aircraft Company at Mascot, but a considerable sum of money is still required to finish the work on the machine designed by Australian engineers, and being assembled for its test trials by highly-skilled Australian mechanics.

Faced with the difficulty of raising sufficient funds to assist this great Australian venture, the Committee of the All-Australian (British) Aeroplane Fund approached The Australian Women's Weekly for support.

To assist this great Australian enterprise, we made a donation of £500 to the funds, and in addition undertook to conduct a vigorous campaign among our hundreds of thousands of readers throughout every State of the Common-

wealth to raise the balance of £1,000 required to get the plane to the starting post.

We appeal to you to help support this patriotic attempt to see that Australia shall not be behind the other nations of the world, when the great aviation test comes on October 20.

As we have stressed before, this is not a commercial undertaking. The All-Australian Aeroplane Committee consists of public-spirited men, whose only object in sponsoring this effort is to see that Australia shall be fittingly represented in her own great air race.

All surplus funds collected above the cost of the enterprise, and any prize money won will be handed over to Returned Soldiers' organisations and to aeronautical research work.

Some of our readers may not be prepared to make a substantial donation towards the funds, but all can help in some way to raise the balance of the £1,000 required for the completion of the plane.

The aeroplane must be completed and ready for its tests by the end of August. Will you make this possible by sending in your donation at once to The Australian Women's Weekly?

All contributions will be acknowledged through the columns of your paper.

Aeroplane Ball

NO effort is being spared by the hon. organisers of the Australian Aeroplane Ball to make the function the most enjoyable social event of the season. The ball will be held at the Wentworth Hotel on Tuesday next, July 24, and is under Vice-Royal patronage. Dancing will commence at 9 p.m., and be continued until the small hours of the morning. A special cabaret entertainment will include Cecil Miles and Vilma Spiller in the latest Carico and waltz, Orlando the Russian dancer, a Grecian ballet from Vere Matthews' studio, Les Adams' wonderful band of guitars, and a sensational colored dancer making his first appearance in Sydney.

During the evening prizes valued at 10 guineas will be awarded for the Monte Carlo and old-time waltz competitions, and there will be numerous other valuable prizes to be won.

A delightful poultry supper will be served. Only a limited number of tickets at 7/6 will be sold, so that patrons who wish to avoid disappointment should obtain their tickets early, and also book their tables at the Wentworth. Mrs. Carla Jaques is the hon. organiser of the function, the whole of the proceeds of which will be devoted to the completion of the All-Australian (British) aeroplane for the Centenary Air Race.

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SOUTH SEA AUTHOR

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW is among our most prolific and successful writers, and news is to hand of her new book, "The Victorian Family Robinson."

It is a tale of a wreck in the Pacific in the mid-nineteenth century, and is being published by Cassells very soon. A succeeding novel written round the New Guinea goldfields is partly written—and already sold.

Miss Grimshaw is co-owner, with her brother, Ramsay Grimshaw, of a tobacco plantation on the Laloki River, 15 miles from Port Moresby. She has what she terms a "pleasant home" in Port Moresby where she spends that part of her life that is not taken up in travelling.

She returned there lately after a visit of several weeks to the Mandated Territory goldfields. She travelled a lot by plane, a mode of transit which affords wonderful scenic beauty.

Miss Grimshaw has lived in the South Seas for the past thirty years, with occasional journeys round the world. She is coming to Australia shortly and will spend several months in Sydney before setting out on another tour to England and the Continent.



PARACHUTE TOURIST

MRS. ALMEDA BABCOCK, a twenty-three-year-old widow, of Texas, has the reputation of being America's most skilled woman parachute jumper. She was the first woman parachutist to be licensed by the Department of Commerce.

Mrs. Babcock intends making a "hoboing" aeroplane tour of the world, during which she hopes to "chute down on all the principal cities of Europe and Asia."

Her husband was killed four years ago while making a parachute jump.



RICHLY GIFTED

DAME MADGE KENDAL, who recently passed her eighty-sixth milestone, is one of the most brilliant women living. Her great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were all actors, most of twenty-one brothers and sisters also went on the stage, and she made her first stage appearance at two years of age.

She rapidly rose to eminence, and retired nearly 30 years ago, at the height of her fame. She leased St. James Theatre, London, for many years, made a hobby of writing, and has always taken an active part in movements of the day which won her enthusiasm.

The burden of her years sits lightly upon her, and she still leads a many-sided, energetic life.

GREAT Screen CONTEST Opens DOOR to FAME!

Search for Film Stars of the Future Closes Shortly; Enter To-day!

Only once in a lifetime, it is said, does a Great Opportunity knock at the door.

The Screen Personality Quest, being conducted by this paper in conjunction with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod committee, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy, certainly offers an opportunity very rare, indeed, in Australia, and those who are attracted by the prospect of winning fame and fortune on the films should not let this golden chance pass.



MISS PEGGY EMERY,
Cooper St., Randwick.
—H. Murrell.



MR. PETER HATSATOURIS,
Port Macquarie



MISS JOAN STEWART,
Enmore Road, Enmore.—Sydney Fox.



MISS MARIE MACK,
Neville St., Marrickville.
—Los Angeles.



MISS M. SHADIE,
Warbrick St., Concord.
—Ross Studios.

At Left:
MR. WILLIAM HAZLETT,
Hercules St., Chatswood.



MISS A. ROBINSON,
King's Cross Rd., King's Cross.
—Dorothy Weising.

THIS contest opens the door that leads to the thrilling and remunerative careers of filmdom. It gives you a chance to test your capabilities in this direction, and it is soon closing. Entries for country judging close this Saturday, but for city contestants the closing date is August 4.

Judges are being set a difficult task in selecting winners, for entries to hand indicate that a wide field of talent will be represented.

THIS competition is open to everyone. There are no restrictions as regards the personal relationships of entrants. One woman writes: "May I enter, as I am married and have three children?" Married or single, mothers or grandmothers—every woman can enter, and the same rule applies to the men. So far, however, the men entrants are

is the first big part that Miss Glen has played.

Last week we printed details of the method of judging. For the first test, competitors may select their own speech, which, however, must not exceed two minutes in length. This will give contestants the chance to present an item which will illustrate the type they believe themselves best able to represent.

Write or call at The Australian Women's Weekly office for a printed syllabus with full details of the competition. An entry form will be found in each issue of The Australian's Women's Weekly. The entrance fee is 2/6, which is handed to the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee.

Remember the closing date—August 4.



MISS HOPE EVANS, Jezebel Avenue, Dulwich Hill.

nearly all bachelors. Does this mean that women are more eager to seize this chance of a career?

At present certainly we are hearing more of the successes of our Australian girls than of our men both on the stage and the screen. This week two more are recorded. Carol Coombe, who is an old girl of Ascham School, Sydney, has just signed a contract with Universal Pictures, and will immediately proceed to Hollywood.

Carol has the pluck which deserves success, for she has faced many difficulties to "arrive," and has shown a splendid spirit of determination. Then, too, we hear that a Bendigo girl, Phyllis Glen, aged 22, has been selected to play a role in "Mother of Peace" which opens in Melbourne on Saturday with the famous Delysia in the leading role. This

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£50 For the
Man Winner.

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ADDRESS

22/7/34

At Last AUSTRALIA may FIND the PERFECT Waitress

Tense Training in Melbourne by Priestesses of the Table

So much attention is being devoted to the training of waitresses, in view of their responsibilities during the Centenary, that Australia is likely to become famed for its waitresses instead of its wattle.

What are the qualifications of the ideal waitress? Miss Helen Rennie, who has had wide experience in cafe and tearoom management, and is now in charge of the Myer dining-room, is the one to say.

THE ideal waitress must be tall or of medium height. If she is short, it is too difficult for a customer to attract her attention. She must be quick and not clumsy in her movements, and she must handle the table appointments dexterously and quietly.

She must wear a spotless uniform and her shoes and stockings must be tidy and clean.

Her hands and hair must be well-groomed. Cosmetics must not be too heavy.

She must be pleasant but not familiar to customers. If customers are familiar she must reply politely without encouraging familiarity.

She must address customers as "Madam" or "Sir."

She must stand quietly beside the table while the customer surveys the menu, and having studied the menu beforehand be ready with explanations about the various dishes, if required.

She must make sure that the order is served attractively before bringing it from the kitchen.

She must be alert so that the customer may catch her eye easily.

She must be bright and cheerful, and however eager customers may be to confide their troubles or business worries must not reply with her own.

SPECIAL training courses are being given at Myers, at the New Victoria Palace and at the Emily MacPherson College of Domestic Economy, and a group of cafes which includes Tate's, the Ambassadors, and other cafes awards badges to its most efficient waitresses.

The training courses include practical demonstrations and lectures on table setting, table decoration, approach to customers, personal hygiene, and physical exercises for keeping fit, care of the hands and care of the hair.

The training at Myers is based as nearly as possible on methods employed in a private home, and waitresses are trained to regard their customers more as their own personal guests than as people who have come to buy a meal. Prizes will be awarded after the exam-

ination, and high marks will ensure promotion.

Two courses for waitresses, without previous experience, have been held at the Emily MacPherson College, nearly 50 girls in all having attended the classes. Fifty women are now attending a course for "advanced waitresses," which includes demonstrations on waiting for big formal occasions and special carving. The course is of 12 lessons of one night a week.

Nearly 100 members of the staff at the Victoria Palace are taking part in the special training course. "Every Waiter a Trade Ambassador" is their Centenary slogan.

Apart from instructions in table decoration, and sequence of dishes, members of the class will be thoroughly equipped with information on all Australian foodstuffs, wines, dried fruits and other products, and classes will be held on the preparation and serving of typically Australian menus. Special attention will also be given to the preparation and serving of native game.

Parliament of Women

SEVEN THOUSAND women from 5000 villages recently met at the Albert Hall, London, for the annual British "Women's Parliament." They are all country members of the Women's Institute Movement. Such important things as milk supply, local amusement, children, backyards, water supply, agriculture, and so on, were discussed.

Each hamlet and village has its institute. The movement began nineteen years ago in a little Welsh village with the amazing name of "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgerychwyrndrobwyllyllanysillo-goch."

The course will be followed by examinations.

HAVING trained the perfect waitress, the next step towards gastronomic Eutopia will be the training of customers. Hundreds of Australians still cling to the barbaric habit of drinking tea with all meals, and nibbling at a roll right up to the sweet course. Others will need to learn how to address the waitress. At present the mode of address varies from offensive familiarity to the other extreme of curtness. Others have yet to learn that an unreasonable bad-temperedness towards a waitress is not always a sign of social superiority.

The gradual displacement of the old-fashioned black frock and white cap and apron for waitresses by crisp, well-cut pastel-colored uniforms must have done a great deal towards making the waitress and the customer more cheerful.

This cheerfulness is demanded of the waitress no matter how tired her feet may be, no matter how bored she may be at having served roast pork 79 times in one lunch hour, no matter how much of a struggle it is to pay for waved hair and manured nails on her modest salary.

NEW ERA in SCIENTIFIC Treatment of Mentally AFFLICTED

AUSTRALIAN institutions for the mentally afflicted are gravely overcrowded; and it has long been recognised that this is highly undesirable. The question of finance, however, has always stood in the way of any noteworthy improvements being effected.

A draft bill is now under consideration making provision for the treatment of persons suffering from mental diseases in accordance with the degree of restraint required in each particular case.

The outstanding feature of the pro-

posed legislation will be to afford facilities for the treatment of those who are in the first stages of mental derangement and do not require to be forcibly detained.

It is proposed to divide patients into three classes:—

1. Patients who are amenable to treatment without detention, to be treated in a general hospital, either in the ordinary wards or a special ward.
2. Patients who will be subject to detention where the exercise of same is in the patient's interest, to be treated in a special hospital; and
3. Patients who, from the nature of their complaint, require compulsory detention either for their own protection, or for the protection of the public, to be provided for in the ordinary mental hospitals.

Ample safeguards are provided against any person being wrongfully detained in a mental hospital, and a patient will have the right to have his or her case reviewed by outside alienists if necessary.

ANOTHER subject which has received the attention of the department is the segregation of mental defectives. Other States of the Commonwealth have dealt with this matter, as have the United States and Great Britain, but so far N.S.W. has lagged behind.

In the interests of the mental defectives themselves, and the preservation of the mental and physical standard of the race, it is necessary that they should be segregated, and it is proposed that those of school age be placed under the care of the Education Department, and others under the care of the Inspector-General of Mental Hospitals.

The unhappy position of the institutions for the insane to-day will be seen when it is recognised that all classes of mental cases are herded together in wards—inmates, epileptics, and even patients suffering from T.B. and other diseases.

The Government recognises the weaknesses in the present system, but the whole system is so dependent on the question of finance that it has been allowed to continue.

RARELY has a gift on such a magnificent scale been made to the nation as that recently made by Mr. Thomas Buckland, the president of the Bank of New South Wales.

Mr. Buckland has given the sum of £100,000 for the establishment and maintenance of a woman's hospital for convalescent mental cases.

A site has been purchased about one mile from Springwood Station, N.S.W., comprising 127 acres of land, on the road to the Hawkesbury Lookout.

Mr. Buckland, whose generous gift has stirred the nation, had formerly shown



GLADYS HYNES—Melbourne girl who hopes to achieve perfection as a waitress.

—Women's Weekly photo.

THE philanthropy of Mr. Thomas Buckland in providing £100,000 for a hospital for mental convalescents marks a forward step in Australia in the treatment of the mentally afflicted.

For many years past efforts have been made by the Inspector-General of Insane in New South Wales to induce the Government to amend the Lunacy Act to provide for the most recent advances in the treatment of mental cases.

his public spirit by establishing at his own expense a home for boys at Carlingford, N.S.W. This home was built as a permanent memorial to a son who was killed in the Great War at the age of 22.

In an exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, Mr. Buckland outlined the scheme he had in mind in making this splendid gift.

Convalescent Stage

"THERE are numbers of unfortunate people in the big mental hospitals under the State," said Mr. Buckland, "who should not be kept there at all. Although they are practically cured of their disease, they are not fit to be sent to their friends for the time being, and the Government has made no provision for them during their convalescence."

"For some time past I have been thinking over this matter," he added, "and the thought came to me that I would like to do something to help these distressing cases. I have discussed the subject at great length with Dr. Hogg, Inspector-General of the Insane, and have received the greatest assistance and support from him in working out my project."

The site has been purchased, and plans and specifications drawn for the hospital buildings, which are expected to cost about £20,000. This will leave £80,000 of the funds for the permanent upkeep of the institution.

It is not intended to make this a charitable institution, explained Mr. Buckland. Fees will be charged for maintenance of patients sufficient to cover the cost of their keep in the institution. The idea at the present time is to provide accommodation for 25 women, each patient being provided with a separate room. This, of course, is an innovation so far as hospitals for the mentally afflicted are concerned.

Dr. Hogg, who has been Mr. Buckland's adviser in this project, is opposed to the idea of congregating a number of patients in wards together, and, although the innovation will mean that a larger nursing staff will be required, it is anticipated that the provision of private wards in the new institution will do much for the comfort and happiness of the patients.

Although a start is being made with

only 25 rooms, it is hoped that the institution will be practically self-supporting, and it is proposed to utilise the revenue for increasing the accommodation from time to time as the occasion warrants.

Erection of the buildings is to be commenced forthwith, but the institution cannot be opened until the Government provides an adequate water supply from the Woodford reservoir. This Mr. Stevens has undertaken to do.

Mr. H. M. Buckland has been appointed architect for the erection of the hospital, and Mr. J. Reid has consented to act as honorary consulting architect, while the Government Architect's Department is also lending its advice and assistance.

The trustees of the fund are the donor, Mr. Thomas Buckland, Right Rev. Bishop Kirkby, Dr. C. A. Hogg, and Messrs. R. W. Gillespie and D. W. Roxburgh, while Mr. H. B. Cowper is secretary to the trust.

Generous Gifts

SOME of the munificent gifts made by private citizens for charitable and educational purposes in the past were: Thomas Fisher, £30,000 for the establishment of a library at Sydney University; Sir Samuel McCaughey, £400,000 to the University of Sydney for general purposes; J. H. Challis, £276,000 to the University of Sydney; P. N. Russell, £100,000 to found a school of engineering; J. P. Archibald, £6000 to the Cancer Research Fund; W. O. Watt, £83,000 to the University for general purposes; Dr. Gordon Craig, £11,000 to the University for a Fellowship in Urology; G. H. Bosch, £245,000 for Chairs of Medicine, Surgery, and Bacteriology; Miss Joan Norton, £10,000; "Sydney Morning Herald," £10,000; Sir James Fairfax, £10,000; David Davies Klippel, £22,000.

Institutions which owe their existence to the philanthropy of private citizens include the Thomas Walker Convalescent Home on the Parramatta River, named after its benefactor, and the Burnside Homes, Parramatta, which were endowed by the late Sir James Burns.

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

Introducing THE NEW SUPRA PERMANENT WAVE

In the evening grand costumes reign supreme, and a beautiful interpretation of the diadem mode is shown here. Created by Madame Grainger it has a wealth of soft curls across the head and exquisite ringlet ends. Less formal "styles" can be executed for the day costume, when slim, soft contours of sleek waves grace and define the shape of the head.



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**Wynne W.
DAVIES**

JOHAN SPENCER, and his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, were on holiday at Lass, Austria, when the trouble occurred. While Geoffrey was painting in the woods John wandered off by himself and witnessed the secret burial of a dead man in livery.

He learned the names of the chief men there—Pharaoh and Dewdrop—but dropped a bill by which they learned his name, and address, too. Now his own life is endangered.

In Lass later, a car passed John, the chauffeur wearing green livery similar to that of the dead man in the forest. John jumped on the running-board—and met the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, Lady Helena Yorick.

Lady Helena's father, the late Count, had left her in charge of Yorick Castle and of her young brother. The dead man was killed in guarding the castle's treasure of £2,000,000 in golden sovereigns.

John and Geoffrey, at Lady Helena's invitation, install themselves at Plumage Farm, on the Yorick estate. Geoffrey and his man, Barley, go to Salzburg, leaving John to watch the castle, assisted by Helena and her dog, Sabre. The bond between Helena and John grows stronger.

But a shock is in store. One night the young Count came home, bringing as a guest—Pharaoh. John and Helena escape and drive off in the Rolls.

Insufficient petrol left them stranded out in the country. For two or three days they hide in the cottage of a forester, and the woman there took a note to Geoffrey at Salzburg.

In the cottage the attachment between John and Helena ripens into love. They wake from their love idyll when Helena realises that the last note she had written to Geoffrey at Yorick was on a piece of paper torn from a pad. Pharaoh must have seen the impression and found Geoffrey's address. Has he trapped Geoffrey?

John returns to Plumage, learns that Geoffrey is safe, and goes back to the cottage to find Helena gone and the forester's wife being cross-examined by Pharaoh. Pharaoh fires on John, who ducks and escapes. Meeting Helena near the road, he drives back to the castle to find it a blaze of light.

They enter the castle, and the library unoccupied, and pass on to the dining-room. Helena listened for a moment, then her hand went out to the handle and softly opened the door.

A GIRL was standing on the table, regarding herself in the huge Italian mirror that hung on the wall. Her dress did not become her—it was so much finer than she was. I think she herself perceived that something was

My Favorite Poem

Contentment

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me away,
This is my work, my blessing, not my doom.
Of all who live, I am the one
By whom this work can best be done
In the right way.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Sent by Mrs. Bridger, Green St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

wrong, for she frowned at her reflection as she plucked and pulled at the frock. As we stood there, unseen and unheard, she proceeded to take it off, thrusting it up to her shoulders and over her head. The dress, too slight for her inches, clung to her breasts, and for thirty seconds or more a writhing, sweating sack of crimson and gold was surmounting a thickset body and clumsy legs. The scene was too coarse to be comic. Some girl from the streets of Lass was trying on Helena's clothes.

Champagne was on the table and on the floor. I counted seven bottles, of which one only was full. A wineglass had been used as an ashtray and another lay shattered in a pool of the wine it had held. A bottle that had held brandy lay on the floor, and the carpet about it was stained to a deeper red; beside it, a giant liqueur-glass looked foolish enough. And beside

these the Count was lying, flat on his back. His condition was most apparent. To say he was drunk conveys nothing.

The girl had seen us in the mirror. Her hands clapped fast to her cheeks, she was staring at Helena's reflection with starting eyes. To confirm the mirror's report she shot us one glance of horror, then she crumpled and sank down, dragging the dress about her and shrinking as though from some vision which was but waiting to give her the judgment that she deserved.

Helena went to her quickly and touched her arm.

"Don't be afraid," she said quietly. "If you do as I tell you, I'll see that you come to no harm."

She turned to me, to speak English.

"Can you get him on to the terrace and bring him round?"

"I'll try," said I. "But I haven't a lot of hope."

With that I picked up the Count and carried him out. Then I came back for the pails in which the champagne had stood. Their ice was mostly gone but the water was very cold.

I ripped his collar open and slushed his head and his throat.

I shook him and sat him up and opened his eyes. I took off his coat and his shirt and held the ice to his spine. And other things I did, in my efforts to bring him round.

I might have spared my pains; the fellow was too far gone. He would come to his senses in time but nothing that I could do would help them back.

As I sat back on my heels: "No good?" said Helena quietly.

"Hopeless," said I. "He's all in." He may come round by midday, but he won't be fit to talk to for twenty-four hours.

As the words left my mouth the castle clock told us the time.

A quarter past twelve.

"We must get him away," said Helena. "Now, at once. There's a train that leaves Lass for Innsbruck at one o'clock. We can't get him aboard at Lass—he's too well known; but I guess the train stops at Gola—that's ten miles on. The girl will have to go with him and see that he comes to no harm."

Although I could see that it was drastic, I had then no idea how monstrous was the action which she proposed. Her brother was her liege lord, when he succeeded her father she was the first of his vassals to go on her knees, to put her hands between his, to swear to honor his person and ever maintain his freedom and all his rights. And this was no matter of form. For better or worse, for more than five hundred years the body of the Count had been sacred in the eyes of his house. Times might change, but not Yorick. Its motto held.

IN that handsome July night Helena snapped the tradition and broke her oath. Not a servant would have dared help her. The warden would have withstood her no matter what tale she told. But the only concern I felt was lest the weight of her brother should prove too much for my back.

After perhaps five minutes our plans were laid.

Whilst Helena spoke with Mona, the girl from Lass, I scrawled a note to Pharaoh and boldly signed it "V.Y."

Dear Funtling—

Sorry, but I'm fed up. I've had enough of Yorick, and I'm going to-night. I don't know where, but I'll probably get a train. See you again some day. . . .

I think I looked the note of a drunken man.

As I laid down my pencil—

"That'll do very well," said Helena.

"He never writes, so nobody knows his hand. Leave it there on the blotting pad. And now we must go. Mona's a

broken reed, but it can't be helped. I'm not afraid of her talking—she's far too scared for that. But I am afraid of her bolting the moment she gets the chance."

A moment later our strange procession took shape.

Helena led the way and I brought up the rear, with the Count on my back, while Mona minced between us, bearing her shoes in her hand.

As once before, we passed through my lady's bedroom, down the two flights of steps and so to the postern door. Helena opened this and then stood waiting whilst Mona and I passed out. At once, as we had arranged, I turned to the right and made my way over the turf by the castle wall. One minute later, perhaps, I saw the light that streamed from the porter's lodge. This passed over the Rolls to illumine the jaws of the bridge and had, of course, taught Bugle the trick which had served me so well.

Six paces away from the gates I laid my burden down.

"Is your back all right?" breathed Helena.

"Yes, thank you, my sweet."

At once she turned to Mona, who was drooping besides the wall.

"If you cross that bridge, the porter will see you, and you will be chased and caught. In a few minutes' time, however, the porter will leave his lodge. You'll know when he's gone, because then the wicket will open. The moment the wicket opens, cross the bridge. When you're safely over the bridge, you can put on your shoes again. Then run down the drive as fast as you can until you come to the woods. Wait there at the edge of the meadows, and the car will be down in

five minutes to pick you up."

"It is understood, my lady."

"You will wait without fail, on the right-hand side of the road."

"Without fail, my lady. My lady will not be long."

"Five minutes," I said. "Perhaps I shall come before. But until the wicket opens, you must not move."

"Very good, my lady."

With many misgivings we left her and hastened the way we had come. This time, however, we left the postern ajar.

We had found her bedroom lighted and left it so—an open wardrobe declared the rape of the frock; and now we only waited to set wide open the doors of the principal rooms. Then we went down to the courtyard—up to the last of the jumps.

AS the porter stepped out of his lodge:

"Why didn't you tell me," said Helena, "that his lordship was gone?"

The fellow looked scared.

"I—I didn't know, my lady. I—I thought his lordship was here."

"He went this evening. He says so. He's left a note."

The porter put a hand to his head. "No one has gone out, my lady, since half past nine. And at half past nine, my lady, I know that his lordship was here."

There was a startled silence. Then: "Fetch the night-watchman," said Helena.

The man ran into the courtyard and disappeared.

In a flash the wicket was open and I was outside.

I opened a door of the Rolls and sat for the Count.

*She shot us one glance
of horror, then she
crumpled and sank down,
dragging the dress about her.*

As I heaved him into the car, I saw a bedraggled figure hurrying on to the bridge. I laid the Count flat on the floor-boards and put his coat over his face. Then I took my seat at the wheel and started to turn the car round.

Helena was speaking. "Rouse the other watchmen and the warden as well. The castle is to be searched. Unless he left by a postern, his lordship must still be here. Tell the warden that I have news for his lordship which will not wait, that I've gone to Lass to catch him in case he has gone."

"Your ladyship will be returning?"

"Within the hour."

I had the car well in the shadows and Helena's door was open before she left the wicket to take her seat. And she was so quick that, though the porter made to escort her, I was able to have the car moving before he was out of the light.

As I whipped over the drawbridge I heard her sigh with relief.

"And now for Mona," she said.

The time was now half past twelve, which shows that much may be done in a quarter of an hour. Indeed, I would not have believed it if the clock had not been chiming as we passed over the bridge.

As we left the meadows I set a foot on the brake and switched out my lights.

For a moment we sat in silence. Then:

"Mona," cried Helena. "Mona!"

The girl did not answer, and after a frantic moment I flung myself out of the car.

"Mona!" I cried. "Where are you?" A figure rose out of the night.

Please turn to Page 28



A Cossack GIRL in the FIRING LINE

Numbers of women fought side by side with men in the great war, but there are few authentic records of their exploits. One comes to us now in "Cossack Girl," by Marina Yurlova, who fought against the Turks at an age when most girls are still in the schoolroom.

MARINA was the daughter of Colonel Uruloff, of Raevskaya and Ekaterinodar. By a curious set of circumstances she found herself caught up with a group of women following their menfolk to the firing line, at the time when the Cossacks advanced on the Turks.

She joined them quite deliberately, for the revelation of her identity would have ensured her return to her parents. She was adventurous, but not romantic, even at that age.

The women became scattered as their journey progressed, and Marina even-

tually became attached to a regiment of Kuban Cossacks. She advanced with the patrol through the Erwan and River Araks areas. She was the first to volunteer to form a raiding party on an important stronghold, and the only survivor of the gallant group. She accomplished single-handed the capture of 40 Kurds, took part in the big push towards Erzerum, directed by Grand Duke Nicholas, and saw war and revolution at its worst.

Marina writes, too, of the famine, when starving, almost naked Armenians swarmed the countryside.

It is an incredible tale, but at the same time a convincing one.



MARINA YURLOVA, author of "Cossack Girl," as she is to-day.

Marina was wounded, shell-shocked, and suffered all sorts of horrors, but survived it all and lived to tell her story in this interesting book. (Cassell, 7/6.)

Where there's a child there should be COCOA!



CHILDREN are brain workers, and, in their own little way, manual workers too, and many overtax their strength at school and play. Now, Bournville Cocoa is food and gives the children extra strength to keep pace with their growing bodies. It is the children's idea of a real delicious drink at breakfast, and again at bedtime. Remember, Bournville Cocoa will help them to sleep the clock round, snug and warm, to awaken bright-eyed in the morning.

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by Jean Williamson

A Powerful Book on Post-War England!

Such of the middle-class complacency of England as has survived the fruits of victory must surely be stirred to its dregs by Mr. J. B. Priestley's latest book, "English Journey."

FOR most Englishmen a tour of their homeland resolves itself into a pious pilgrimage or a sentimental journey. Mr. Priestley, a passionate lover of his country, set forth not to extol his heritage, but to find out how his fellows of post-war England "lived and worked and played." He found many of them out of work and too poor to play. He faithfully reports what he saw in a book which while entirely free of rant is yet so hot with righteous anger that it is as fine a jeremiad as has yet been launched against the folly of war and the idiosyncrasy of "a snarling peace."

AS he goes through his post-war England he finds towns ravaged by want and misery and despair; men eaten by idleness, every fibre of their manhood rotted by the dole. Lancashire with her cotton industry in ruins. Liverpool with her rotting shipyards. Squalor and high courage. Grim grinning in the face of adversity, and grey despair, and he sets it all down in the fascinating Priestley way.

To the average reader much that he records may be trivial and tiresome. Washy tea, poor cooking. "The pork was nearly all dubious fat, the brussels sprouts were watery, and the baked potatoes might have been of papier mache." There is a good deal quite as dull as that.

In the Wedgwood factory he is a poet with a magical touch. In the Wills factory he is as tedious as any schoolboy essayist. Usually, his rich mind spills its treasures over any subject it touches. Now and again it only raises the dust on dull lumber.

But such small flaws in workmanship are of little account when seen in perspective against the wide sweep of his canvas.

AUSTRALIA comes in for a mention as he weighs the pros and cons of the Bournville system of paternal employment.

"I believe that this very firm, when it opened a branch factory in Australia, met a decided rebuff from the Aus-

tralian who, whatever their faults, are at least in practice the thorough-going democrats they pretend to be.

"No," said these Australian employees in effect, "we don't want your recreation grounds and concert-halls, for if you can afford to give us these things, you can afford to pay us higher wages, and we'll take the wages."

THE passion to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land flames in him and illuminates every chapter he writes.

No man is better aware that a Holy City is not all hand-made, so he does not preach the barren gospel of work for work's sake, but none knows better the value of a well-paid job. So he is seized with the immense importance of figures compiled about industry, and cannot divorce them from their human background.

His journeyings do not arm him with any five-year plan for dealing with the evils he finds. That would be to expect too much of this passionate reporter. It should be enough if his report wings its way to the hearts of those whose job it is to keep watch and ward on the welfare of the people.

This is the note on which he ends: "We have led the world many a time before to-day, on good expeditions and bad ones, on piratical raids and on quests for the Hesperides. We can lead it again. We headed the procession when it took what we see now to be the wrong turning down into the dark bog of greedy industrialism, where money and machines are of more importance than men and women. It is for us to find the way out again into the sunlight. We may have to risk a great deal, perhaps our very existence. But rather than live on meanly and savagely it would be better to perish as the last of the civilised peoples."

High words, you see, and glowing aspirations. It is for the Priestleys of this world to write such words. It remains for the planners to take heed of them and translate them into something more substantial than pious hopes.—A.J. (Our copy, Swains. Price 8/6.)



SHORT REVIEWS



"London Bridge is Falling." Philip Lindsay. There is much that repels in Philip Lindsay's latest book "London Bridge is Falling," but its interest is so great that one reads on in spite of these passages.

In a dedicatory preface Mr. Lindsay states that details of the social life, manners, and sentiments of the period are not at all exaggerated, but rather toned down, in deference to readers. But even in view of this there will be few women readers who will not be thankful that they live in the present age rather than in medieval times when their sex was subject to a slavery and to indignities that are now incredible.

There is great emotional interest in the book as well as a wealth of historical detail.

It centres round the families living on London Bridge about 1450, and gives interesting glimpses into the domestic life of the period. Mr. Lindsay's descriptions are very vivid, too vivid at times, but the wealth of detail adds to, rather than detracts from, their interest. Cruelty, hatred, and licentiousness were rampant, but there were some interludes, when youth at least demanded its rightful heritage of fun, and took it, even at a high price.

The story starts with the return of Andrew Pickard to his home on the bridge, after years of fighting abroad, and an adherence to Jack Cade. He is a fine type, idealistic and brave, but his good intentions lead him into all sorts of trouble.

Three women fall in love with him, and with one of these, Jane Piel, he eventually meets his death in the fire on the bridge. But the main interest in the story lies in the families resident on the bridge, and Mr. Lindsay reveals in his portrayal of these a thorough understanding and knowledge of medieval England.

Ivor Nicholson and Watson. Our copy Angus and Robertson. (Price 7/6.)

"Work of Art." Sinclair Lewis. There seem few strata in American life that are unknown to Sinclair Lewis, and in his latest book he deals with that upon which the hotel-keeping people of the nation are established. It is equal in interest to other books which brought him fame in the literary world—"Main

Street," "Babbitt," "Anne Vickers," and several others.

The characters are well and powerfully portrayed, revealing both the strength and weakness which are so often combined in the human species.

"Work of Art" is the story of Myron Woogie's ambition to be the perfect hotel-keeper, and to possess the hotel of his dreams. He qualifies for it through years of patient toil and study. But his ultimate achievement brings short-lived happiness, and the hopes and dreams of a lifetime are crashed by happenings over which he had no control.

In contrast to Myron's strength and purposefulness is his brother, unscrupulous and weak, but whose sewer-mentality keeps him abreast of the wave. His self-asserted literary gifts and limited success earn for him a certain amount of hero-worship from Myron, who in turn is despised for the lowliness of his own ambition.

It is not the plot of the story, however, that gives the book its appeal, but its revelation of types common to the America of this generation. There are endless character studies, a leavening of love interest, and glimpses of business procedure that mark the book for inclusion in the best publications of the year. (Jonathan Cape. Our copy Swains.)

"Seven Men Came Back." Warwick Deeping. There is nothing new in the framework of Mr. Warwick Deeping's plot in "Seven Men Came Back." He has utilised one that has been subject to variation in numbers of previous novels—the periodical meetings of a group of people, the private lives of whom embroider the story. Mr. Deeping's characters are war veterans who on the declaration of the Armistice resolve to meet annually in London. Captain Sherring is the outstanding personality among them, or, perhaps, one should say the one whom the author employs most forcibly to demonstrate the hardships and handicaps that beset even the finest soldiers after demobilisation. There is a love interest which demonstrates the power of this emotion to compensate for the lack of many worldly successes. (Cassell, 7/6. Our copy Swains.)

OUTSIDE

Mrs. Puffitt's

HILDA WILDER, who was twenty-six years of age and weighed so very many more pounds than she should, sat on the verandah of Mrs. Puffitt's Diet Home and looked at the view.

This was a view that a special providence, flatteringly intimate with Mrs. Puffitt, had combined with the local shire council to provide for Mrs. Puffitt's guests. It was so expansive and generous that no sufferer from embonpoint could look at it without feeling diminished by comparison, embracing, as it did, a whole racecourse in the left foreground, a whole landscape of orchards and market gardens stretching away to the right, and a church suggestively surrounded by tombstones in the middle distance; it was an altogether ideal view for persons suffering from alarming discrepancies in weight, either one way or the other.

But Hilda did not feel that she was appreciating it to its full value. She was a docile and patient girl, the sort of girl who is a good baby-minder and is always given the cup with the broken handle at picnics; but twenty-four hours at Mrs. Puffitt's Diet Home—starkly punctuated by three of Mrs. Puffitt's special diet meals—had filled her with something almost like rebellion.

She began to positively dislike her aunt Alicia (christened Alice), who displayed such an elegant figure and had owned a beauty shop in New York. She disliked Aunt Alicia had stayed in New York, and never thought of coming back to Sydney to open more beauty shops where they were not needed. She wished that she herself had realised before how happily she might have stayed at home in Burwood, experimenting with new cake and pickle recipes, and minding the neighbors' babies, instead of coming to Mrs. Puffitt's Diet Home at Aunt

COMPLETE
short story
of a health resort
and its patrons!

table and tried indefatigably to enliven the Home's dismal meal times. "Were you going down to Peter Doody's?" she asked in a conspiring whisper. And this was Hilda's first intimation that the wooden seat on the verandah was a sort of jumping-off place for forbidden fields.

Anybody who had been at the Home for a week might have noticed that the seat on the verandah was seldom occupied except on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and occasional Fridays, these days being the ones on which races were held on the course across the road. There was nothing to discourage Mrs. Puffitt's guests from attending race meetings; rather the contrary, for the sight of so many hering-gutted figures, man and horse, on the track there, could only have a salutary effect on any of them. But there was a strict edict against eating between meals, particularly of those forbidden fruits sold by one Peter Jones, who kept a stall outside the course on race days. And this was the Peter Doody to whom Hilda was presently introduced.

Peter was an ex-jockey, saddened like his namesake by compulsory starvation, and more deeply saddened still by the fact that it had at last been all unavailing; in the end Peter had come to a choice of putting on weight or dying altogether, his profession ruined whichever way you looked at it. So now he owned a neighboring market-garden pleasantly full of potatoes and peas and pumpkins, and on race days he sold chocolates and ice-cream and other fattening things to racegoers who needed sustenance or consolation, and to those guests at the Diet Home who did not have strength enough to resist temptation.

Peter had a very personal interest in these latter customers; he always gave them overweight and the sympathy they expected but did not get from their doctors. If he was unpopular with Mrs. Puffitt it was the inevitable clash of different interests and temperaments.

Hilda took a fancy to him with the first packet of milk chocolate she purchased. She liked his saddened brown eyes and the understanding way he took her shilling and handed back sixpence.

Only one who has lived on a rigid diet for years to be beaten in the end can, at the age of thirty-one, be rewarded with the appearance of knowing, and forgiving, all. No amount of tarty starches and carbohydrates could remove the lines of past suffering from Peter Doody's face.

His sympathies had always been with the guests of Mrs. Puffitt; he knew just what she gave them to eat and just what she denied them; but until he saw Hilda he never thought of preaching open rebellion against the lady who kept the Diet Home. It was not only cruel that a girl like Hilda should be starved; it was manifestly absurd. Peter, who had lost much of his jockey-hardness if he had not lost much of his jockey-thinness, liked soft upholstery; it was a positive comfort just to look at Hilda's curves.

"I can't see anything wrong with your figure," he told her with sincerity, and Hilda, eating salted peanuts, was exorbitantly grateful. Peter Doody had come to be her only source of both material and spiritual comfort.

MRS. PUFFITT'S impositions increased in severity, as though Hilda gave visible evidence of every unauthorised chocolate she swallowed, as indeed she did. And soon Mrs. Puffitt was telling her in tones as uncompromising as they were cultivated that she must absolutely insist on Hilda absolutely following out the rules of her diet with the most absolute strictness.

After that she took Hilda into the weighing-room at eight o'clock in the



Miss Winifred BIRKETT

... the writer of this story is a brilliant young Australian author, whose first book, "Three Goats on a Bender," has just been published. Miss Birkett has a rich vein of humor among her armory of gifts, and we confidently predict a brilliant future for her.

—THE EDITOR.

Illustrated by WEP

The Unattained

I greet you all, ye discontented souls,
Who spurn contentment as a coward's balm.
You sad brave hearts, who gain not yet your goals,
But scorn to bow your heads with stolid calm.
Submissive to the check of your desires,
With you who have not yet attained your best,
With you, my splendid malcontents I strive
To gain and build, and not to take my rest.

Intent of purpose we shall journey still,
Together quest the fabric of our dreams;
Inquietude our holy goad, until
The look-out shout repays the fruitless miles,
Until our keel comes cresting through the surf,
And rifts the sands that gird the Happy Isles.

—Benjamin Bessley.

Alicia's expense to be given a fit and proper appearance to help Aunt Alicia in a beauty shop.

She had been far too docile, and now nothing could save her from living the rest of her life in famine-stricken elegance under the stern eye of Aunt Alicia.

At Hilda's back was the drawing-room of the Home; and at the present moment, if one listened at the windows, one might hear Mrs. Puffitt putting persuasive butter on the paws of a prospective guest, a lady who desired to become smaller and beautifully less, losing pound avoirdupois for pound sterling, as it were, in the shortest time compatible with safety.

Mrs. Puffitt's voice floated out. It was the kind of voice that suggested it had been raised under glass, so intensely cultivated it seemed. "We always advise people to try Diet Home methods first," she was saying.

Whereat a small and bitter voice spoke in Hilda's ear: "I only wish and advised me to try diet at home methods first," it said.

The speaker was a dumpy, cheerful little person who sat at Hilda's

morning and weighed her personality, making it seem as much of a compliment as if she had had to support the scales with her own fastidious strength. The other guests in the home, their mental balance possibly undermined by dreams of desert islands and cannibalism, saw in Hilda a cause for laughter which they could not see in themselves.

Hilda told it all to Peter Doody, who was not amused.

"They want to give you consumption or something," he said, and opened a new box of marshmallows.

But he took a charitable view of the other guests' laughter.

"I wouldn't let that bother me," he said soothingly. "Their nerves have all got broken up with their treatment; they're hysterical. You don't want to spend your evenings with people like that; we could go to the pictures."

So she went to the pictures with Peter Doody, and ate chocolate-coated ice-creams in the interval, and was reprimanded by Mrs. Puffitt for not getting up betimes the next morning and doing her exercises; under this combined treatment her prospects of ever being put in charge of a beauty shop were becoming exceedingly remote. At the end of five weeks at the Diet Home she had lost weight to the extent of two pounds and half an ounce.

Mrs. Puffitt did not try to hide her annoyance at the poor advertisement the home was getting, and Aunt Alicia, who was paying for it all, wrote to both Hilda and Mrs. Puffitt stressing this point with a business-like forthrightness she had learnt in commercial New York.

The letter to Mrs. Puffitt sent that resentful woman at half-past two on a warm Wednesday afternoon straight out to look for Hilda in the direction of the refreshment stall outside the main gate of the racecourse.

Peter Doody saw her coming in the distance, and left the stall to the mercy of any stray thief while he took Hilda, fortified with a large tin of butter-scotch, in through the racecourse gate and out of harm's way. There he took her all among rugged horses and silhouetted jockeys, and the thrill of it

From the middle of the wreck, Peter Doody extracted Hilda, choking on the remnants of the guilty caramel.

lasted to keep Hilda happily warm under the icy trickles of Mrs. Puffitt's subsequent displeasure.

BUT it was beginning to dawn upon even Hilda that this sort of thing could not go on for ever.

"You know," she said to Peter Doody the following Saturday, "it doesn't seem quite fair to Aunt Alicia, when you come to think of it, not to be doing my best."

"Rot!" returned her champion. "Why isn't she satisfied with you as you are?" Which was gratifying without being particularly useful.

It was a lovely early summer afternoon. From the racecourse behind them came intermittent bursts of sound; along the road passed intermittent bursts of motor traffic and an occasional tradesman's cart; there were one or two birds about, and one or two dogs, and now and then a pedestrian, but nothing that really mattered besides the refreshment stall and Hilda and Peter Doody. Those guests of Mrs. Puffitt not too intimidated had already purchased their week-end's supply of chocolates and retired with them like so many discreet dogs with so many indiscreet bones.

Hilda and Peter were talking about the general depravity of beauty shops and the pathetic joys of watching green peas growing fat in the pods, and peaches ripening juicy among the leaves, when Peter interrupted himself with an exclamation.

"You're caught this time," he said. "But, anyway, she can't say it's fattening just to be talking to me. Who's that with her?"

The person he referred to by the last pronoun was Mrs. Puffitt; of course, but her unknown companion was Hilda's aunt.

"Urgh-gh!" said Hilda. The worst had happened with a large and adhesive caramel. She was betrayed! She could not tell Mrs. Puffitt she had

merely been talking to Mr. Jones. She could not tell anybody anything. Her sins had found her out.

Any other man in the world must have laughed then; Peter did not laugh. He had been trained to make up his mind quickly in tight corners.

He said, "They can't have seen you yet, the awning's in between. Duck under the stall."

He had to come out from between the awning and the stall to let her in. The counter of the stall had not been built for hiding girls of any size, and it was a tight fit for Hilda; it was, in fact, a jam; but it was not nearly such a jam as meeting Aunt Alicia and Mrs. Puffitt would have been while she was actually disabled from speech by her own too-manifest guilt. Hilda ducked; she ducked just in time.

Mrs. Puffitt and her companion came up to the stall and stared at Peter suspiciously, as though Hilda might be concealed somewhere about him. Before they spoke they stared suspiciously at the stall, as though Hilda might be somehow concealed in it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Jones," Mrs. Puffitt said coldly. Then they walked majestically on.

Very soon they turned and walked back again, casting at the stall a two-fold glare that should have been enough to penetrate its flimsy wooden front. They passed on once more.

"The coast's clear!" said Peter Doody, fearful of Hilda's imminent suffocation; and Hilda, who had occupied the time in a winning struggle with the caramel, prepared to emerge.

IT was not his fault that he had spoken too soon. Who might have guessed that the ladies would turn back a second time? Mrs. Puffitt's haughty beginning, "Oh, Mr. Jones—" came at the same instant as Hilda's stifled appeal, "Oh, Peter! Help!"

Please turn to Page 38

Keep out WINTER'S ILLS and CHILLS



WOLFE'S
SCHNAPPS
is obtainable
in large, half
and quarter
size bottles at
all hotels.

WOLFE'S Aromatic Schiedam SCHNAPPS

"As good for Women as for Men"

WS.27-16

COLDS

Grandmother's recipe favoured To-day

Cold, rainy days and bleak winds bring their crop of colds and influenza unless precautions are taken. An old-fashioned recipe favoured by our grandmothers is as effective to-day as ever.

Over eighty years ago, a wonderful gin spirit, Wolfe's Schnapps, was introduced to Australia. It came from Holland. This wonderful gin spirit, because it contained genuine Italian Juniper Berries, had remarkable remedial properties. When taken with hot water, lemon and sugar it acted as a wonderful preventive of colds and flu.

Wolfe's Schnapps is still the purest of all gin spirits, is still distilled in Holland and is still as effective in guarding health as ever. Have a Wolfe's Schnapps regularly "for your health's sake." Women find it especially beneficial.

A PRODUCT OF
HOLLAND.

HIMS, Ancient and MODERN

Complete
SHORT
STORY

.. By ..

HYLTON
CLEAVER



TONY BEVINGTON entered the room seeking what he might devour; his hands were in the pockets of his dressing gown; his hair was not yet parted, and he sniffed, not to identify the contents of the entire dish, but because he had left his pocket handkerchief behind.

(This certainly is an unimpressive entrance, nevertheless he is our leading man, and perhaps his acting will improve a little, later on.)

His first piece of business was the opening of his letters, and of these the third he opened came as a great surprise, but Tony's surprise was felt behind a closed face and not behind an open one.

Our hero has certainly not yet rounded our emotions by a demonstration of his own. Probably he needs somebody to play up to.

Ah, here comes someone: there is a step outside the door.

Meanwhile Tony had turned the sheet of paper over and looked strangely at the signature; he had examined both sides of the torn envelope; then he had laid both down, and now his first display of dramatic action came, for as the door opened, he grabbed the letter and the envelope and stuffed both into his pocket hurriedly.

With an air of delightful unconcern he raised the cover which concealed the kidneys and bacon, and conveyed a forkful to his plate.

"Good morning, George."

"Good morning."

"I wish," retorted Tony, "you would not repeat everything I say."



Do You Know...

That the wedding veil is a relic of the canopy that used to be held over the bride to shield her from profane gaze. The ancient Romans looked upon it as a protection against the evil eye, a superstition current among many tribes and nations.

The man who had now appeared made a contrast to the leading man.

He was already in a lounge suit of sinuous cut and restful tone; his hair was sleek, his handkerchief, white, neat and triangular, protruded from his pocket, and as he crossed the room he dry-washed his hands; he then placed his back to the fire in order to look over Tony's shoulder and make sure he had not taken more than his legitimate share of kidney. Finally he drew a hearty breath as if the air put him in mind of the Tyrol.

"Ha! Well? Anything much in the paper this morning?"

"Don't let me spoil your reading of it by telling you what's in it, please," said Tony.

"No post?"

"I had some letters."

"None for me?"

"I never see you write any. What do you expect?"

"A few," said George, "to answer." Tony felt himself growing red behind the ears; he drew his chair a little closer to the table, and his person nearer to the food. For in his pocket there was a letter for George, and he had opened it by mistake. Moreover, it was the kind of letter he shrank from handing over now, whatever explanation or apology he offered, for George would never believe that he had not read most of it. And whereas if we inadvertently open a letter meant for a stranger no great harm is done, the discovery of the

secrets of a friend living with us may easily affect our lives.

Of course, it may seem that Tony had only to push across the torn envelope with the words, "I'm sorry, George, I opened this before I noticed it was addressed to you."

But that would have been little use, for as it happened Tony had pushed the edge of the letter into his tea, which would show that he had opened it and seen at all events the terms in which it was composed.

George spoke.

"I wish," he said, "you would not attack every morning as if you were sure something dreadful would happen before lunch."

"My dear chap, even if I do not feel sure, it happens just the same."

"But why do you start to go as soon as I come down, without finishing your breakfast?"

Tony's reason was a good one; he had lost his appetite instead of satisfying it, but he did not put forward this excuse. He said:

"I have to get dressed."

"I wanted to talk to you."

Tony hung back suspiciously. What confidences were coming now? If George were going to open his heart on the subject of this letter, things would be increasingly awkward; it would be difficult for Tony to conceal that he had already guessed the truth. He waited.

"What about?"

"Oh, some other time will do. Will you be in to-night?"

"No, I think not."

"All right, I'll see you in the morning."

"Was there anything particular you wanted to say?"

"It's no use beginning if you're in a hurry."

Back in his own apartment Tony produced the troublesome letter again and looked at it fixedly.

He could, of course, destroy it and

pretend it had never arrived, but that would cause complications and would be scarcely sportsmanlike. This was such a letter and affected the future so interminably that George must never think he, Tony Bevington, had seen it; how was he to hand the thing over convincingly, stained as it was with a dribble of tea, still damp?

There was one way out, and Tony took it.

HE walked to his table, got pen and paper and wrote as follows:

"Mr. Anthony Bevington deeply regrets having opened the enclosed in error; to save embarrassment to all concerned he prefers not to pass it on in this condition, and suggests that the letter be enclosed in a new envelope and re-posted. He need hardly add that beyond looking for the signature he has naturally not read the letter."

Then, because he could never be stilled for long, he added:

P.S.—Sorry to say I got some tea on it, too. Many apologies.—A.B. Then he enclosed the documents, and addressed his envelope: "Daphne," 26 Cornish Place, S.W.

He presumed she would have the sense to re-write the letter.

As he dressed, after that, he felt easier in his mind, and thus considerably more cheerful.

The next development occurred next morning.

Tony had spent the previous day self-righteously, conscious of having, by diplomacy and understanding of mankind's psychology, avoided a regrettable contretemps.

He walked in to breakfast confident that he would see upon George's plate a long envelope of blue tint such as had lain yesterday on his, and that he, a good fairy indeed, would be responsible for its arrival there. He would be much more chatty to-day, he thought, with George.

Instead he paused. He saw nothing on George's plate.

On his own he saw one letter only, and the fact that it lay between his knife and fork entirely unaccompanied gave it a sinister importance. He stood over it and peered peculiarly at the writing.

Well, it was really addressed to him this time, but though the envelope was certainly long and blue, the writing was decidedly a man's. This seemed peculiar.

Please turn to Page 32



"I AM AS RIGHT AS RAIN after using LAXETTES"

Men, too, find that Laxettes are just as good for themselves as for children. This is Mr. E. W. M.'s experience:—
"To Laxette Co."

"For the last 3 months I have been using your valuable Laxettes. Before that I used a lot of other medicine, but all of no avail. A friend of mine recommended Laxettes, and after taking three tins I am as right as rain."

(Sgd.) E. W. M.
Oakley, Q'land"

(You can see this original of this letter in our office)

Swiftly and surely—as always—Laxettes cleared up the trouble where all other medicines had failed. Genuine Laxettes are more beneficial than old-fashioned salts, oils and purgatives which are so unpleasant to take. Let Laxettes do for your health what they have done for so many others. But make no mistake—insist on the genuine.

Every Laxette is a prescription compounded by chemists of the highest degree of skill. Always make certain of the genuine—the square tablets, in tins only, with the name on every tin and tablet—containing greater remedial powers than any other medicine so reasonably priced. 1/6 at chemists everywhere. Send for free sample.

SAMPLE

We will send you a free sample. Write your name and address below. Post to The Laxette Manufacturing Company, Dept. W.W., Melbourne, C.I.

NAME

ADDRESS



FOR INTESTINAL WORMS
Use Baxter's Worm Tablets

If unobtainable from your chemist write The Laxette Mfg. Co., Melbourne

Headaches Rheumatism Neuralgia Lumbago Sciatica Depression women and men Neuritis Influenza Muscular Pains

SAFE RELIEF from PAIN

VINCENT'S A.P.C.

AVOID IMITATIONS they may be injurious

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company, Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S."

PINK POWDERS AND TABLETS 18c 20c in packets of 12 & 24 Loose 2' each

HOT BLOOD: 18c. Mr. Anthony Paste is made from Italian Genuine Anchovy. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.***

DOMESTIC PETS Ruined This Blissful HOME!

*The Camel Wanted the Fireside
and the Silkworms Barked*

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.

Although I have given up keeping domestic pets since my divorce, my vast experience entitles me to drop a dash of advice here and there.

Among the domestic pets I have had are wives, goldfish, cats, mice, guinea-pigs, half-guinea pigs, parrots, turtles and turresses, silkworms, barbed-wire haired terriers, carrots and pockatoos, camels... you're no idea.

GOLDFISH are very interesting. In the winter they should be kept in warm water. A drop of rum added to it helps the fish along tremendously, although it should not be overdone.

One of my goldfish leapt out of its bowl and bit me on the ankle last winter, the drink having gone to its head. However, as I had had one or two drops of the same rum, I was able to bite back, notching a victory in the second round, and that goldfish is now in the same place as anyone else who tries to thwart me.

One of my silkworms turned on me, too. It was in the autumn of 1902, or it might have been '03. Anyhow, I was shovelling the mulberry leaves into its den when it snapped savagely at me and barked in a most ferocious manner. I

could see that one of us had to go. As usual, I won.

I was sorry to lose that silkworm. When you come to think of all those silk frocks and things they are responsible for it makes you do a bit of marvelling. Though how the devil they manage to stitch around the buttonholes has got me tricked.

NOW, about dogs. I am rather good on dogs.

I really should have been an inveterate surgeon. The main trouble with most dogs is fleas. If there were no dogs there would be a lot of unemployed fleas about, and you should bear this in mind next time you feel like whanging your dog one over the muzzle. A dog should be taken out into some open space and thoroughly shaken.

On washing day, if he is a white dog,

Illustrated
by
WEP

put him in the copper with the rest of the things, or if he is a colored dog put him in with the coloreds. Stir him frequently and, when finished, run the heavy roller over him and he is then fit for his Sunday parade.

Cats are very easy to handle if you can get close enough to them. There are two kinds of cats. Male cats and female cats. One is worse than the other. I have not yet decided which.

So long as a male cat has plenty to eat, can sleep all day in some soft, warm place, and howl all night, he doesn't worry. You do that. Female cats are



JUST TAKE a look at this heartrending state of affairs depicted by WEP.

practically the same only for their careless habit of foisting kittens on to you at odd times.

CAMELS are not very popular in this country yet. I only had one camel, called Cedric. He used to wait at the gate for me when I came home from work. The only trouble I had with him was that when he laid down in front of the fireplace there was no room for anyone else in the place. Many's the night I've spent out on the verandah.

Birds are inclined to be temperamental, especially canaries. Sometimes

they refuse to whistle. That's when they want a good smack across the beak. Spare the birch and spoil the bird has always been my motto.

The best thing to do is not to have any pets in the house at all. Just take a look at the heart-rending state of affairs as depicted by Wep on this page.

But if anyone wants a real nice little boy about five feet eight in his socks and thirty-nine around the chest in his singlet, quiet, broken into harness, non-abstainer... well, here I am. Much better than goldfish. Open one week.

The "ONE Over ONE" and ... Negative NO TRUMP

Both opening hands and responding hands should keep to a suit bid in preference to a no-trump bid is the point made by Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's well-known authority, in this week's article on contract bridge.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

THE "one over one" principle is but a part of the Culbertson system, but there are some who have attempted to make an entire bidding system of it.

The idea is simplicity itself, as any suit bid of one, overcalled by partner with a bid of one in a higher ranking suit, is a very strong incentive for the original declarer to bid again. Under the Culbertson system it is 99.5 per cent "forcing." Other writers and players would have this situation absolutely "forcing," thereby making it obligatory on declarer to bid again. This extreme, however, has proved a fallacy, and in practice a response will invariably be given should there exist the slightest justification for it.

The "negative" One No Trump response should be made when the responding hand lacks both a biddable suit and normal trump expectancy, but yet holds as good as an ace and a queen (or their equivalent). This courtesy on the part of the responding hand gives the declarer a further opportunity of bidding, but for itself denies game possibilities.

By ELY CULBERTSON:
No. XXVI

THE approach principle which provides that the opening hand should always prefer a suit bid to a no-trump bid also applies to the responding hand. This means that partner of the opening bidder should, whenever possible, prefer a one-bid in a suit to a response of one or more no-trumps.

Any bid other than a raise requires at least 1-plus honor tricks unless the hand is extremely freakish in nature. Whenever a biddable or shaded biddable suit is held, which is of higher rank than the suit mentioned by partner, it should be shown—even when adequate support is held. For example:

Over an opening bid of one diamond, the proper response is one spade rather than two diamonds, or one no-trump, when holding:

S-A-J 10 6. H-8 5 3. D-Q 8 3. C-7 6 4.

One spade should also be bid when holding:

S-K Q 8 6 5. H-6 5 4. D-8 6. C-7 6 4.

The above responses are known as "one over one" responses, and are 99.44 per cent forcing. Partner must

bid again unless he holds a bare 23 honor tricks, and 4-3-3-3 distribution. This "one over one" principle can be carried out through several rounds of bidding. For example, take the following bidding:

South	North
1 C	1 D
1 H	1 S

Every one of these bids practically compels a response from partner. A one no-trump bid at any time would deny any further values.

When some sort of fit is held in

partner's suit, the requirements for a bid may be reduced to 1 honor trick. For instance:

One spade should be bid over partner's opening bid of one club holding:

S-Q 10 7 6 4. H-8 4 3. D-9 5 4. C-K 6.

The one spade bid could show the above hand, and it could show a hand such as the following:

S-A K Q 6 3. H-A 6 5. D-7 6 5. C-6 4.

When the hand contains no biddable suit it is still necessary to give partner a chance to rebid if the hand contains about 1-plus honor tricks. For example:

One no-trump should be bid over partner's opening bid of one diamond when holding:

S-A 6 3. H-8 6 5 4. D-Q 6 5. C-7 6 3.

This bid is known as a "negative no-trump," and may range in strength up to 2-plus honor tricks, but no higher. (Copyright)

SEVENTEEN Husbands One Woman's RECORD

(By H.N.K.)

RECENTLY-CABLED intimation of the death of Zara Agha, reputedly the oldest man in the world, who claimed to have been married 14 times, and incidental screening in Australia at present of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," that much-married monarch, directs attention to other amorous mortals who have regarded marriage as a hobby.

"Kid" McCoy, the famous American boxer, who in 1932 was released from

altar by the same individual, but there is no instance of this number having been exceeded except by bigamists.

Sir Gervaise Clifton, the historian of Jamaica, married seven wives, five of them being domestic servants from his own household. His matrimonial ventures all turned out happily.

Nat Goodwin, the actor, was married five times, and was about to repeat the experiment for a sixth time when he died. Not long before he wrote and published a book entitled "Why Beautiful Women Marry Nat Goodwin," and did not altogether placate curiosity on the matter.

Coming nearer home it is appropriate to recall that Sir Henry Parkes was a much-married man. The veteran statesman contracted marriage on three occasions, one wife having previously been his cook.

A Mrs. Townsend, of Nebraska, holds the world's marrying record. In 1920 she married her 17th husband.

In Christchurch (N.Z.) is a lady who has had seven husbands in orderly sequence. The first marriage took place in England, and the bond has never been broken except by death.

Incidentally, Mrs. Mabel Nott, who was married for the fifth time in England recently, lost each of her husbands in a tragic way. Her first husband was killed at Gallipoli in 1915. Her second lost his life at Bullecourt (France), two years later. Number three was the victim of a motor smash at Bristol (Eng.) in 1925, and her fourth went to his doom in a submarine disaster. Mrs. Nott is still on the bright side of 40.



"Now, who'll be the next?" Cupid thinks it over.

St. Quentin Gaol (U.S.A.), is a hero of the ring in a double sense. He married nine times, three times to the same woman.

There are several cases on record of seven brides having been led to the

Money continually flows into and out of the Banks.

DEPOSITS AND SHAREHOLDERS FUNDS

CASH RESERVES

ADVANCES TO INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENTS

What the Banks do with the money

Over £290,000,000 has been deposited with the nine Australian trading banks by their Australian customers. In addition, nearly £70,000,000 has been invested in these institutions by their shareholders.

How is the money used by the banks? They keep approximately £48,000,000 cash reserves in the form of Australian Notes and coin in their tills at their 2,660 odd branches and in balances with the Commonwealth Bank.

The money in their tills enables them to meet the daily cash requirements of their customers who draw out funds mainly for payment of wages and salaries.

The money kept as a balance with the Commonwealth Bank enables the trading banks to meet unusually heavy demands of their customers for cash. It also assists the Commonwealth Bank to carry out its functions as a Central Reserve Bank.

They make large sums available to Governments and individuals.

Approximately £47,000,000 has been provided to Australian Governments and to Local Government Authorities.

Over £233,000,000 has been advanced to Primary Producers, Manufacturers, Importers, Exporters, and others engaged in production and trade.

(The above figures are compiled from latest published Balance Sheets, and exclude New Zealand advances, etc.)

Bank of New South Wales.

An Editorial

JULY 21, 1934.

EDUCATION FOR LEISURE

THE searchlight of criticism now being turned on modern methods of education, focusses, usually, on the problems of examinations and the relative values of various subjects in the school curriculum. Education being for the whole of life and not merely for a fraction of it, it is becoming daily clearer that the question of educating for leisure must assume an important place in forthcoming education systems.

This problem of finding a use for leisure, however, does not concern youth only. It presses for attention because of the needs of the average woman of to-day. Thousands of Australian women are at this moment feeling the want of being trained for leisure, and hunger for the opportunities denied them.

The woman in the home, to-day, has far more leisure than her prototype of the last generation. Families are smaller and labor-saving devices have freed her from the endless hours of deadening drudgery patiently endured by her mother. Fashion has been her ally. The simpler fashions in clothing for men, women, and children have abolished an immense amount of work.

What to do with this newly-acquired leisure has become a definite problem in the lives of women of average income. In America, a parallel situation has led to a great revival of interest in home crafts, and women are learning the joy that comes of using leisure for congenial craft-work.

Women of vision in the Country Women's Associations have long yearned to establish centres for the training of country women by travelling experts in glove-making, leather-work, raffia, spinning, weaving, pottery-making, rug-making, tapestry, and all the applied arts which provide such delightful ways of developing woman's creative and artistic abilities in these directions.

In Victoria, the Country Women's Association does splendid work in sending demonstrators in applied arts to various centres, but lack of funds is always the stumbling-block to any organisation bearing the whole brunt of the work that needs doing. Its importance warrants the attention and support of Governments.

Departments of Education with scope wide enough to cover some of the work in this field would be powerful aids to national happiness and the stability of home life.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Koala Helps Scientists

NOT until a recent Press message from Canberra manifesting official misgivings as to the preservation of the koala or Australian "teddy" bear, was it generally known that the quaint little bush dweller "did his bit" during the war when scientists discovered that the study of the koala's anatomy was of immense value in evolving a technique to restore the use of shattered limbs. A freakish feature of the animal's physical construction is its appendix, which is eight feet long and, together with its adrenal glands, is at present interesting medical research.

Hitherto, the koala bear was thought of by most people merely as a very picturesque and unique form of semi-national emblem. Now, he may command a much greater respect for, apart from being easily one of the most docile and lovable of wild animal creatures, he has been publicly acclaimed as among the many animal species that help mankind to fight his battles against the ravages of disease.

"The koala bear is one of Nature's best guides in studying human diseases," declared the Director of the Institute of Anatomy, Sir Colin Mackenzie, at Canberra the other day, when voicing the strong opinion that the species was doomed to ultimate extinction.

Not only all Australians, but thousands of tourists from all parts of the world, would be sorry to know that the Commonwealth authorities were powerless to prevent the ultimate extinction of this wonderful little Australian.

Marathon Opera Dinner

MARATHON operas, lasting over five hours, turned Covent Garden, this season, into a restaurant, as well as an opera house. Commencing at 5.45 p.m., the operas conclude about 11 p.m. In the past, opera-goers have had to go abroad for dinner, but a new feature has now been introduced.

The bar, at the top of the grand staircase, has been reconstructed, and here dinners are now served. To mark the gala opening, the menu included such delicacies as gulls' eggs, stuffed quails and black cherries (a luxury in England, though a commonplace in Australia).

This marathon opera idea was born in Germany, and one can scarcely help suspecting that gulls' eggs and quails, though they sound aesthetic, must have less satisfactory staying powers than the typical Teutonic repast of sausages and beer.

This Freedom

THE modern trend of worldliness among women in the past year or two has removed some of the shackles of convention from the single business girl, who now can book her own passage for island cruise or overseas trip, without fear of drawing fire from Mother Grundy. This is particularly noticeable on the holiday cruises to North Queensland and island tours, a big percentage of the passengers being young single women and business girls making the best of their annual leave without having to be tied to the apron-strings of a chaperon.

In the opinion of Mr. A. E. Cole, manager of the Queensland Tourist Bureau, women are the shipping companies' best clients, and the recent increase of tourist traffic he attributes in no small measure to the number of business girls who are taking advantage of the times and "go in" places.

Overseas trips, especially, Mr. Cole declares, are becoming more and more popular with business-girl tourists who are fortunate enough to have the money and find the time to allow themselves the delectable thrill of walking into a shipping office and booking an ocean passage.

LYRICS OF LIFE

KNOWLEDGE

This I know—
Though we may spend our lives
Accumulating knowledge,
In the end we shall be no wiser
Than we are now.
So wide and deep and vast is knowledge,
That what we gain
Is as infinitesimal as a drop of water
To all the surging oceans of the world.

—P.D.B.

FROM SUE TO LOU

Women in Medicine

FOR the first time in 400 years a woman physician, Dr. Helen Mackay, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Dr. Mackay is physician to the Queen's Hospital for Children, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, so her new honor has been well and truly earned.

So perishes another prejudice against women in medicine, and the bitter fight which was waged to keep her out of this profession now appears merely as vulgar and jealous brawling.

Some years ago, Dr. Mackay discovered a simple and cheap remedy for anaemia in infants. Surely the world can do with more women physicians of her type.

Noise and Murder

A MICHIGAN farmer, crazed from the noise of an all-night party some yachtmen were holding in the house next his, recently ran amok, killed two people and injured two others. Such tragedies draw attention to the actual dangers of the ever-increasing noisiness of life. The greatest luxury in the world to-day is quiet, and it is hourly getting more difficult to procure.

No deli is so secluded that someone won't



AN EXOTIC study of Hazel Forbes, heiress to a tooth-powder fortune, who declares of life, "It is hard to find romance when you have money, and there are fortune-hunters." She has gone to Hollywood to devote her time to film work, and she gives away all her earnings to charity. Miss Forbes is worth several millions.

transport to it a little machine which shatters its Sabbath quiet with the latest Yankee vulgarisms.

What a ghastly situation we shall all be in if some scientist finds out how to recapture from space the sound waves of the past, and our neighbours in flats can then switch a button and "tune" us in to all the noises of our yesterdays as well as our to-days.

We shall then be compelled to hear nasal voices proclaim, "This is Nelson, folks, speaking from the battle of Trafalgar, and boy, is he wild!" Or, "We will now cross over to Egypt and listen-in to the workmen building the Pyramids. What they're saying about Pharaoh is nobody's business," or, even, perhaps, "Stand by, folks, for the Tower of Babel. Some lingoos? You're telling me!"

A Bright Girl's Letters.

Darwin is Not as "Hot" as it is Painted!

By Our Special Correspondent in the Northern Territory

At the moment there is an argument going on at Canberra over the report of Dr. J. A. Gilrath, a former Administrator of the Northern Territory, concerning the suitability of the Territory for white races. This article by our correspondent in Darwin will be of interest.

FOLK talk about the "Tropical North," and residents in Darwin are constantly being asked by their friends in the south how they manage to survive the awful heat. Yet on last Christmas Day the thermometer wavered between 71 and 84 degrees, which cannot be called excessive, and for the whole of January the temperature never once rose above 94. In fact, it generally hovered between 84 and 86 degrees, and, if the days were warm the nights were decidedly cool.

More than one resident confessed to putting blankets on their beds, feeling the need for them in the early hours of the morning. The heatwaves from which Melbourne and Adelaide suffer never afflict the Territory, for on one day only last year did the thermometer soar up close to the hundred mark.

The residents play football in the wet season, which is also our summer (can one imagine playing football on the Melbourne C.G. in January?) and we play cricket in the dry, which is our winter. Tennis is played all the year round, and at all hours of the day. Golf is played in the dry season, but that only because the heavy growth of grass in the wet season renders playing impossible. To have to search for a lost ball through half an acre of grass from 12 to 15 feet high is rather too much of a good thing for even the most rabid golfer, so the players go into recess till after the grass has died and been burnt off.

BASKETBALL had its devotees for a few years, but soon died a natural death. The girls who played at first in bloomers and tunics soon changed that costume for white shirts and shorts, in which they all looked charming as a frieze of Grecian dancers.

None of the lady tennis players wear shorts as yet, being content with trim short sports skirts; but the men all wear white shorts, and look well in them. For cricket, too, the majority of the players wear shorts, though a few cling to the long flannel cricketing trousers of an earlier day.

Darwin is somewhat conservative in its fashions. The extremely bizarre beach pyjamas and the next-to-nothing bathing suits have not reached here yet. Possibly they never will, for one hardly wants to resemble a lubra out for the day, and as some of them wear little above the waist, and not much below, and all are fond of the gaudiest colors they can beg, borrow, or buy, the socially elite of the town do not care to follow in their footsteps.

Bare legs and sandals are worn in the daytime by quite two-thirds of Darwin's ladies, and practically all of them go barefooted in their own homes, or with just loose slippers on their feet, which they can kick off as they please.

MOST of our houses are built for coolness, with wide verandahs and many windows and doors, so that we live practically in the open air all the year round. Our beds, as a rule, are on the verandah, inside rooms being mainly for dressing, or perhaps for use when heavy storms and driving rain render the verandahs unlivable for awhile, but we never need fires for warmth, so fireplaces are almost unknown, most of our cooking being done with oil stoves, or wood stoves, the primus being a great standby when a cup of tea is wanted in a hurry for an unexpected guest.

And anyone who sees the womenfolk of Darwin, with their gay voices, eager zest in life, and busy ways, will soon realise that the

"awful climate" is merely a bunyip, and that the folk of the north are as virile a race as one can find anywhere in Australia.

We swim, and dance, play tennis, golf, and bridge, and with it all, cook substantial meals for our menfolk, and the daintiest trifles of cakes and other bonne-bouches for our parties, and keep our health and gay spirits, and happiness, through all that comes and goes.

And we wonder where on earth is that "Tropical North" of which our southern friends are so scared. It must be very far away from Darwin—"Larrakayah."



Dear Lou—
After all it's just the
simple old rule of
putting two and
two together to

find out what his
Lisses are
like.
Yours,
Lou.



Fugitive Hour



THE postman went past the house. Sylvia, with an after-breakfast cigarette between her fingers, looked fixedly out of her deep amber eyes at the picture of Chinese lanterns which adorned the opposite wall and told herself that she didn't care. Postmen?

What did she want of a postman? And, with a courageous effort at lying, answered her own question. "Nothing."

All round her there were noises—myriad noises—milkmen, paper-boys, door-slammers, cat-starting, step-cleaning noises, into the vortex of which it was easy to drown in memory. You let yourself sink beyond those noises, away and away.

The cigarette burned slowly. Sylvia forgot it. She was back two months, back on a South America-bound liner—a boat on which she had spent six days of her summer holiday going to the Canary Islands, from where she was catching a boat returning two days later to London.

Her mouth curved into a faint smile. She'd got to be sensible and realise that that had been just a holiday flirtation. There had been a boat ploughing its way through a summer sea, dancing on deck to soft music, shaded lights, the Southern Cross overhead beckoning to romance.

Peter Chance. Such little things she remembered about him—his hair sweeping back, utterly, darkly free; his long, striding walk, nerve behind every muscle; the quick smiling of his whimsical mouth. Peter Chance—ship's doctor. Peter Chance, who had kissed her up there in the bows of the ship, with the sea churned to white foam below them and the Southern Cross like a poem in the low sky.

During the first days of their meeting he had asked for her address in London, and she had written it down on a scrap of paper. But on that last evening, after six days of complete happiness, he had not kissed her lips nor had he mentioned writing to her.

By a Girl of 17.

STORY

Someone was rude and cross this morning.

Someone I dare not name. Slammed hard the door and strode off haughty.

Whose very step spoke blame. Someone was sick at heart and sorry.

Hurrying home at night, Eager to make his peace with someone.

Anxious to put things right. All day at home a heart was aching.

Conscious of nought save this—Sundown would find the quarrel ended.

Lost in a welcome kiss. YVONNE WEBB.

He had just taken her two hands and kissed them and said "Good-bye" in a tone that meant it as "good-bye."

Of course, no sensible girl ever thought twice about a ship friendship. But then, Sylvia knew she was not sensible. She had just fallen utterly in love. And now she was trying hard to be sensible. She was trying to remember what they said about only today mattering in a boat. Her day had lasted nearly a week. Then she had got off the boat and there had been—there must have been—someone else. That girl, Sylvia supposed, who was going to Rio. The girl who was like a golden flower, who wore beautiful clothes and had a delightful manner. She was obviously attracted by Peter Chance, and Peter had once declared that she was one of the most charming girls he had ever met. A ship, and the Southern Cross, and a lovely girl. There is never—any—past—in—a-ship!

IDIOT, then, to dare to hope that Peter Chance would write to her—she who after six days, was of the past. More than likely the girl bound for Rio was standing in the bows of the ship, or on the bridge deck, with Peter, and that clear, lovely laugh of hers would be broken half-way through by Peter's lips on her red mouth.

Sylvia jumped up, put down her dead

Complete
Short
Story

There is
Never...
Any Past
in a Ship.

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

There had been a
boat ploughing its
way through a sum-
mer sea, and dancing
on deck to soft
music.

cigarette, and piled up the breakfast things. She put them by the sink in the tiny kitchen, made her bed, and covered it with a green silk coverlet and green and silver cushions (extravagances for which she had gone without proper lunches for weeks), put on her hat and coat, and went down to the station.

The train drew in as she reached the platform. A voice said: "Sylvia, thank Heaven! Thought you were ill!" and she was bundled into a third-class compartment by a spidery young man with long legs and a thin face, and straight, very straight, lips. The whistle shrieked. The train moved.

"What on earth made you so late?" Sylvia smiled up at him.

"Dreaming of yesterday and forgetting to-day," she said.

Bill didn't smile back. He did not possess a sense of humor. Neither did he possess a sense of the crazy adventure that was life. He was steady and solid as a rock. He would never do anything mad. Always left himself enough time to catch his train; always had his meals punctually.

Bill unfolded his paper. Sylvia opened her book. But she didn't read. She was watching November reveal itself in the wan, pale mistiness of the morning and thinking:

The Enchantress came back from Rio at the beginning of October. It is now November. Peter Chance is somewhere in England, and at the sound of his name in her mind came memories of their conversation. Music Books.

"Have you ever seen Barrie's plays? 'Dear Brutus,' 'Mary Rose'?" "Yes, have you ever read them?" "But you must, lovely, lovely." "Oh, look at that bit of land over there, with the sunset upon it. Portugal? How wild—how beautiful!" "But beauty sometimes hurts, doesn't it?" "Yes, Barrie again. Do you remember. To be very happy, my dearest dear, is so very near to being very sad."

Bill, if you talked like that to him, would call it nonsense. Bill read the political news and the football results and wireless programmes.

The train slowed to a stop. They were on a narrow bridge. Sylvia leaned forward, smiled slightly, and opened her handbag. Taking out three pennies, she suddenly flung them riotously through the open carriage window.

She craned her neck to follow their flight, and watched, laughing, half a



down urchins, standing on the edge of the canal water, fight for them.

On many days, at this particular spot, the train would stop, and it was the custom of business men and women to throw pennies to the children standing below, yelling at the top of miraculously lusty lungs.

"Pennies, please!"

Someone, in divine cynicism, named the place "Venice." Somehow or other everyone travelling on those trains heard the name, and it clung like a lump to a rock—"Venice."

"Wasting your money again? So foolish of you!" Bill murmured behind the folds of his paper.

"Fools are darlings," Sylvia laughed, "begging your pardon!" and turned back to look again over the bridge.

There was one small boy—the "Littlest One of All," she called him—who was, as usual, getting the worst

Fate Reunites Two Lovers

of the scramble. Sylvia had never seen him grab a single penny. Yet he shouted as hard as the rest and he put up a small, brave fight for any money that was thrown down. But he was smaller than the rest, and he always lost. Still, with his Cockney pluck, he went on fighting.

THE train moved on. The children were lost from view. Sylvia shut her handbag, scarlet to match the hat on her coffee-gold hair.

Bill was looking at her in a funny way. It conveyed to her all that stolid, matter-of-fact affection of which he was capable. One day, she knew, Bill would ask her to marry him, and she wondered what her answer would be. "No," because she didn't love him? Or "Yes," because love had come and gone in six brief sweet days, and there was only the future now lying like a grey plain that frightened her. She wasn't

one of those brilliant, independent women. She wasn't a woman who made a host of friends. She would never earn a great deal of money with which to buy any distraction she wanted. Loneliness. That was the thing that would send her into Bill's arms—the loneliness of the long, alone years.

The next day when she awoke the sun was shining as though a little fugitive hour had crept in from summer to color the morning.

She got up early, and during breakfast an idea occurred to her, an impulsive, crazy idea. She cut her grape-fruit in half and sifted sugar over it and cuddled her idea. She would go down to the canal side and seek out one—the "Littlest One of All"—and give him some pennies which he had so hardily earned. It was the sort of unimportant, crazy thing that one

had to think of doing on such a miracle-morning borrowed from summer.

She hurried through her breakfast and caught a very early train, wondering what on earth Bill would think had become of her. At Alding East she got out and found her way back along the narrow streets to the canal side.

"Pennies, please!"

There she found them all shouting away to a passing train.

Sylvia went up to the "Littlest One of All" and pushed six pennies into his hand. He grinned at her bewilderedly.

"Thank you, miss."

"What's your name?"

"Gubby, miss. George Uxbridge Beacon really. G.U.B. Gubby, see?"

He smiled as he explained how he came by his nickname, and his eyes were like little dancing blue devils, the

By
ANNE
MAYBURY

soft wind was in his fair hair, and his tip-tilted nose was wrinkled in fun. "Uxbridge?" Sylvia raised thin eyebrows. "Why did they give you that name?"

"Dunno. Ma thought people as had big names did big things."

A SHADOW stood between her and the sky—a huge thing that said:

"If I have to tell you boys again—"

And looking up, Sylvia saw a policeman's helmet and a policeman's thumb jerked over a bulky policeman's shoulder. He was addressing the boys. They glanced at him and slipped away. Gubby—with the faintest grin at Sylvia which seemed to say: "When he goes, we return"—slouched away with magnificent nonchalant courage, hands in pockets, in one of which reposed six splendid pennies.

"They're not doing any harm," Sylvia burst out.

The policeman looked her up and down, recognised breeding in her voice, in her brown costume and her little Robin Hood hat, and said:

"Well, miss, you see, it's like this—they're begging and it's not allowed. Besides, they're not the poorest, you c'n see that by their clothes. Just doing this for sport. And it's dangerous here. They might fall in. Dr. Alvis there has enough to do as it is—too much indeed—without having any drowning accidents to see to."

"Dr. Alvis," Sylvia repeated the name vaguely, and followed the policeman's eyes to a brass plate on the door of a sombre grey house. "Oh, yes—I suppose he has."

The policeman drifted on with a nod of his head. Sylvia stood there, facing the brass plate, staring at it with an absurd idea leaping into her mind.

"Dr. Alvis there has enough to do—too much." Well, suppose she went in and asked if there was anything she could do to help. Those long hours in the evenings when she had nothing to do—evenings when Bill didn't come in for coffee and a chat—empty times when she wanted something, anything, to take her mind away from one Peter Chance. If only she could do some work down there it would help to fill her days.

Almost without realising what she did she found herself ringing Dr. Alvis' bell.

She had, after that, a confused impression of what followed—an elderly lady who opened the door to her; a bare waiting-room; the walk down a long passage, and then Dr. Alvis, tall and dark, asking her what he could do for her.

"I want to do something for you," Sylvia told him. "Or at least not exactly for you, but for the people down here. You see, I have a lot of time on my hands and I'd like to give it in a good—"

"CAUSE!" shouted the doctor, and jumped to his feet. "Good Heavens, another! I don't want any of you people down here. Good work—capital-letter phrases!" he swung round on her. "I'm busy, miss—I didn't catch your name—very busy. I haven't time to waste explaining just what these people don't want."

"But I—" Sylvia began and then she stopped. A lump gathered in her throat, a lump of sheer humiliation. She wished she could think of something clever and cutting to say. But she couldn't. She stood there, tongue-tied, while this doctor sorted out some papers on his desk as if she weren't there. He glanced up at her. She tried to put her hatred and the seething she could not voice into her eyes. And then she discovered that she didn't hate him—she understood. It wasn't his fault. He was worried and over-worked. It was the fault of all those other people whom he must have, at one time, believed to be true helpers and who had disappointed him. She said, therefore, very quietly:

"I'm sorry, Dr. Alvis, to have wasted your time. I'm quite certain you're terribly busy. I— Good morning."

SOMEHOW she was outside. Somehow she was running, actually running to the station with a queer, choky feeling in her throat. The unfortunate interview, however, did not prevent her from going down a week later to the canal side to put another six pennies in Gubby's little hand. With a funny little side-step up to Sylvia, he said:

"I'm havin' a dog, Miss, a brown dog. Ma says I can keep him 'cos Ma loves dogs too."

"Oh, Gubby, how fine!"

Please turn to Page 33

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov



CAPEs Swing into the Fashion PICTURE

EVERYONE will wear a cape this spring. The new mode for sloping shoulders has brought the cape to its present popularity. After all, what is a better promoter of sloping shoulders than a cape?

French dressmakers are all showing capes to succeed the swagger coat outfits of last spring.

CAPEs of many sizes, shapes, lengths and cut are all in the picture, and are designed for every kind of wear.

The cape is not considered a thing apart—except for evening wear. The Paris way is the cape ensemble, that is, the cape and dress, or cape and skirt, or cape and skirt made of the same materials.

Some will fall to the knees, others will just clear the waist. Capes that are elbow or hip length predominate. They are usually cut with some circular movement, the evening ones being very full.

For Evening

LONG capes of taffeta rustle over spring evening gowns, short capes of tulle or ostrich, or flowers or petalled material, hip length capes of stiff tulle, slipper satin capes with amusing little capuchon hoods in back, short taffeta capes below the waist in back and sweeping up to the neck in front—these and many others of organdie, silks, and cottons will be seen this spring.

Worth makes his evening capes match the dress—and then lines them with a contrasting color.

Norman Hartnell, from London, makes his long and flowing and frequently trimmed with fox dyed to match.

THE knee-length and seven-eighths-length cape worn over a matching suit or dress, is popular for travelling and

cold winter days. The ensemble is generally of tweed, flannel, or checked woolen. The elbow, waist, or hip length cape is seen in every material and is worn at any hour.

There are sheer pastel wool frocks, made on tailored lines with matching hip or knee length slim capes, lined in brown or navy blue.

Some models button neatly at the throat and then hang open; others fit snugly across the shoulders without fastenings. A spring tailor has the regulation slim skirt, but instead of a jacket has a short cape which covers the blouse or sweater.

Sheer wool frocks have matching short capes which button on at the neck line. Sometimes they are in one with the frock, in which case the frock is sleeveless, giving the new three-quarter sleeve effect.

Lanvin shows elbow-length capes of short flat fur, and many houses make them of two faxes. These are worn over both day and evening frocks.

Circular Cut

SKETCHED above at the extreme left is a Mainbocher ensemble in fine black wool. Cape and dress are cut from the same material and are trimmed with details of plaid taffeta in red, green, black and white. The cape is waist length and only a trifle circular over the arms. It has a draped collar over the plaid taffeta inside a standing band of wool that marks the circle of the shoulder.

The frock has three-quarters length raglan-cut sleeves. Two wide bands of the woolen material are set into the front raglan seams of these sleeves, brought down surplice-wise across the front of the waist and pulled around the waistline to the back, where they join two bands of taffeta. These cross and come round the waist to tie in a taffeta bow at the left side of the waistline.

New Tailleur

Second from the left is a model in sheer navy blue crepe. The dress has short sleeves and a wide white leather belt. The separate cape is hip length and fastens under the white embroidered batiste jabot on the frock. It has a tiny stand-up collar, and there is a bias band of the material running around each shoulder like a little fence.

In the centre is sketched a new type of tailored suit. The skirt, which is straight and narrow, is in navy blue woolen. The jacket is in light blue woolen. Instead of the usual coat, this jacket forms a cape which continues right around the back. The front part of the bodice is held close to the figure by a narrow strap continuing around the waist in back—exactly like a man's white waistcoat.

Second from the right you see a cape ensemble that Maggie Rouff makes of

- **MAINBOCHER** likes this kind of short matching cape (sketched at the extreme left) as wrap for the simple wool frock. Both cape and frock are in sheer black wool. Cape, collar and dress wash are in taffeta, printed red, green, white, and black.
- **THE HIP-LENGTH CAPE** next is worn over a short-sleeved frock. Both are of navy blue crepe. A white leather belt and a white jabot are effective accessories.
- **A TAILORED SUIT** in navy blue woolen (centre sketch) has the bodice in light blue woolen, forming a cape which continues around the back. Next is a Maggie Rouff model in dark grey taffeta. Both dress and cape are of this stiff silk, and the latter is trimmed with Alaskan seal.
- **THE AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE** from Schiaparelli, sketched at the extreme right, features a cape-coat in black woolen, worn over a short-sleeved black-and-white striped crepe dress.

PARIS SNAPSHOTs

MANY printed crepes and chiffons in clear, detached designs, single flowers or bouquets scattered here and there on the fabric. Light backgrounds, with dark and bright patterns for evening, dark backgrounds with pale and bright patterns for day.

PLAIN, well-fitting sleeves generally three-quarter length on silk, and thin wool frocks.

SUITS for all occasions—trimly tailored with jackets pinched in at the waist, with or without a belt. Many suits have the jacket and skirt in different materials. A check jacket with a plain skirt, or a dark jacket with a light skirt, and vice-versa. With these belted blouses are worn often in a contrasting color.

stiff, dark grey taffeta. The cape here is knee length and is cut after an old-fashioned pattern, with slits for the arms and edged with Alaskan seal. A collar and full-length revers of seal border the opening of the cape which is interlined with quilted taffeta. The dress is of the same stiff silk and is simple in cut with straight skirt and long plain sleeves. It has a shoulder yoke that emerges into

SHOULDERS on tweed suits rather squarish, but not exaggerated, other shoulders normal.

MANY evening dresses with colored facings to the hems, or a colored taffeta border around the bottom.

STRAIGHT, tubular skirts, with all the movement concentrated at the back, instead of the bias skirt. Short slim skirts for sports, with pleats introduced near the hem. Evening skirts long and mostly with trains.

FOR evening, yellow, clear red, blue, violet, grey, pink, black and navy blue. For day, dirty pink, turquoise blue, grey, yellow, grey-blue, and grey-green.

two big taffeta loops at the front of the round neckline, and there are taffeta loops at the sides of the plain belt, suggesting peplums.

On the far right is shown a Schiaparelli model. It is a slim-fitting sleeveless coat, with an attached cape. Black woolen is used. The material is drawn tightly across the shoulders and juts out below the back neckline.

SALIENT POINTS ... of the Spring Mode



(Frocks by courtesy of David Jones Ltd. Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly.)

ROWS and rows of accordion pleating from the waist to the hem is a striking feature of the black taffetas frock above. The fan-shaped shoulders and all the bodice are of accordion pleated blush-pink taffetas.

THE Mexican influence is shown to advantage in the linen spectator sports model. It is important to remember that stripes, to be chic, must go round your frock and down for the coat, giving a smart contrast. Green, red, orange, and brown are the best colors for giving the real Mexican air. The wide-brimmed stitched linen hat introduces the Mexican colors by four little bows on the front of the shallow crown.



WHITE ORGANZA patterned with bernese blue square checks fashions a lovely feminine hostess gown which uses a rustling taffetas slip, is trained and cleverly achieves the windswept effect. A simple neckline and big baby puff sleeves give a suitable soft finish.

PRINTED SILK in a blossom and fruit design makes a charming afternoon frock which is trimmed with crisp white organza collar and bow in which nestle a tiny bunch of tangerine-colored cherries. The shoulders and cunning little pockets are prettily shirred. The large picture hat worn with it is of black baku trimmed with a spray of field flowers.

Shirt Waists & Hobble Skirts

WHEN choosing your spring wardrobe, remember the salient points of the mode so that you buy with an eye on the future if you would be content with your purchases.

"Shorts" for the beach in hand-knit woollens, linens, and cottons are shown in blue, white, yellow, and natural linen color with covering detachable skirts or loose coolie coats in contrasting colors. Some cotton tweeds are used for these skirts or coats in big shepherd's plaids by Worth, Vera Borea, and Lyolene.

Sports clothes have not changed much in silhouette. They remain simple and practical, with skirts about mid-calf, and with either modest flares or straight pleats to give additional width for movement.

Coolie coats in linen are worn over dark dresses, and everywhere you see loose, three-quarter coats that are delightfully carefree in line.

Tailored suits with just a subtle difference in shoulder line, usually double-breasted, and fitting the waist neatly are also very popular this spring, and this places a great deal of importance on blouses.

The linen or sheer shirt waist

From...
MURIEL SEGAL
Our Special
Representative in Europe

of our mothers is back with us. Schiaparelli, who undoubtedly has great influence on the mode, gives us the exact line in shirt-waist that was worn just before the war. The fullness is gathered in the front, the long sleeves may be slightly puffed at the top, the neckline is modest with a lace-edged jabot or scarf cut in one piece, with either the back or shoulder tying discreetly at the neck.

Blouses in plaid organdie, bright-colored crepes, printed pique, dotted muslin, printed cashmere, and stiff taffetas make their appearance in every collection.

You can't go wrong in your spring selection if you remember that day clothes have their fullness and interest concentrated, in the main, in the front, and evening dresses give a straight line in front with all their billowy fullness and emphasis placed in the back.

The directoire influence is seen in top coats which are long and fitted with huge revers ex-

tending several inches beyond the chest, or in tight-fitting basque type of jackets with big revers and jabots of pleated lace or linen filling in the deep "V" in the front. Skirts with these coats are straight and narrow, and generally a bit longer than last season.

Yes, if we follow the Paris designers we will be struggling about in skirts less than a yard in circumference around the hem. Though many of these "hobble skirts" are slit, both for late afternoon and evening, the French mannequins have a most difficult time moving about the salon in them, and when it comes to walking up a few steps they stumble awkwardly... the comments of the spectators indicate that they will not be forced into wearing these uncomfortable hobbles.

More and more women refuse to be dominated by fashion. Paris may propose, but woman disposes—if she refuses their offers, as she is at liberty to do.

Many afternoon skirts are designed in wrap-around models, with straight, loose folds at the side and knife-pleating commencing just above or below the knee, or they are tight-fitting to the knee with slight flares below.

COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



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your
husband's
sunny
disposition

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HAPPY

Fascinating
Ten-Minute
Story

By Susan
INGLIS



MARGARET, my dear . . .
Mrs. Hobson paused on the threshold of the little sitting-room, and then realised that she was addressing the empty air. Margaret must have been there—her work-basket stood open, and a small pile of Robin's socks lay on the table ready for darning. The french windows, on to the garden were open, though, so Mrs. Hobson supposed that her daughter-in-law must have run out for a moment. Soft-footed, she crossed the room, and sat down in one of the arm-chairs.

She had felt a bit tired after dinner, so she had decided to go upstairs to her room and rest. But the tiredness had worn off quicker than she had expected, and she had come downstairs to join Margaret.

Margaret was a dear girl, Mrs. Hobson thought contentedly. It was always a pleasure to be with her.

She was not like some of these modern girls, who hadn't time for the old people. Margaret had always made her welcome, always seemed glad to share her home with her husband's mother.

Dixie, the old fox-terrier, came slowly into the room and thrust her cold nose into Mrs. Hobson's hand before curling up on the rug at her feet.

The pair of them sat lost in dreams. Dixie's mind was probably full of rats and rabbits and all the exciting things she had done in her unregenerate youth. Mrs. Hobson's thoughts dwelt happily on the present.

She was, she told herself, a very fortunate old woman. Bob, her son, had a good post. It was nice to know that she wasn't too heavy a burden on him. It was a great deal more than just nice to feel happy here in his house, to have the pleasure of watching her grandchildren growing up, to be with Margaret, and feel that her daughter-in-law liked having her about the place.

She wished, a trifle wistfully, there was more that she could do to help her. Her fingers weren't so clever as they once had been. Her old eyes couldn't see so well as they once had done. She couldn't do the fine mending, the exquisite darning that had once been her pride. Yet Margaret never seemed to mind, never let her feel herself out of things.

She remembered, with a little glow of pleasure, that it was Wednesday night. Bob and Margaret always went to the pictures on Wednesdays. It gave her a little thrill of happiness to think that old and frail as she was, she could make it possible for the two of them to have that night off.

They had no fears about leaving the kiddies so long as Granny was there to look after them.

They were such dear bairns, too. Young Robin and little May.

MRS. HOBSON'S glance strayed to the clock. It was nearly four. The pair of them would be home for their tea in a few minutes now.

"I'll put on the kettle," she thought, rising slowly from her chair, "and then I'll go and look for Margaret in the garden."

The little kitchen was as bright as a new pin. The dinner dishes were all washed and stacked away on their shelves.

Usually Mrs. Hobson helped to wash up. Only to-day she had had that horrible giddy feeling. It was good to be better, good to feel that she was able to give a hand again.

The kitchen door was open. Mrs. Hobson took the tray ready, and then stood beside the gas cooker. The kettle was nearly boiling. Another moment, and she could turn the gas down, and go out to find Margaret.

Suddenly she heard her daughter-in-law's voice coming up the garden path.

She didn't mean to eavesdrop. It never occurred to her that Margaret could have anything private to say, or that she would be saying it so loudly.

It wasn't till after that she remembered that Margaret must have thought that she was still resting upstairs, in her bedroom, which faced the front of the house, for she was apparently confiding in Mrs. West, who lived next-door.

"Yes, she's getting old," said Margaret; "but you know—Bob is just devoted to her. I wouldn't dream of suggesting that we got rid of her—he'd be terribly upset. The children adore her, too."

The reply was only a murmur, but Margaret's voice, when she spoke again, was mercifully clear.

"It's not much to put up with when you're as fond of your husband as I am. But, of course, if she got really ill or anything I should have to be firm. She would have to go then . . ."

Ending

A remark carelessly spoken... A chance word overheard... Little things, yet so far-reaching in their effects on people's lives.

For a moment it seemed to Mrs. Hobson that her heart had stopped beating. She stretched out a hand and caught hold of the kitchen table to steady herself. Used all her courage to pull herself together as a quick step sounded outside the door and Margaret walked briskly into the kitchen.

She seemed a bit taken aback as she caught sight of her mother-in-law, but her ready smile flashed out quickly.

"You here, mother? What do you mean by it? I thought I sent you upstairs to bed."

"I—I felt better," Mrs. Hobson stammered, "so I thought I'd come downstairs and give you a hand."

Margaret's glance went to the waiting tray, the singing kettle.

"That's sweet of you," she said. "I suppose you're thinking of Bobbin and May—but you shouldn't have bothered . . ."

SHOULDN'T have bothered! Mrs. Hobson's heart was a cold piece of ice in her tired old breast. "You mustn't go knocking yourself up, you know!" Margaret added, picking the tray up in her strong young hands and carrying it into the little sitting-room. "Come and sit down and leave the rest of it to me."

Miserably Mrs. Hobson followed her. Mustn't go knocking yourself up.

So Margaret thought she was as old and frail as that, did she? Was afraid she might become an invalid and take to her bed. Had thought it all out, and meant to get rid of her if it ever happened.

The proud old chin rose sharply.

"If that's what she is thinking of she needn't bother!" Mrs. Hobson told herself fiercely. "I'll see that she gets rid of me before I have to be carried out!"

All the sunshine had gone out of the day for her. Even when the two children came home, flushed and breathless with their scampering, they couldn't bring back the joy which had departed from her heart.

She had never even dreamed that Margaret was feeling like that about her. She had been blind.

Why should she expect the other to enjoy having her in her home? A girl wants her house to herself. It had, obviously, only been Bob's love for his mother that had made her agree to her living with them.

"You're very quiet, Granny, what's the matter?" asked little Robin, coming to stroke her hand with his own sticky paw.

Mrs. Hobson pulled herself hastily together.

"Nothing, darling. I've just been listening to you and May."

Margaret looked up with a shake of the head.

"Don't bother Granny, Bobbin. She's had a nasty headache to-day."

"I'm really all right now," the old lady said hastily.

But she wasn't telling the truth. She felt old, and sick, and lonely. Her head was aching a thousand times worse than it had done after dinner.

She made an excuse to get away again as soon as tea was over. Alone in her own little room she forced herself to sit down and think.

It had been such a bolt from the blue that she hardly knew what she was going to do about it. Only one thing was clear in her mind. She had got to go away.

The children's merry laughter floated up through the air. Bob had come home from work, and they had run down to the gate to meet him.

Looking through the lace of her curtains Mrs. Hobson could see riding his path, little May, riding his shoulder, Robin tugging at his hand.

Just for a moment her eyes closed in pain. And then she forced herself to open them, straightened her aching back, sat down on one of the heavy old chairs, and thought . . . and thought and thought.

Later that evening, when the children were in bed, and Bob sat reading his paper, she managed to put the result of her thinking into words. Bob sat up electrified and stared at her as if he couldn't believe his ears.

"You want to leave us, mother?"

It was as though salt were rubbed into her open wounds. The hurt, the incredulity in her son's voice.

Margaret looked up from the sock she was mending and her dark eyes rested on the older woman's face.

"I—I thought I'd tell you before you went off to the cinema," Mrs. Hobson said faintly. "I—I shall probably be in bed by the time you get back. Yes, Bob, I—I really think I would be better in a little place of my own. It wouldn't cost very much . . . just a room."

Her voice trailed away.

"But mother, you can't mean it!"

"Why do you want to get away from us, mother?" There seemed to be nothing but gentle sympathy in Margaret's tones. "Are the kiddies too much for you, perhaps? Too noisy?"

It was the blackest untruth, but Mrs. Hobson caught at the pretext. Faintly she nodded her head.

Too much for her—when they were the light of her eyes, the joy of her heart!

"Of course," she said hastily. "I—I could always come over on a Wednesday evening and keep an eye on them for you. That—that wouldn't be too much for me."

Already, in her new loneliness, she was clutching at the thought of those Wednesday evenings. It was all going to be so much harder than she had even dreamed. Leave Bob, leave Margaret, leave the little room that she loved, the house where she had been so happy. Leave little Bobbin, and small, sweet May.

There was a trifle of offence in Bob's voice when he spoke again.

"I never dreamed . . ." he said stiffly. "I thought you liked them being with you."

"Oh, I do," she said hastily, miserably, "but . . ."

Margaret interposed.

"You mustn't bully mother, Bob," she said gently. "After all, she has been very good to Bobbin and May, but they can be rather a handful, you know—you can't keep youngsters that age quiet always. And, just because mother always has been good, we mustn't take advantage of it . . ."

But Bob wasn't really pacified. Mrs. Hobson could see that he had been tremendously shaken by her words.

And his hurt, his stiffness, made things all the more painful. Margaret's seeming kindness, her anxiety to smooth things over, stirred a bitter resentment in the older woman's heart. She had always thought Margaret so honest, so straightforward. This had been a day full of bitter revelations.

Bob showed some signs, in his distress, of wanting to stay at home. He didn't feel like the cinema to-night, he declared. But Mrs. Hobson insisted, and Margaret persuaded, and eventually he agreed.

As she watched them down the road his mother could tell by the set of his back, by the way he turned to his wife, that he was still bewildered, still arguing . . .

Forlornly she turned about again and went into the sitting-room.

She sat back in her chair, lost in unhappy recollections of those terrible words she had heard Margaret speak so lightly—those words which had shattered the whole of her happiness at one fell swoop.

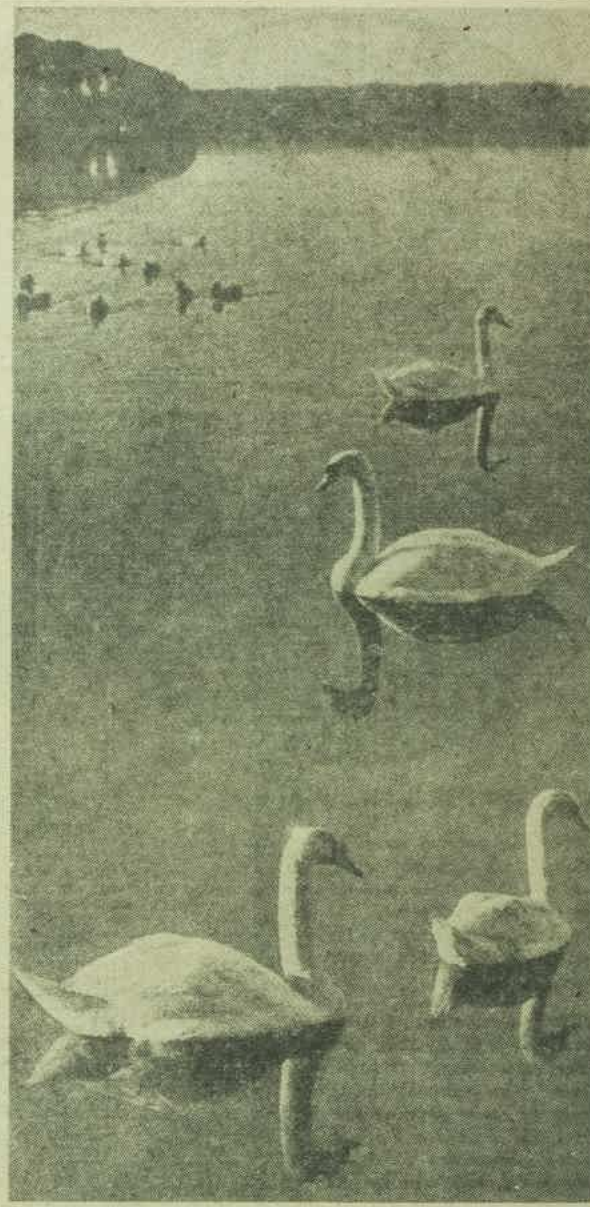
HOW long she sat, thinking her dreary thoughts, she could not have told. She came back to earth with a start when the old terrier came running into the room. "You're old, too, Dixie," she thought bitterly as she stretched out a hand to the dog.

But Dixie hadn't come in to be patted. She hadn't come in to lie down in her usual place on the rug.

She paid no attention to Mrs. Hobson's welcome, but caught at the hem of her skirt, dragged at it, stood back, barking and whining, and looking at the old lady with command and expectancy in her wise old eyes.

"What's the matter, Dixie? Do you want a drink?"

But it wasn't that.



A STUDY in perspective—white swans, calm upon a placid lake, gliding without effort on the glassy surface of the water. Only nature can make beauty like this.

"Woof!" said Dixie imperiously, and returned to the attack, worrying Mrs. Hobson's skirt, looking up with troubled, doggy eyes, until a spark of alarm lit in the old lady's breast.

"Good doggie! What is it?"

Dixie ran to the door, and looked back over her shoulder, whining. Seriously disturbed, Mrs. Hobson rose and followed her, and her heart missed a beat as the terrier ran to the foot of the stairs.

"Not—the children? Is it Bobbin and May?"

She hardly needed Dixie's bark of confirmation. Already she had begun to hurry up the stairs at a speed she rarely attempted nowadays, and a chill fear clutched at her heart. Something was wrong with the children. Dixie often went and lay down in the bedroom with them, and something had happened . . .

Up the stairs and into the room at the back of the house where the children slept . . .

For a moment her heart failed her, and then she sprang forward, calm and collected as ever she had been in her life, for the sight that met her eyes told its own tale. A guttered candle stood in the stick beside Bobbin's bed, a wisp of charred net hung on the wire rail, and above it Margaret's gay silk curtains were blazing merrily.

It was only the work of a moment to tear them down, to tread out the small, wicked flames that leaped so gaily. Only the work of a moment—but what a terrifying, heart-stopping moment!

Bobbin stirred in his sleep as the last flame winked itself out, and little May, wakened by the noise, sat up and looked drowsily round her as Granny sat down on her bed, panting for breath.

"Oooh! Bad Bobbin!" she said as her sharp little eyes took in the scene. And bad Bobbin, alas! it was. Bad Bobbin, who had smuggled a favorite picture book into bed with him, and, in defiance of all orders, had lighted the candle for one last look at Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood.

Bad Bobbin, from whose drowsy hand

the book had slipped as he drifted into the land of Nod, leaving the guttering candle and the night breeze to work their mischief. Bad Bobbin, who only escaped a well-deserved spanking because of Granny's entreaties, and because his naughtiness had brought about results he never had dreamed of.

But that was much later. After his father and mother had come home and heard from Granny what had happened.

"Mother!" Bob breathed, slipping a strong arm about her and holding her as if he would never let her go. "To think what might have happened if you hadn't been here!"

"But it wasn't me—it was Dixie!" Mrs. Hobson protested honestly. "I wouldn't have known a thing if she hadn't come and warned me!"

Margaret went down on her knees and caught the old dog in her arms. And then she turned to her husband, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Bob!" she breathed. "If you only knew what a beast I feel—how ashamed! I was talking about Dixie only this afternoon to Mrs. West, and saying she was getting old, and we'd have to get rid of her soon! . . ."

"Dixie!" said Mrs. Hobson faintly. Margaret's glance travelled to her mother-in-law's face, and comprehension leapt into her dark eyes.

"Mother!" she said. "Mother! You heard! And you thought—you dared to think—that I meant you!"

Mrs. Hobson nodded faintly, shame in her heart. After all, she had known Margaret all these years . . .

Bob looked up, a trifle bewildered, as the two women's arms went about one another. And then he put his arms about them both. He still didn't understand, but he had a vague feeling that something pleasant had happened. And presently they all went upstairs to talk to a chastened Bobbin, an excited May.

Mrs. Hobson is still a happy member of her son's household. So is Dixie. Both of them are getting on in years, but the love that wraps them about usually makes them forget it.

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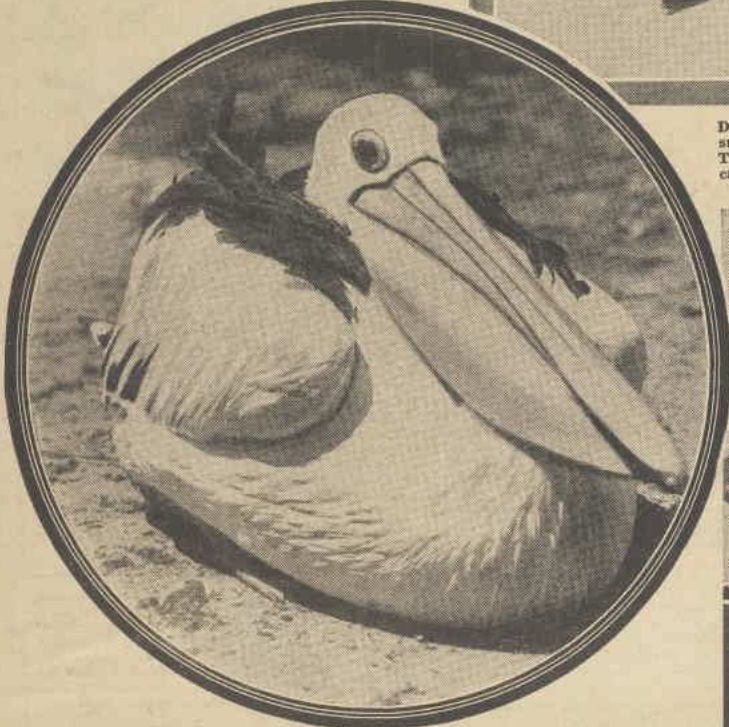
Day Dreams on a Lonely Headland



THE HORSE'S name is Bourbon, but who is the wild-haired rider on his back? You would never recognise this unusual snap of Elissa Landi, out for her morning ride. She is divorcing her husband, an English lawyer, because he will not go with her to live in Hollywood.



DAY DREAMS on a cliff edge. Down below the restless sea surging on the rocks. Up above a clear, cloudless blue sky. This young girl has driven out to a lonely headland, where she can sit and dream, and to judge by her expression they are pleasant dreams. Camera study by Hasenphlug.



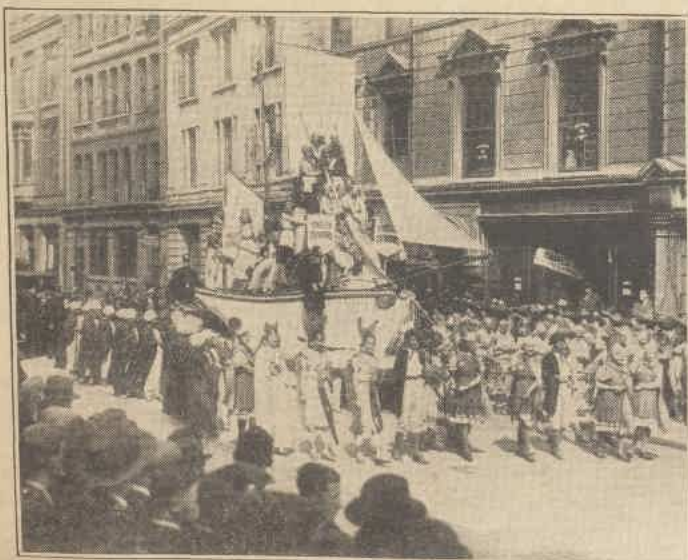
A DODO? Or some freak bird from a nightmare or a sideshow? Not at all. It is the pelican at Taronga Park, Sydney, in pensive mood. These birds are found in many parts of Australia, but you do not often see them looking as quaint and philosophical as this one. He looks as though he knows a thing or two.



ABOVE: A Japanese ex-editor, Sometaro Sheba, shows a new invention for taking sculpture photographs. The figures are samples of this wonderful new process which makes four dimensional portraits.



NOW HERE is something for next season's beach wear. The prize bathing suit for 1934 awarded at Catalina, America. In the United States they give girls prizes for wearing costumes like this, but in Australia she would probably be fined.



LEFT: Ireland runs one of the biggest sweeps in the world, and this is the way the millions of tickets arrive at the hall where the drawing takes place. Thousands of Dublin people take part in the ceremony.



FRANK NICHOLSON: nine-year-old Boston boy, who wrote to James Roosevelt, son of the President, asking if he would be permitted to join the President during the review of the U.S.A. Fleet, and whose request was granted by the Chief Executive. He is shown on his way.



MRS. HARRY STUBBINS, of Halford Rd., Richmond, England, niece of Constable, the famous artist. Mrs. Stubbins celebrated her 102nd birthday recently. Her uncle was one of the pioneers of modern art.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow When we are old and mellow,
When we were seventeen. They'll still be evergreen."



"But, George, darling, can't you marry me again?"
"Why, isn't one allimony enough?"



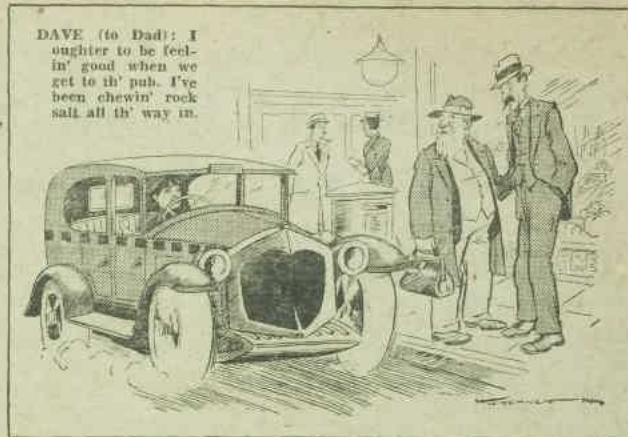
DEAR OLD LADY (to burglar): "Now, let that be a good lesson to you, young man!"



"YOUR husband's looking very shabby lately, Mrs. Spriggs!"
"WELL, it's really a blessing in disguise, Mrs. Arris. It saves me the expense of 'aving to dress up to 'im."



BURGLAR: But, darling, you make it so terribly hard for me to get on in business.
WIFE: How's that?
BURGLAR: You won't let me go out at night.



DAVE (to Dad): I oughter to be feelin' good when we get to th' pub. I've been chewin' rock salt all th' way in.



CUSTOMER: Is that an exclusive brand of face powder?
SALES GIRL: Oh, yes, madam. Why, very few people can even pronounce it.



"This is a genuine antique, and dates from the sixteenth century."
"Ah, but is it Australian made?"



"I'm durned if I know what all the silly asses are laughin' at..."

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

JONES was carrying a typewriter round to his dealers the other day when he collided heavily with a man who came hurriedly round the corner.
"Why don't you be more careful?" demanded Jones wrathfully, as he collected his typewriter from the pavement.
"Hang it!" returned the other angrily, "why don't you carry a fountain pen like I do?"

"I'd like to see the man I'd wed," said Mary Chance.
"I'll bet you would," said everybody to themselves.

LANDLADY: Did you take a bath?
Lodger: No. Is there one missing?

BULLY: Just you wait till I catch you by yourself!
Billy: Go on, I'm by myself now!
Bully: No, you're not, you're with me.

CALLER: I believe you phoned for a locksmith?
Maid: Yes, sir, come right in; we've lost the key of our sardine tin.

GUIDE (to young lady): Have you seen the ice floe?
Young Lady: Yes; but please call me Miss when you speak to me.

PAT: Women, in my opinion, are different now from what they used to be.
Mike: How's that?
Pat: Well, take my daughter, for instance. She's taking up the law, whereas her mother's always laying it down.



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AT HOME With PHILIP HARGRAVE, Boy Pianist

Will Start New Tour Soon

When at a recent recital in the Adelaide Town Hall, Philip Hargrave leaned right across the piano and gave a special bow to the organ gallery because he recognised the family milkman there, it was a keynote to his character.

He is a lovable, healthy youngster, with boyish instincts, and a passion for Marlene Dietrich, aeroplanes, languages, tennis, cats, and Bach.

"MARLENE has such wonderful eyebrows," he sighed ecstatically. "I do like blondes, but I hate platinum blondes. . . . Sit DOWN, Winkie, you're not going to be hanged or anything—this last remark being addressed to a grey, silky half-Persian cat, and not to the representative of The Australian Women's Weekly interviewing him. Then: 'Her eyebrows ARE a big point with her,' he added seriously. 'I used to think it would be lovely to be on the films, but I've changed my mind now. All the same, I like pictures. Not particularly thrillers or love stories, but just something by way of a change.'"

Looking at this attractive youngster in his blue shirt and short pants, it is difficult to imagine him as different from any other boy of his own age. In his personality, his instincts, he is not different. It is only that he has an added genius that other youngsters lack. His daily life at home is much the same as that of any other boy, except that his genius is not confined to music, and he is far and away ahead of other children of his own age at schoolwork, and therefore received special tuition. He begins his day by singing cheerfully in the bath, "but," he said, "I gave up lessons because I don't think I'm any good at singing."

He attends the Christian Brothers' College, Wakefield St., Adelaide, daily, for his lessons, where he reveals particularly in French and history. "I don't think I like Henry VIII very much, but Nelson must have been a wonderful man."

DURING the allotted recesses, Philip plays with the other boys at the school. He loves games, and the more boisterous they are, the better for Philip, as his guardian, Miss Henriette Garnaut, corroborates. "Every Saturday afternoon, when Philip has a young friend in to play with him, every ornament has to be removed from the room before they begin."

"After dinner," he said, "I do two hours' practice, and at half-past eight I go to bed. At least," he added shyly, "I take rather a long time to say good-night."

During the week-ends he amuses himself playing golf with a set of short-handled green clubs which were a present to him some time ago, and playing tennis. He dearly loves to get into his long-legged cream trousers for this, but the thought of going into long trousers for everyday wear does not appeal to him at all. The other day Philip had a stuffed

black cat given him. Cats are the joy of Philip's life, and the new stuffed addition to his family will, he says, probably be his mascot. He thinks he will call it "Whiskers."

Naming his animals is a perpetual joy to him, because seldom have they the same name two weeks following. At the moment the grey half-Persian is Winkie, because he can never keep awake, and the black one is Bunty, Smut or Skittles. No matter! The cat, knowing Philip, will answer to almost anything.

The young musician's pair of love-birds have also just undergone a change of nomenclature. Hitherto they were Bib and Bub, but Cupid and Psyche are their new names.

Some time ago Philip started to learn toe-dancing, and his teacher, Miss Nora Stewart, declared that he was a genius at it. It seems that the boy, who is only 11 years old, can master in a short while almost anything he likes to take up.

BUT, apart from music, his present ambition is to fly. "I'm simply crazy to go up in an aeroplane," he said longingly. "I was going up in Brisbane, but my manager stopped me. It must be a wonderful feeling to speed along at a great height. I have no managers now, you know," he said suggestively, as though The Australian Women's Weekly representative might conjure an aeroplane out of thin air, complete with pilot, and offer him a ride.

Another ambition is to travel. "I've done quite a lot of travelling in trains," he said, "but only once from Newcastle in a boat. Anyway, you could hardly call that proper travelling, because I was seasick all the time." It seems that this last-named ambition might be fulfilled very shortly, because Philip is going on a concert tour of Australia and New Zealand and, when he returns, he will probably go abroad to give further recitals.

HE loves his audiences, and is not in the least shy with "grown-ups" or strangers. When any of his most ardent admirers, even though they are strangers, want to kiss him, it gives him great delight to kiss them back. After the first of his recent Adelaide recitals, he was thrilled when he was invited to a "grown-up" party at the South Australian Hotel, particularly as the party did not break up until the early hours of the following morning. However, Philip spent the whole of the next day in bed, and seemed much disappointed that he was not similarly entertained after his other recitals.



PHILIP HARGRAVE and his pets. His new mascot, "Whiskers," is at his feet. This photograph was taken at the home of Philip's guardian, Miss Henriette Garnaut, at Burnside, Adelaide.

WHAT Marriage Has DONE to Our DON BRADMAN

Wife's Influence on World's Wonder Batsman!



A CHARMING study of Mrs. Don Bradman. —Dayne.

NOW Mr. T. Clarke, the London "Daily Mail's" cricket writer, points out that domesticity has turned the batting machine, Don Bradman, into a human being.

What has marriage done to Don Bradman? In last week's Australian Women's Weekly a comparison was drawn between Bradman, whose biggest success was achieved before his marriage, and Jack Crawford, whose outstanding achievements came after his marriage.

Jack Crawford's wife, it was pointed out, had been an inspiration to him during his tours; but the cricket rule, "No wives on tours," had deprived Don Bradman of whatever psychological benefit he might have obtained from his wife's presence in England.

Domesticity has turned the batting machine into a human being. "I think his wife has made the new Don Bradman," he says. "I think marriage has been the turning point in his career."

In the two years since his wedding, Don has acquired a more mature, philosophic outlook on life, on success, on career—and on cricket.

"Only a few years ago this lad from the bush was hurried into the limelight as the world's wonder batsman. He became the leading sporting figure in the Empire. It was a big test for one's poise to be a god at 21."

For three years he revelled in it. He lived nothing but the cricket that had put him on his pedestal. He played it; he wrote it; he broadcast it. It became for him not a sport, but his life. There was no escape from the infliction of glaring publicity. There was no relief from the impatient expectations of the crowd.

"Was success going to burn him out? Then, as this non-stop solo dance on the stage of sport was at its height, another figure emerged from the background."

"It was not her first appearance in Don Bradman's life."

"When as a lad in Bowral he took his first steps in cricket, with the branch of a gum-tree for his bat and his wicket an old kerosene-tin, the pretty little daughter of the local bank manager had been a shyly admiring witness from over the fence of his exploits."

"Bradman's quick eye had not missed the light in the dark eyes that had first peeped at him over the fence. If the girl had found her hero the boy had found his heroine."

"The course of boy and girl romance is no more secure from interruption in a country town in Australia than it is in England. Bradman was left disconsolate while the little lady went with her family to the bigger world of glittering Sydney. His turn to escape from the rut came later."

"Then with all Sydney at his feet, his thoughts went back to earlier days in the country town. Cricket success was

pleasant, but was it everything? He sought out the girl who had first watched him over the fence at Bowral. He sailed in with characteristic dash and confidence, and in 1932 married her."

"There was a wonderful honeymoon trip to Canada with Arthur Mailey's cricket team. Mrs. Don's was the only



DON BRADMAN

woman with the party, and the charming life and soul of it. Her husband's colleagues noticed then the beginning of the subtle change that has come over the former reserved and constrained youth. His wife had taken a hand in his destiny.

"He has travelled far since then in more senses than one. He has now left Sydney and joined a stockbroker's firm in Adelaide. The difference between these two cities is more than that of mileage, and it may be taken as a measure of Don's progressive change."

"Adelaide is hundreds of miles and many hours from Sydney. There used to be a saying that it was only three 'ours' distance:

"Our Harbor, Our Bridge, Our Don."

HOST HOLBROOK says: For making or take see Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar, it is a brew of excellent quality.***

THE special article in last week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, pointing out that the cricket ban on wives may cost Australia the Ashes, caused a great deal of public interest and the matter received further consideration when the N.S.W. Cricket Association met early this week.

Mr. Oxlade, chairman of the Board, said that Mrs. Woodfull's plan to join her husband in England at the end of the Tests had been approved, and applications from wives of other players on similar lines would be dealt with on their merits.

Mrs. Kippax, it is expected, will also join her husband in England.

"Now one 'our' has gone. Already Adelaide has its mark on its new citizen. He is absorbing in his personality something of the quiet purposefulness and mellowness of the southern city."

"His wife may have told him, as wise women will, that he had better think of other things as well as cricket; that he could scarcely hope to surpass the dazzling standard he had set; and that he had better acquire the right outlook against the day when fate may ordain otherwise."

"Domesticity has turned the batting machine into a human being."

"His interests besides cricket are now his home and his business, his golf, bridge, books and music. He forgets all about cricket when off the field, especially when he can listen to music or play his piano. He has become a first-class after-dinner speaker, even though he is almost a teetotaler, with weak tea as his favorite 'tipple'."

"His capacity for friendship has grown. He has the courtesy which goes with sophistication."

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So They Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters. "New Writer."

PROMISCUOUS KISSING

WE have had a controversy about endearing names, but what of the face-pecker, the woman who feels that she must kiss all and sundry?

Babies and small children are her absolute victims. At a party recently it was noticed that the hostess kissed at least a dozen of her guests.

Have these women, as children, been kissed and cuddled by their mothers to such an extent that they grow up knowing no discretion? Is one to be dubbed as cold and unnatural if she cannot reciprocate, but feels a pronounced distaste for the proceeding?

When witnessing two women whom I know dislike each other engage in a "pecking party" when they meet and again at parting, I feel absolutely nonplussed.

£1 for this letter to Barbara Gray, Hilton, 18 Fern St., Buranda, Brisbane.

LIVER THE CAUSE

SOMEWHERE, I have really forgotten where, I read of a party discussing life and its conditions.

One young man turned to the girl at his side and asked, "Do you really consider life worth living?" And the girl replied in all solemnity and seriousness, "It all depends on your liver."

How wonderful to be able to get so far above one's self as to say that! Many of us when things go wrong are apt to grow morose, and in extremities even question our Maker's intentions. Ought we not sometimes to crawl out of our shells on a tour of inspection and see whether it isn't only our own liver that is wrong after all?

Miss B. Noel, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

OUR PLANE

I WOULD like to express through this page my delight and admiration of The Australian Women's Weekly's splendid action in helping to enter an Australian-built and designed plane in the coming air race. I am sure everyone must realise what this means to Australia.

When I read in the newspapers of the All-Australian Plane Committee's struggles to raise the money necessary to complete the plane I wished that I could, if only in some small way help them.

I thank The Australian Women's Weekly for giving me the opportunity to do this.

Miss E. Healey, 129 Raleigh St., Thornbury, N.T. Melbourne.

WHY MUST WE VOTE?

WHY should we all, men and women, be bound to vote? Why should I be fined if I will not vote?

Politically-minded people, especially women, may think that I am not grateful for the franchise which women have earned. This is not the case.

But I do not see why people, men and women alike, should be fined if they do not vote. A great number of people do not know for whom to vote and do as others tell them, and are never any the wiser.

Why could they not leave it to more politically-minded people who know what they are about?

Miss M. Rottero, c/o Dungowan Cafe, 34 Martin Place, Sydney.

WHY DO THEY PLEASE?

I WONDER if readers could enlighten me as to the popularity of detective stories? Does it mean we are unable to appreciate the higher forms of literature or is it just a passing phase? Banjo Paterson says that the popularity of detective yarns is attributable to an "inherited instinct." "In cave man days," he says, "if there was a murder no member of the tribe would sleep soundly at night until the mystery was cleared up."

But the most thrilling of all hunts is a man-hunt, and that, in my opinion, is the reason for the popularity of detective stories.

A. Daly, Devitt Place, Adelaide.

Await the Ideal or Marry The Man, Which?

IT is true, no doubt, that every girl on the threshold of life dreams of the ideal man she will some day marry. But as she rubs shoulders with the world and meets various types of men she very soon realises that her dream man is the only one that does not exist. If she meets a man who truly loves her, and who commands her liking and respect, who has similar tastes, and whose company she finds congenial, she will discover that married life with him will be, in all probability, if not wildly exciting, happy and agreeable.

It is not given to many to meet and marry their soul-mates, and, after all, two people are ideally mated whose temperaments are in accord, and who can be in constant contact without getting on each other's nerves.

Miss Joan Madden, 147 The Boulevard, Strathfield, N.S.W.

Do Not Generalise

IN reply to P. M. Holmes (7/7/34), I think that one cannot generalise about this matter. It is a question of the individual. To one type of woman, marriage is an all-absorbing interest.

She would be miserable all her life if she remained unwed, or she would be happy in marriage with any one of half-a-dozen men, if he loved her. The other type, who is usually of the more intellectual kind, with wide mental interests, prefers to remain unwed, unless she meets her affinity. With her love in all or nothing. She is an idealist, with enough realism in her make-up to know that marriage with the wrong person can spoil two lives, but that, unmarried, there is a chance of rounding to completion her interesting life should she ever meet Mr. Right.

Miss Lyta Benckendorf, 11 Harriette St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Infatuation—Not Love

REF. M. Holmes' letter, The Australian Women's Weekly, 7/7/34. Marry the man you love. Use your own judgment, whether you think he is your suitable partner for life. Your dream-man may never come. So many people mistake infatuation for love.

T. H. Clausen, 2 Elder Rd., Birkenhead, S.A.

Wealthy Girls must Yield to Breadwinners

IN reply to Grace Steller's letter of 7/7/34, there is a great deal in what she says regarding girls receiving employment when their parents are in a position to give them the comfort of home life. Such people should try and let poorer people have a chance.

I know every girl likes to earn her own living so as to make her more independent, but as there are not sufficient vacancies preference by employers should be given to girls whose employment means all the difference to themselves and their parents between misery and reasonable comfort.

Mrs. E. Newman, 53 Lavender St., Lavender Bay, N.S.W.

Washing on Sunday

AS an American visitor to this beautiful country I would like to ask its women "Is it necessary to do your laundry work on Sunday?"

Recently I motored to the mountains, and in hundreds of yards in the suburbs I beheld the weekly wash fluttering in the breeze.

I have travelled in many countries, but in no other have I seen so much Sunday washing as in Australia.

Mrs. Althea Wardell, Widemere, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Individual Rights

ON the face of it, most of us will agree with Miss Steller that girls whose fathers can afford to keep them should stay out of industry (The Australian Women's Weekly 7/7/34).

Being the mother of four unemployed, I have a fellow-feeling with the widow she mentions. But the problem is not so simple as it appears at first sight.

Personally, I think every girl should be taught to earn her own living. Parents die, or money goes, and then there is nothing sadder to see than the ageing woman thrown penniless, helpless, and hopeless upon the charity of a cold world?

Then again, every woman has the right of economic independence. To force her to live on her father is to deprive her of her rights as an individual.

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Australian Men Don't Write Good Love-Letters

I THINK without doubt the art of writing love-letters is fast dying out. One cannot imagine the sensible and practical woman of to-day taking seriously a letter couched in such terms as the love-letters written in Napoleon's time. This does not mean that the present generation loves the less or is lacking in sentiment.

The Australian man, one must admit, although charming, has ever the word "Caution" in his mind, and probably prefers to say 't' with flowers but never in writing.

Mrs. L. Williams, 82 Upper Pitt St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

Cannot Generalise

THIS question cannot satisfactorily be discussed because evidence for comparison is not available. The average woman can surely have experience of only one lover and his letters; and what can we know of what the Frenchman and the American writes? Love-letters are for the individual alone, and those we see most of—the love-letters of English fiction—are ruled out. They are mere "literature," and often enough concocted by bachelors and old maids who have never written or received a real one in their lives.

Men may differ in nations, but lovers are probably much the same the world over. And all true love-letters are delightful because they are so sincere. I am an Englishwoman, and my most precious possession is the letters I received from my Australian lover.

Mrs. James Devaney, 168 Lurline St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

A Wonderful Joy

I DO not think Australians lose much time over love-letters or, for that matter, anyone else in these prosaic days. If we hadn't novels, and the cinema show, to keep us "au courant" with the "Sentimental Blokes" of former times, I'm afraid the race would die out altogether. And this is a great pity.

A love-letter can bring a wonderful amount of joy to the recipient, not only when it is received, but every time it is read. Besides, there are many of us who can express ourselves on paper where words fail us altogether.

It is nice, too, for Darby and Joan in the evening of their days, to be able to have a peep into the past through the medium of letters written to each other in the heyday of their youth. So my advice to Australians is to keep up this good old custom, for sentiment in the shape of love-letters will get us over many a troublesome "hurdle."

Miss Agnes Robinson, Clontarf, Camberwell, E.G. Vic.

Fine Sentiment

PERSONALLY, I agree with the expert that "Australians are poor writers of love-letters"—why they should be is another question. But the best letter in my opinion, out of those love-letters in The Australian Women's Weekly, is certainly the one of Doreen to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, October 29, 1933. I do like the sentiments that he expresses in his letter—especially his motto, "All or nothing"—for his letter leaves the reader with a feeling of security in his love. There is evidence of deepest feeling, and not merely silly, empty, sentimental professions.

Miss C. Wilks, c/o Alhion P.O., Brisbane.

Sincerity is Best

"DO Australians write love-letters, and are they good ones?" What a difficult question! With the exception of those we read in the papers from time to time, and which, on the whole, are sickly sentimental effusions, plainly revealing the shallow characters of the writers, how many love-letters—save our own—are we permitted to scan?

It seems to me that without unduly stressing his love with a string of assurances, a true Australian lover will manage to convey his sentiments in such a manner—it may be abrupt—as to leave no doubts in the mind of his fiancée as to the nature of his feelings.

Would not such a letter be considered good?

Mrs. A. E. Casley, 218 Lyons St. N., Ballarat, Vic.

EXAMINE VOTERS

IN The Women's Weekly, 30/6/34, a correspondent expresses a hope that the time is not far distant when Parliamentary candidates will be required by examination to prove themselves worthy of the position.

Who are to be the examiners? It seems to me that voters should qualify themselves by study of politics, law, history, economics, and newspapers for the position they now hold, viz., that of a board of examiners and selectors of Parliamentary candidates.

It must be admitted that, with very few exceptions, the candidates who offer themselves, while not perhaps the cream of our citizens, have shown themselves a prior in brains, ambition, energy, willingness to do their best for the welfare of our country, and ability to express their ideas to the vast majority of voters who are too lackadaisical to make any effort to qualify themselves to elect those best fitted to legislate for them.

Mrs. H. Waite, 50 Ingham Ave., Five-dock, N.S.W.

YOUNG MARRIAGES

I WAS discussing recently with friends the subject of young marriages. I claim that it is a mistake to marry young, because no matter how happy or how successful the marriage may turn out the time will come when one will feel they have been cheated out of their gayest time of life. The others said that young marriages were more successful, as one could be young with their children and enjoy their companionship better. What are other readers' opinions?

Mrs. W. P. Wood, Forest Hill, Qld.

ETIQUETTE



LAUGH HEARTILY, but naturally, when occasion calls for it. Giggling is not mirth.

STRIDENT VOICES

IN this day and age, when noise and clamor seem unavoidable parts of our daily life, I often wonder why women do not try to cultivate that most priceless possession, a rich, low-toned voice. How very often do we meet the strident mother endeavoring to enforce order or obedience, or the hostess persisting in an animated conversation, with the wireless in full blast? It seems to me that beautiful voices bring serenity and peace.

Mrs. E. Robertson, 15 Stamford Ave., Cabarita, N.S.W.

A HINT FROM ABROAD

RECENT discussion, "Should Children be Left at Home Alone?" (Women's Weekly, 30/6/34), recalls Mrs. E. M. Hardy, Manchester, England, who on reading an account of some children losing their lives in a burning building while their mother was out, set about and organised the Voluntary Unofficial Aunts' Association. These "aunts" mind children at their homes while mothers go shopping, etc. Mrs. Hardy thought there must be hundreds of women who would be glad to help mothers in this way, and the wonderful response of recruits resulted in branches being opened at London, Bedford, Clevedon, Bristol, and Southampton. The interest has become widespread, and the latest duty undertaken is to visit old people and take them for car drives and tea in the country, besides helping mothers to mend and make clothes.

Couldn't something similar be started in this country? It would prove a boon to tired mothers, besides providing an interest to women whose time hangs heavily on their hands, and also bring comfort and joy to the aged in the last years of their lives.

E. Ridley, 44 Church St., Toowoomba, Brisbane.

FILM Stars & their PETS

Dogs are first favorites with film stars, as with ordinary people, when it comes to pets. But there are, happily for variety's sake, more breeds of dogs than there are of men, so that one finds a great diversity of fancy on this matter in the film world.

There are, of course, other domestic companions besides dogs that some stars cherish. And, since film stars are better able than most people to indulge their tastes in respect of their pets as well as other things, many of them have recruited unusually beautiful specimens.



THERE SEEMS to be a trace of nervousness in Robert Montgomery's prideful glance, as he watches this three months old pup. But what a protection it will be against the Big Bad Wolf!



MIRIAM JORDAN is evidently trying to persuade her dog to pose nicely for the camera, but the Pekinese is indifferent to this kind of flattery.



IS HARVEY STEPHENS, all dressed for golf, offering his fery the ball to eat, or merely going to bounce it for him?

GOOD - LOOK-ING James Dunn has chosen a partner who threatens to eclipse him in handsomeness.

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY
If you are a star in Hollywood, you practically have to have a regiment of pets. Luckily for those who are fond of animals, it is the fashionable thing. Some stars, in fact, find this a very handy means of ostentation. The more bizarre their retinue of animals, the better for advertisement. That no doubt explains the tiger and leopard cubs and the snakes that have been heard of from time to time as favored friends of some actress or other, for these creatures are not really very convenient to live with domestically.

But the unusual can be secured without going so far afield as that. You will remember how Jean Harlow, in that clever burlesque of a star's career, "Blonde Bombshell," has in constant attendance three large and excessively shaggy dogs, and her modest dwelling also houses a cockatoo and a miniature aquarium. The dogs, for some reason, have been several times described as German sheep dogs. Actually they were Old English sheep dogs, a breed seldom used nowadays for working purposes.

IN real life Jean Harlow owns a charming Pekinese named Oscar. Miriam Jordan and Jean Parker also favor this breed, which is in its way the most distinguished of the canine world. Few people outside dog fanciers realise how illustrious is the Pekinese of good pedigree. This is the Lion Dog of ancient China, the pet of the Imperial Court and carried in the sleeve of Majesty's silken robes. According to the Dowager Empress Tye Hai, it should have pride and dignity and be dainty in its food, yet afford entertainment with its gambols. Her recommendations as to its exotic diet are probably unknown in Hollywood.

Harvey Stephens owns a jolly little wire-haired fox terrier. This cousin of the ordinary smooth-haired fox has grown much in popularity of late. And

it deserves all its fond owners claim for its game, affectionate nature. Almost as attractive in disposition and very handsome in appearance is the red setter, which James Dunn affects. This sporting dog is an ornament to a terraced garden, but the wide sweep of its affably waving tail is apt to knock over occasional tables in the drawing-room.

SIZE in his dogs seems to be a prime requisite with Robert Montgomery. His Great Dane at three months old can place paws on his master's shoulders. Like many other large dogs this breed is very amiable, but biters and other evildoers hardly stop to think of that when they meet it.

Jeanette MacDonald has acquired a champion Skye terrier, a breed rather larger than the Yorkshire terrier, but in many respects similar.

Gordon Barker has no narrow-minded prejudices about the ancestry of his dog Jim, which is "just dawg," inclining

to the wire-haired side of the family, but, for all his mongrelhood, a thorough gentleman.

Persian cats are Tamara Desni's choice. Edmund Gwenn's flat in the Adelphi, that quiet backwater off the Strand, where C. B. Shaw and Sir James Barrie have lived for years and where the spirit of those noble architects, the brothers Adam, still lingers, contains prize goldfish and rare marine specimens culled from all over the world, including the Great Barrier Reef.

One of London's unsolved mysteries has engulfed Jack Hulbert's Pomeranian, Snodger, which lived for years in his roof garden apparently in perfect harmony with the tortoise Harold. But one morning Snodger had disappeared. Harold, however, seemed as usual. Could he in a moment of forgetfulness have eaten Snodger overnight? We shall never know. Still, he is not likely to attempt the latest gift of livestock to the Hulbert household. This has been acquired in Egypt, and is a baby camel.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

MORNING GLORY

Katharine Hepburn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. (R.K.O.).

EVA LOVELACE in this film is right into Katharine Hepburn's hands. It is the part of a young girl who has broken away from the narrow Puritanism of her New England home and has come, almost penniless, to try her fortune on Broadway. She has the confidence and friendliness and candor of a child, and it seems to her a perfectly natural thing to walk past the watchdogs into the sanctum of a famous manager when a cast is being chosen for a new play. So eager she is, so filled with the ideal of the artist, so sure that she has within her the spark of genius, that she only wants her chance. There comes a succession of failures. She starves and, what is worse, begins to doubt herself. Then she is lifted on the crest of imagined romance; but it is shattered and she touches despair. Last of all, the big opportunity is pushed at her by the young playwright (Douglas Fairbanks), and she is made.

In the scenes in the manager's ante-room Miss Hepburn is most touching, and she is ably seconded by C. Aubrey Smith in the part of kindly mentor. Later, at a party where champagne and excitement on an empty stomach inspire her to show how she would render Hamlet's soliloquy and what a Juliet she could be, she is very moving, too. But the romance falls quite to grip, for the reason that Adolph Menjou lacks the warmth and careless charm required for Eva's hero.—State.

EVERGREEN

Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale (Gaumont-British).

COMPARED with other musical and spectacular productions this has distinctly more plot and one of a novel kind. Benn W. Levy, responsible for the story, treated with wistful romance in his earlier play, "Mrs. Moonlight," the theme of youth retained while contemporaries grow old. Here perpetual youth is dealt with from a different angle, and in a spirit of comedy. An actress, unsuccessfully trying to get a start, pretends for publicity purposes to be her famous mother returned to the scene of her triumphs from which she had vanished mysteriously many years before.

Jessie Matthews, as the original star of 1909, and as her masquerading daughter of the present day, demonstrates again her ability as a dancer, and makes good capital out of the embarrassments of the pseudo-aged artist in love with her pretended son (Barry MacKay). The scene where the two, unable to sleep at night, wander in and out of the kitchen to make a solitary cup of tea is particularly charming. There are some ingenious and elaborate ballets, and Sonnie Hale gives a humorous study of a dynamic producer. Of uncommon interest are the "period" sequences at the beginning, which bring back a favorite of the silent screen, Betty Balfour, though we are inclined to think that they are a trifle antedated.—Embassy.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY

Otto Kruger, Heather Angel, Nigel Bruce, Nancy Carroll (Fox).

MORE than a dash of G. B. Shaw's comic spirit, and a liberal helping of Noel Coward's amoral puckishness, shaken well together, have sauced this dish. No charge of plagiarism is intended, for the author, Benn W. Levy, has a pretty wit of his own and much skill in the theatre. But he has evidently studied with profit these excellent models.

Otto Kruger is the Henry of the title, for whom we should judge it is perpetual springtime, since his thoughts turn constantly to love. But what a love adventure he engages in now! The Greyn-like Nancy Carroll is all in the way of business, so to speak, but Heather Angel—a distinctly Slavonic character here—has the powerful attraction for him of a white-souled reformer in the shape of a pretty woman. Nigel Bruce, completing the quartet, is at his most felicitous in the role of complaisant friend. And we must not forget Herbert Mundin, a pearl of price as Henry's manservant. Perhaps the scene in the shelter for unemployed is the most mirthful. But we should expect a frequent crackle of laughter throughout this film. To vary our first metaphor, author, director and players have between them compounded a most agreeably effervescent drink.—Capitol.

TELL ME TO-NIGHT

Jan Kiepura, Magda Schneider, Edmund Gwenn, Sonnie Hale (Gaumont-British).

A REVIVAL of this film, which broke previous Australian records last year, should prove popular. Jan Kiepura's singing is no doubt the chief factor in its remarkable success. He does not put very much dramatic effort

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars no good.

into his role, and the winsome little heroine is rather at a disadvantage before Australian audiences because of her broken English. But Kiepura's glorious voice and the general air of gaiety which pervades the film more than compensate for any weakness in either direction. One must add to the other recommendations that the supporting characters are all excellently played, and that beautiful scenery among the lakes and mountains of Switzerland forms a large part of the background.—Mayfair.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING

Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Leon Errol (Paramount).

IT always seems a little curious that in the land where all men are equal, and any man may become President, young millionaires are apt to pour scorn on men in their employ. And then they become so submissive to these virile paragons later on. Not that we suggest Bing Crosby's sailor was not a likely fellow to catch the eye of the bored yacht-owner (Carole Lombard). Look at the rest of the saloon passengers. Bing Crosby's crooning was as good as their dancing and ability to make cocktails, though we do not find it so captivating as they appeared to do. The most attractive creature on the yacht was certainly the bear. She is a delight, and we regretted that we did not see much of her when once the shipwrecked company were cast up on the desert island. Here Gracie Allen, the subhuman partner of the radio pair who made all the trouble in "Six of a Kind" bobs up again to add to the merriment. Here also Crosby tames his lady by the Admirable Crichton formula. He does not, like that hero, lose her after the rescue.—Prince Edward.

MANDALAY

Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Lyle Talbot, (Warner Bros.)

SOME names of places we have never seen have the power to suggest escape and freedom. Mandalay is one of them. And in this film, Mandalay represents for Kay Francis a reverance from the shame and crime of her past life. Miss Francis, reminding us at first of a beautiful half-caste, is a Russian refugee, befriended by Ricardo Cortez, who is engaged in gun-running along the Burma coast, a rather unlikely place for such business. Then comes for her a period of being queen of an underworld resort belonging to Warner Oland. So far it has been just a racketeer-night club story in an Eastern setting. But she boards the boat for Mandalay and after demolishing the last and stiffest obstacle in a perfectly ruthless manner, she reaches her desired haven. The local color in this film is somewhat patchy, but Miss Francis, besides being a sumptuously beautiful creature, has the gift of infusing mystery and suspense into an unlikely tale.—Plaza.

THE RETURN OF BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, (B.I.F.)

UNDERGROUND machinations of armament manufacturers and the introduction of a Black Gang of Drummond's supporters in the anti-war crusade bring this yarn of Sapper's hero up to date. Though Ralph Richardson has not the charm and dash of an earlier exponent of this character, Ronald Colman, it may be argued that his blunt-featured type is more suitable to the bulldog role. Francis Sullivan is certainly in character as the unctuous villain, Carl Peterson.

The action of the film is rather deliberate at times, but there is plenty of it. We agreed with the villain's underling that it seemed a pity to run such a nice car over a swingbridge into the river. But they had to do something about the ubiquitous Drummond. Even then they could not drown him. One conclusion we came to was that it must be nervous work to be the wife of an amateur detective who pits his wits against international forces. But wives of such heroes may be assured of an equally charmed life.—Civic.

IT is announced that the Gaumont-British picture starring George Arliss, which is to be produced shortly, will probably deal with either the life of Nelson or of Wellington.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME-MAKER

Saturday, July 21, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

Big Display by Women Artists of Australia!

Over 120 Exhibitors from All States:
High Prices Featured

More than 120 women artists from all States are represented at the exhibition of watercolors, oils, drawings, miniatures, and sculpture now taking place in Sydney. It is the first combined exhibition of the women artists of Australia.

A noticeable feature is the high prices charged in many cases. A comparatively small piece of sculpture, which is an attempt to show flight by planes, is priced at 250 guineas, an oil painting at 150 guineas, another at 200 guineas, and a miniature at 100 guineas. Three guineas and other small prices are extremely rare.

THIS does not mean that the prices are higher than the various works merit. The artistic standard is not only high for Australia, but many of the artists have been trained abroad, and some are world-honored.

The prices, however, measure up to those of other exhibitions here, and read like "prosperity prices" once more. The exhibition has been conceived and made possible through the public spirit of a group of women—Miss Myrtle Innes, Mrs. F. A. Q. (Alice) Stephens, Mrs. Juanita Job, Mrs. K. Lee Brown, and Miss Lamasus.

Their aim was to bring together a representative collection of the best women's work of each State. By such an exhibition, it is hoped, interest will be widened, the standard of Art raised by arousing a spirit of competition, and general recognition of women's work in the world of Art will follow.

The expenses and worries of the exhibition are borne by the organising committee. Their assets are the entrance fee for the artists, gate and catalogue money, and commission on sales. Liabilities include advertising, printing catalogues, insurance, and general running expenses. The exhibition is being held at the Education Department's galleries in Sydney, which are free.

It is highly probable that the committee will be out of pocket when the expenses are reckoned.

All entries are by invitation. Representative artists were selected from all over the Commonwealth, and invited to send examples of their work. There is no "Society" representation, and entries range from ultra-modern to conventional paintings in the old style. There are over 300 exhibits.

Many of the exhibitors are married, so it would seem that marriage and a career in art are quite compatible.

AS well as the ever outstanding Maud Sherwood, Myrta Preston, Thera Proctor, and Gladys Owen, Sydney entries range from ultra-modern to conservative. One is arrested by Grace Cosington-Smith's horses, but her design is less capably handled than Isabel Huntley's girl in a hammock beside the sea. Miss Huntley's perspective and colors are those of a dream, but the whole effect is that of sure artistry. The atmosphere is perfectly realised. Miss Huntley, by the way, is a niece of "Banjo" Paterson.

Very often artists portray people who are "picturesque" rather than fashionable. Helen Stewart, however, paints ultra-fashionably frocked and tanned young women. Miss Stewart, like Miss Huntley, has studied abroad. She returned last year, choosing many of her sitters from fellow passengers on the ship. Her work is striking and original.

Other New South Wales entrants are Phyllis Shillito, head of the Art Department at the Technical College (modern); Alison Rehnsch, who, as well as her original work, has instituted here the Paris fashion of a studio where all may go, pay 1/-, and use the models; Mary Edwards, who won the State Theatre's prize; Myrtle Innes, well known for her exquisite tapestry work as well as her paintings; Eleonore Lange, the sculptor of "Seraph of Light," who

"SPRINGTIME AT KNOCK-ALONG"—an oil painting by Hilda Rix Nicholas, in the Victorian section. The woman is wearing an exquisitely lined mauve shawl, and most of the picture is in pastel tints.



THE LITTLE BOY in this picture is the son of the artist, Hilda Rix Nicholas (Mrs. Wright). The title of the painting, which is in oils, is "The Shepherd of Knockalong." It is priced at 200 guineas.



THE CREATOR OF THIS PAINTING, entitled "Brothers," is Dora Wilson (Mrs. Coates), of Victoria. This artist's paintings are much praised by critics not only in Australia, but also abroad.

owns Sydney's marionette theatre; Mrs. D'Arcy Osborne, whose miniatures are so fashionable now that she is inundated with commissions; Ethleen Palmer, whose strong sense of pattern is seen in two line-cuts; and Mabel Corbett, who has pieced together colored pieces of felt to form a "Garden Party." The sunlight on the men's top hats is realistically represented by white felt.

Bethia Foot, the daughter of General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson, of Sydney, has evidently continued the good work of the Sydney "Turrumurra" modernists. She lives in Melbourne now. "Cottage at Harkaway" is a charming piece of work.

THAT Queensland produces artists of quality is seen in the work of Vida Lahey, who studied in Sydney. Miss Lahey is famous throughout Australia, having made her name in flower paintings.

Tasmania produces quality, if not quantity. In Miss Mabel Hookley it possesses a very brilliant woman. Her paintings are conservative, but satisfying. "The Yard" has particular merit. She has written "The Romance of Tasmania," and is a leading figure in the island.

Within recent years Perth has been very progressive, and held several exhibitions of work from Eastern States. Recently the "Perth Society" was formed to assist W.A. artists in learning of the work outside their own State.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA has produced some very important women artists, including Bessie Davidson, now settled in Paris, who has been elected Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

The stars of the S.A. exhibitors are Gwen Barringer, with "The Little Pear Tree," "Morning Light," and "The New Settlers," and Leila McNamara, for her striking country paintings.

Miss Marie Tuck, whose "The Old Barn" is an attractive entry, was the first Australian woman and the first South Australian man or woman to receive an honorable mention at the Old Salon (Paris).

Nora Heyson, on a trip abroad with her parents at present, has entered a carefully-done still-life, reminiscent of her father's work. Miss Heyson, however, prefers portraits to landscapes.

CRITICS have been disappointed in the Victorian pictures. There is some fine work exhibited by Victoria, but it is not on the whole very "modern."

Mrs. Rix Nicholas (Mrs. Wright), although she now lives at Delegate, N.S.W., is in the Victorian section by special request. Mrs. Nicholas lives on a sheep station, and the little boy in the compelling "The Shepherd of Knockalong" is her son. Mrs. Nicholas said she gave up her chosen work to rear her son, and enjoyed it. But now he is independent of her continued care, she has decided to take up painting once more.

One of Mrs. Nicholas' pictures, "An Australian," bought by the French Government some time ago, is hanging in one of the leading Parisian salons.



ONE OF THE "MODERN" PAINTINGS of the collection, though not the most extremely so. The artist is Miss Isabel Huntley, of N.S.W. Although her perspective is reminiscent of the Orient, and her coloring exotic, this decorative panel is very effective, and excites much praise from critics.

CLEVER IDEAS

AMBER BEADS can be beautifully cleaned with olive oil. Rub dry, and finally polish with a silk handkerchief. —"Mary," Brisbane.

I RECENTLY discovered a very simple and useful help to knitters. Often confusion is caused by a pattern having rows and rows of knitting which have to be followed carefully. This confusion may be overcome if a couple of sheets of writing paper are procured and cut to make a little book. Each page only needs to be about an inch wide and long. Then on each page write a line of the knitting directions. —"Camella," 223 Liverpool St., Enfield, N.S.W.

INTERLINE YOUR evening coat with flannelette. This gives added warmth without being bulky and does not affect the appearance of the coat. —Miss I. Crossley, 13 Byng St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

IF A piece of greased paper is rubbed over the bottom of cooking utensils before putting on the stove they will be much easier and quicker to clean. —Mrs. I. Trappett, Monmouth St., Morning-side, Brisbane.

TO GET the best results from a coke fire, soak coke in water first, and you will have a bright, cheerful fire. —Mrs. F. H. Cornish, 61 Station St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

TO DESTROY weeds in a gravel path, nothing is more effectual than boiling water poured over the gravel and left for about 24 hours. All weeds can be easily removed by raking over the path. —"Evelyn," Adelaide.

WHEN WASHING silver plates, or dishes which have been used for fish, add one tablespoonful of vinegar to the water. You will find all traces of the smell of fish will disappear. —"Deirdre," Mildura, Vic.

IF YOU have the misfortune to tear your new serge frock or costume, try this method of mending. Turn the garment inside out, carefully place the edges together, and press a piece of adhesive plaster to the back of the tear. The plaster should be a little longer than the tear. Press the patch with a warm iron, over a piece of cloth. —"Min," Melbourne.

WAY'S

July Clearance

SALE



Cashmere Knit Wool Cardigans, fine, soft wool, warm and serviceable. Collarless style, with two handy pockets. Colors: Saxe, Royal, Reseda, Cardinal, Maroon, Brown, Grey, Navy, or Cream. Sizes, S.W. and W. Usually 8/11. Clearance Price .. 7'6

OUT GO COATS



DRASTIC REDUCTIONS



A Bargain Indeed! All-wool Velour Coats, smartly tailored, correctly cut, and well finished. Weltd seams front, back, and sides. Cozy collar of coney fur. Half lined. Colors: Cruise Blue, Brown, or Black. Sizes, S.W. to O.S. Usually 45/-. Clearance Price .. 32'6

Smart, Practical Coats of All-wool Chevron, styled to approved lines, with Raglan or set-in sleeves. Weltd seams provide a smart finish. Cozy fur collar. Colors: Cruise Blue, Fawn, or Brown. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W. and W. Usually 69/6. Clearance Price .. 55'

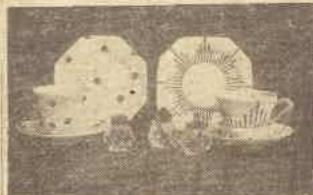
A Big Saving on a Good Coat! All-wool Diagonal, a quality coating that combines appearance with service. New sleeve effect. Weltd seams. Large crush collar of coney. Lined satin throughout. Colors: Black, Fawn, or Brown. Sizes, S.W. to X.O.S. Usually 95/-. Clearance Price .. 79'6

Make use of our Lay-by & Mail Orders

E-WAY & CO. LTD. 213-219 PITT ST SYDNEY

Paris Fashion Decree of Black and White Invades the Home

..... and here are some exquisite examples for the delectation of smart hostesses.



ENGLAND also adopts the craze for black and white, and Foley's, manufacturers of fine china, designed and executed these smart tea-sets in spots and stripes. It was suggested that the former would match milady's Dalmation dog, a quaint idea, certainly, and one which not a few would carry out, but somehow I can't imagine a pet zebra to link up with the second set, can you? Note the diagonally-cut crystal condiment set; it, too, has shining black caps.



FOR the modern bathroom, vanity tables of vitrolite and chromium are fascinating.

Power of a Penny

"Electrical Housekeeping" For All

"I have to look twice at every shilling before I spend it," says the average housekeeper. To which the electricity department now replies: "Why worry over shillings—have you ever considered what you can do with a penny?"

SOME particularly interesting examples have been forthcoming of late, showing just how far a humble penny will go when it is invested in electricity. These results are achieved, not with special appliances, but with the standard electrical devices sold by every dealer throughout the supply area of the Municipal Council of Sydney.

For instance—one pennyworth of electricity will wash and dry the average week's laundry. Alternatively, it will cook ten breakfasts, or one day's meals for one person. If you prefer, it will do four hours' cleaning or two hours' ironing. For the same humble coin you can operate an electric fan for 20 hours, or do 30 hours' sewing. It costs just a penny to toast 30 slices of bread, or prepare 30 waffles.

These are just a few of the tasks which can be carried out by electricity in return for what is, after all, almost the smallest coin of the realm.

In view of the fact that electrical appliances are now more inexpensive than ever before in housekeeping history, and bearing in mind that the majority of them can be purchased on particularly easy terms, it becomes obvious that the days of laborious housekeeping are passing away. To toil and complain over the monotony of housework is now an admission, not only of weakness, but of shortsightedness. True economy lies in the ability to get work done more efficiently, in shorter time, and at the lowest cost.



ONE of the beautiful gowns to be displayed by Grace Bros. at the Advance Fashion Teas to be given by the Lady Mayoress on August 2 and 3 in aid of her Clothing Appeal Fund. Of flat crepe, and beautifully moulded to the figure by reason of its "cross cut," it is the response one of America's leading fashion houses gives to Paris' decree, "Black and white for smartness."



A WHISKY SET of beautifully cut crystal, with hand-applied designs of black in futuristic shapes. A delightful, wee, Scotch thistle is etched as a central motif, and throws the black up in sharp relief. Most men, I think, will crave this set for their particular den.

Last-Minute Snaps

at Grace Bros.' Sale

THE sale at Grace Bros. definitely ends this Friday, July 20. Every department offers amazing reductions. In the millinery section smart hats are selling at the small price of 1/-. A larger range of hats are selling at 5/11. These include the latest stitched taffeta and smart check styles.



THE mantelshelf or sideboard, too, has its touches of smartness. These examples of ceramic art from the Continent conform to the rule of black and white. Highly glazed, their blackness seems alive and positively wicked as it reflects the varying lights. Two fruit bowls (top), each with three squat legs to stand upon, one conventionally square with half-moons of white, the other round and gleaming. The cases are very attractive, too. Both will find—and keep—a corner in the home of distinction and charm.



AND FOR THE DEN—the manufacturers of ceramics provide this "Utility" smoker's set, a commodious cigarette box with four ashtrays and a container and striker for matches—white, if you look to the next illustration, you will find the scheme of black and white carried a little further.



A THREE-TIERED VANITY TABLE to hold your loveliest and smartest containers for powders, perfumes, toilet waters, etc. Note the jet black crystal perfume jar. The powder-bowl is unusual, too, with its chromium touches.

—Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.

The CRETONNE SHOP

64 OXFORD ST., CITY

(Almost Opposite Buckingham)

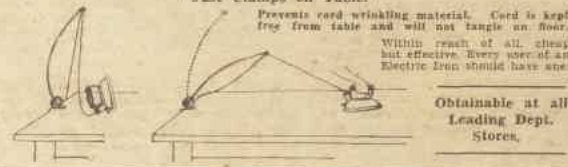
INTERIOR DECORATORS AND FURNISHING SPECIALISTS

We Re-cover Elderdown Quilts, Make Pelmetts, Persian Blinds, Cushions, etc. Customers' Own Material Made Up. Noted for Our Repairs. Reupholsters and Suggestions Given Free. Large Range of Materials Always in Stock. Phone: F3241

A NEW IDEA! Have you got one?

ACME CORD HOLDERS FOR ELECTRIC IRONS

"Just Clamps on Table."



Prevents cord-wrinking material. Cord is kept free from table and will not tangle on floor. Within reach of all, cheap but effective. Every user of an Electric Iron should have one.

Obtainable at all Leading Dept. Stores.

THAT GLOWING HEARTH

While Winter is with us ... the centre of your home and your hospitality!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

WHEN wintry winds blow and night falls chilly what can take the place of a glowing hearth for comfort and friendly cheer? Of necessity it becomes the centre of your home—and your hospitality.

BUT is yours the kind of hearth that is pleasant to look at, and as friendly comforting as it is possible to make it?

At the top of this page, I have had pictured what is, to my mind, an ideal type—quite different from the many apologies for fireplaces which grace many of our so-called modern homes and flats.

Everyone will admit when they sit shivering over a "pokey" fire that there is nothing to take the place of a great log fire.

There is a real homey atmosphere about it—worth all the trouble of making and cleaning up of ashes afterwards.

Here in this picture you will note the fire screen—made of fire copper gauze and designed to keep flame and sparks well within control. An admirable innovation in a home when the children gather round—apart from any other consideration. The central motif on this screen is purely decorative. It just detracts from the utility aspect of the screen itself.

Another additional note to the quali-

EUROPE ... Sadly Changed

Mrs. T. H. Kelly's

... Experiences

AT FARMER'S business girls' luncheon last week, Mrs. T. H. Kelly gave a brief but extremely fascinating account of her experiences on the Continent during her last visit there.

She found Europe sadly changed, she said. She was present at the Paris riots—on "Bloody Tuesday"—when even the buyers from other countries fled the city. During the riots, the Paris women stood on the footpath urging their men on to further bloodshed.

Nazi students in Germany made travelling unpleasant for visitors, and on one occasion in Vienna they threw tear bombs into the theatre in which she was seated, and drove the audience out into the street.

Rome, the "City of beautiful fountains," she found unchanged. She was there at Easter. She considered Mussolini was a very great man, and that he is doing fine work in Italy.

As for the Riviera, she thought our South Coast as beautiful, scenically, but the Riviera contained some marvellous pieces of architecture.

Musical Lecture

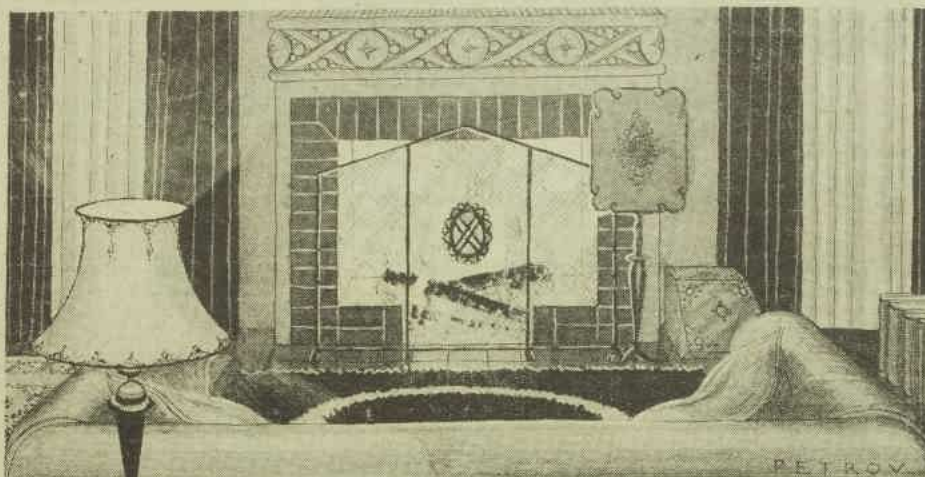
BUSINESS girls' luncheons at David Jones' are becoming more and more popular. Last week, Lindley Evans gave an entertaining address on music.

Music, he said, is the one thing about which people refuse to admit they know nothing, and, consequently, many ludicrous mistakes are made.

One piece of music, he said, is not composed of half a dozen different tunes. This would not make the piece a coherent whole; it would be a mere collection of tunes.

Music, therefore, generally speaking, is composed of two different tunes, the first played twice, then the second, and back again to the first. One separate tune seldom lasts as long as one minute.

For illustration, he played "Through the Night," "Swiss River," and finished up with an exquisite rendering of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Minor."



ON CHILLY, wind-swept nights, this hearth is a haven of comfort and friendly warmth. Note the screen, made of copper gauze, to keep sparks and flames in their place. Note also the "face" screen on its slender standard. This can be placed at any angle to shield your face from the heat and glare.

ties of this specific hearth is the face screen. Glimpse it at the right on its slender standard. This can be placed at any angle to shield your face from heat and glare of flames.

A CAPACIOUS lounge with small table and books at hand in case the reading mood falls upon you ... bringing to mind the remark of a friend: "Rain

this after the Italian style, and rather charming.

Many, of course, will not like it, and I only present it as an idea.

There are some among you, however, who might—when building their homes—like to adopt this style, and which, after all, is only one of the centuries-old ideas to be seized upon by moderns.



falling softly on the roof, a good book, a comfy chair, and a cheery fire—life can be so good ...

Note the reading-lamp at the left radiating its golden glow over the scene—bright enough for reading purposes, but not too glaring.

Now, glance again—no mantelpiece,

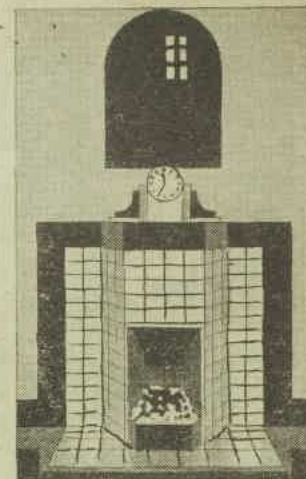
IN the second picture here you glimpse another type of fireplace—the more usual style—bricks and mortar with the customary mantelpiece.

The folding fire-screen here is worthy of note. It is the curved type in keeping with the architecture of the fireplace.

Books adorn the mantelpiece during

the winter months, flowers and knick-knacks during the summer.

THE smaller sketch illustrated at top right of this page presents an altogether different type of hearth, but it depicts a fireplace feature well worth your consideration.



SOME FIREPLACES keep all the heat to themselves, but this one throws it out. Because the tiled "cheeks" radiate the heat, this small grate would be sufficient to warm a large room.

Fireplaces oftentimes keep the heat to themselves, but this one throws it out. The grate, though small, is built out into the room so that the tiled cheeks radiate the heat.

It might surprise you, but this small grate is ample for a very large room—an item to remember when renovating or building.—E.E.G.

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IMPERIAL ARCADE

Taffetas 10/-

They're so smart ... so new ... so dashing ... and yet so moderately priced, these made-to-order Taffetas are made from such good quality materials. Beautifully fashioned and individually trimmed. They will suit you. Available in all leading shops. Black, Brown, Navy, etc.

SEE OUR ENORMOUS DISPLAY OF 1,000 NEW HATS! ALL INDIVIDUAL STYLES.

MAKE A LAY-BY • NO PHONE OR MAIL ORDERS

DON'T FORGET

On July 19 and 20 an "Old Time Fairs" will be held at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Pitt Street. Admission is free.

The fourth annual dance of the Adelaide Flying School will be held at the State Assembly on July 21.

The annual Music Week Ball will take the form this year of a carnival at the Westworth on August 30. Plans and fancy dress will be worn. Sets from operas, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Shakespeare are being arranged. Mr. J. L. Walters is hon. secretary and treasurer of Music Week. Miss Josephine Marks is president and hon. organizer of the ball.

On July 23 a concert will be held at Cranbrook School in aid of the Cranbrook bursary fund. The ticket will be held in December.

Mrs. M. J. Plonkey is organizing a dance at the White City on August 24, in aid of the Woolfara Branch of the Red Cross.

The annual meeting of the Royal Hygiene Association will be held on July 22 at the Adelaide 111 Pitt St.

On July 22 a matinee "At Home" will be given by the Queen Victoria Club in the ballroom of the Australia. Their new rooms at the Rialto are not big enough to hold all members expected. Mrs. Randle Ford will be guest of honor and there will be a testimonial to Miss Gladys Vernon.

In order to raise funds for St. Margaret's Hospital a band of Sydney business girls have formed a club and called themselves the "Good Companions." Their first effort will be a dance at the Pickwick Club on July 21. Mrs. J. Wren is the president. Miss Phyl Collins honorary secretary and Miss Irene Johnstone honorary treasurer. Miss Sheila Phillips, Miss Jean Martin and Miss Dorcas Sanders are members of the committee. To augment the funds of the dance, several private bridge parties and tennis tournaments are being held.

The 41st Annual Masonic Ball, in aid of the Freemasons' Benevolent Institution, will be held at the Town Hall on Thursday, August 2. One of the features will be the presentation of 70 deputations to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Street.

The eleventh annual dance of the Brighton O.G.U. will be held at the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Manly, on Saturday, August 18. Proceeds for the Manly District Hospital.

Falling's are holding their winter-time frolic this Saturday night, the 21st, at their concert hall. It is to be a Cabaret Dance with a few variety acts. Proceeds are to go to help the Music Week Carnival Ball.

PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

Good food deserves good sauce —

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference!"

Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches, etc. Order a bottle from your grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

LANCASHIRE RELISH

A delicious P.M.U. product.

My LUCK is your LUCK

IN TWO LOTTERIES
\$60000
AND NOW

Nearly Another
\$500 MONDAY

On Monday I won nearly another \$500 in the 211th Lottery for my shareholders, and my wins now total over \$42,000, including two \$5000's, five \$1000's, four \$500's, and hundreds of others ranging from \$200 to \$5.

I won \$6000 in two consecutive Lotteries. Let me win for you.

Fifth Shares, to win \$1000, cost 1/6, and Seventh Shares, to win \$714, are 1/- each.

Post the coupons below or call at my office at 10 Barrack Street for your shares. The whole of the profits from this advertisement are for St. Margaret's Hospital, "where over 10,000 little Australians have been born, and where 1/- a day keeps a baby a day."

FILL THIS LUCKY COUPON

Mr. W. H. Whiddon, Dept. WWAG, Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to share your Lottery Luck.

Here is a Postal Note for..... and stamped addressed envelope. Please send me

.....Fifth Shares at 1/6 each or

.....Seventh Shares at 1/- each

NAME

STREET

TOWN

(Cross out the line you do not need)

1/3 LARGE TUBE



REXOL
the tooth-paste of today

The urgent need for a modern toothpaste has now been filled. Rexol, superseding old-fashioned formulas, fills every requirement of the toothpaste with the highest efficacy at the reasonable price of 1/3 a LARGE tube.

Rexol
the modern TOOTH PASTE

PREPARED BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LTD.

DO YOU KNOW that Handwriting is an open book to Character, Health etc.? Your Character, combined with Clairvoyance. Send P.N. 1/6, together with stamped addressed envelope, to M. R. CAMPBELL, 1 Harris St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

YOUR CHILDREN ... Will LOVE THEM

Bunnies, Elephants, Chickens, Sailing-ships, and Pussycats... which does your little one fancy?

Quite a new idea for small garments, and one that the kiddies themselves will appreciate, are these kindergarten motifs, suitable for applique on pyjamas, dressing-gowns, frocks, feeders, and aprons, also for nursery articles. Both material and color are very adaptable.

THESE motifs are traced for quick outline embroidery on pieces of soft, fast color linen of rectangular and square shape. They are made in fresh, sunshiny colors—sky blue, primrose yellow, pink, green—colors that are so suitable for children; also in white.

When you have completed the dress, or pinafore, or shirt for the very small lad, these little motifs will give just the finishing touch you require with a minimum of expense.

I would like to point out that the bunny eating the lettuce-leaf is traced on to pink linen; the other chap, showing at the top of the picture in Dutch trousers, is on green.

The plump little chick is traced on to primrose yellow linen, while the sturdy elephant and the pussy in school outfit holding a slate (not pictured here) are both in blue. And the ship afloat is on the white linen.

These novel kindergarten motifs come in cellophane packets of six. And you

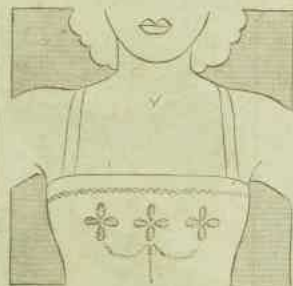


may order the whole six, which only cost 1/- post free, or select one or more of each design according to your fancy, making up to the six, for the same price 1/-.

A PACKET containing six little motifs traced onto soft, color-fast linen for simple applique on children's clothes and nursery items can be had for one shilling.

Another Pretty Stitch for the Bride

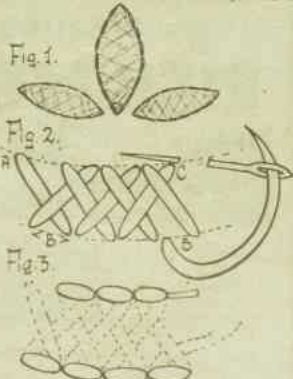
The Double Back Stitch to Decorate the Trousseau and the Fourth in This Exclusive "Stitch a Week" Series.



FOR YOUR TROUSSEAU daisies with distinct petals, using this lovely stitch, would be enchanting.

HERE is a stitch with two names and two ways of usage. Perhaps you already know it as shadow stitch—or you will say that it looks similar to a herringbone.

THE stitch is called "double back" because it shows a double row of back stitch on the under side of the material. But it can be worked from the wrong side of the material. It is then called shadow stitch, because it makes a dainty shadow



CLOSE-UPS of this stitch with a twofold usage. See directions for working.

pattern that shows through the transparent stuff.

Hindoo women work this stitch in white on the reverse side of their semi-transparent muslin veils.

How To Make Stitch

Fig. 1 represents the front of a fine material with shadow stitch worked on the back for the petals of a flower.

First of all, practise the stitch. See Fig. 2.

Draw two parallel lines as a guide. Make them quarter-inch apart. Practise with a non-stranded embroidery thread. Work from left to right. Bring out the thread at "A" on the upper line, slant it downwards to the right, and pick up a small piece of stuff from the bottom line. This is indicated by "B" in two places on Fig. 2.

Continue by taking up a small piece of stuff on the needle on the upper line as at "C" in Fig. 2.

You will say this is like a herringbone,



TRUE-LOVES' KNOT for your lingerie, and a line in the double-back stitch with shadow effect. See article.

The movement is the same, but there is this big difference: Each little piece of stuff that is taken up on the needle must touch the leg of the preceding stitch. See point "C." The needle always points back touching this leg. This ensures the two rows of back stitch on the reverse.

Fig. 3 shows the reverse. You notice that, in going round a curve the top stitches are shorter than those on the lower curve.

Shadow stitch works in so well with single back stitch worked on the right side. When it is worked on the right side as double back stitch, it can be put to many purposes.

Notes On Its Many Uses

Lingerie in shadow stitch on pink crepe-de-chine, blue silk-thread will



KERCHIEF CORNERS are so pretty and so easily embroidered with this stitch.

give almost a lavender on the right side. Line round top of slip or sliplet.

Group of daisies in centre front in shadow stitch, connected by back stitch lines done on right side, or a true lovers' knot with its outline worked in shadow stitch.

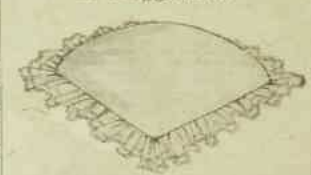
On white georgette, or white silk undies, the same flowers done with each petal in a different color such as buttercup, rose, sage, lime, biscuit. White and colored lines—and outline stitch to connect the pattern.

Handkerchief: Many-petalled flower in the corner, with groups of three little cross stitches all in pastel shades.

Babies' wear: Groups of little flowers worked on the back of white Jap or crepe-de-chine in blue and pink.

Little girls' frocks: Stout hard wearing frocks, in serge or plain prints with a bold line of double back in coarse, silk thread. Worked round collar and cuffs on the right side of the material.

A Suggestion



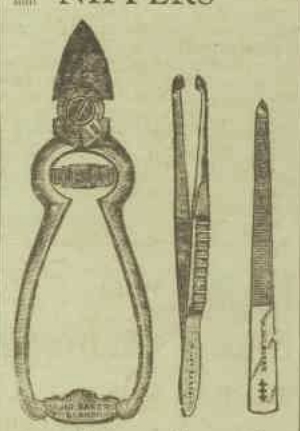
BERLEE BIAS BINDING decorates the frill of this dainty cushion which would be charming for a bedroom.

BETTER ENAMEL & TWICE AS THICK
Clyde
BATHS, BASINS & SINKS
LAST A LIFETIME

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NO. 1—STRONG FINGER AND TOE NAIL NIPPER. Nickel-plated, 4 1/2 in. overall. German make, each... 6/6
NO. 2—SPREADING FORCEPS, Nickel plated, for Plucking Hair... 3/-
NO. 3—FLEXIBLE NAIL FILE, best quality steel... 3/3
No. 4... 3/9

POST FREE FOR CASH WITH ORDER.

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3 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY.

GOING BALD

STOP THAT DANDRUFF!

Dandruff is a germ disease that attacks the hair glands, causing itching, falling hair, and baldness. To check infection and stop dandruff use Valanol Scalp Pomade twice a week. Valanol contains antiseptic and healing. Brush hair and keep the hair glands normally active, thus up the scalp and promotes vigorous growth of healthy, lustrous hair. Mothers will find Valanol Scalp Pomade a quick and easy way to remove Cradle Cap. Price 3/-, obtainable all stores and chemists or direct, post free, from the manufacturers, Box 331PP, G.P.O.

VALANOL
SCALP POMADE

AROUND THE HOME

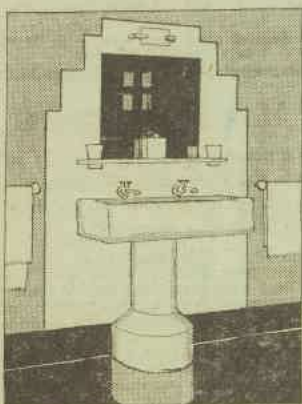
Here are given in printed and illustrated form worthwhile suggestions and practical help for home-lovers.

Background Design for Wash-Basin

IT is often considered that a hand-basin fitment spoils the appearance of a bedroom.

The accompanying sketch is interesting because of the attractive background design which can be made to harmonise more or less with the room. This need not be a costly business; the effect can be arranged by marking out a panel with a colored line border to match your carpet and finishing the inside of the panel with enamel a shade darker than the walls.

If you should have a colored hand basin of the same shade, it will help the color scheme.



A Cement for Ironwork

A GOOD cement for repairing pipes, tanks, fixing iron railing standards, bolting up corrugated iron roofing, and similar jobs, can be made this way:

Mix some powdered or air-slacked quicklime to a thin paste or cream with the whites of two eggs and working in enough iron filings to form a stiff compound. Spread this over the rough parts to be united, or "work" it well into the cracks. Press or clamp together, if necessary. Remove excess cement, and smooth. This cement dries quickly, and makes a very strong joint or "stop-ping."

Enamelling

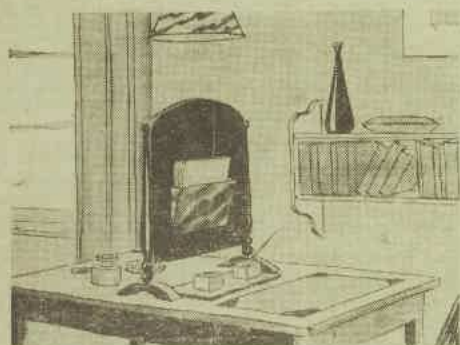
ENAMELLING requires a great deal of care. First, apply an undercoat. When this is dry, rub gently with fine glass-paper, removing any drops or ridges. Put the enamel on lightly, so that no brush marks will show, as the enamel tends to run a little freely. See that it does not collect in little drops in corners.

Soap and Water for Enamelware

NOTHING is so good to clean enamelware as a scrubbing inside and out with hot water, using a soap extract or cleanser if desired, but not soda.

For the Study-Bedroom

THE young man of the house does like to have a room all to himself where he can study without interruption. It is rather a good plan to combine bedroom and study. Where space is limited, one table arranged as this sketch suggests will serve as desk and dressing table admirably.



For Stubborn Screws

SCREWS which have become firmly lodged should have a feather dipped in vinegar passed round them. After a little while they will turn quite easily.



An Old-fashioned Washstand

MANY of you, perhaps, have stored away an old-fashioned washstand—you know the kind, with two tiers and a hole in the top to hold the wash basin. Bring it out, remove the back and side rails, cover the top with plywood, and afterwards with oil balm. It will make such a useful little side table for doing odd jobs in the kitchen.

To Clean White Paint

CLEANING white paint is not half so troublesome as it sounds if you have plenty of warm, soapy water. Go over it a second time with a flannel dipped in clear warm water and leave it to dry. Never use soda for your paint. If soap and water is not sufficient, try mixing a little fuller's earth into a paste with water and apply on a clean soft cloth. Use another cloth for wiping off the preparation. Rub with a leather or soft cloth, and your paint will look just like new.

Or, if you like, you may wash your white paint with soap and water and a soft flannel; dry thoroughly, and then polish with a very little white furniture cream, and an enamel finish will result.

Finger-marks on Paintwork

THESE may be removed with a cloth wrung out in warm, soapy water, or with a few drops of paraffin. After using paraffin, however, wash the paint in order to remove the traces.

Cane and Wicker Furniture

DO not use soap on cane and wicker chairs and furniture. They should be washed in salt and water, and then dried in the open air, and not before a fire.

Leather Chairs

WASH leather chairs in soap and tepid water, using, however, very little water on the leather. See that this is wiped dry, then polish with linseed oil and vinegar.



Clean Those Mirrors

MIRRORS can give brightness and light to your home, but only if they are kept clean and spotless. Wipe them first with a damp sponge and then polish with a soft rag. Dust with very fine whitening before the final polish.

WANTED TO BUY

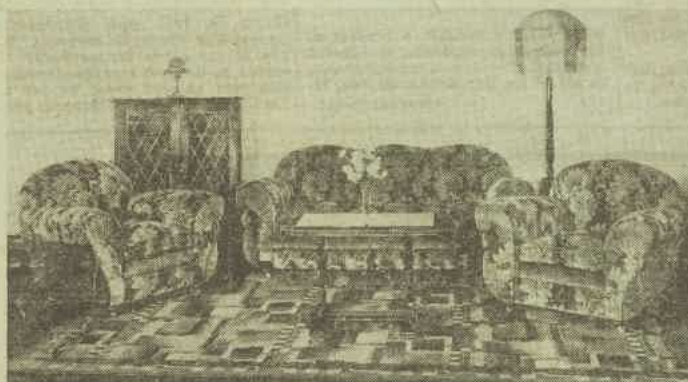
OLD Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. F. Smith, 113a Pitt St. (near Hunter St.)***

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Established in Sydney
For Over 50 Years!

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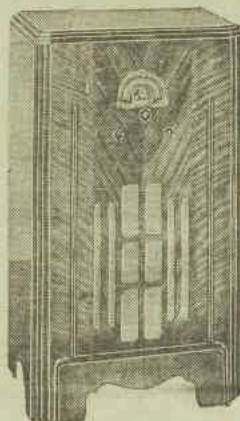
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Value that surpasses all others! This Suite carries Pulsfords quality guarantee, despite its low price—and is offered to our clients as an extra special attraction. Note: Covering is best quality Genoa Velvet in brown tones, the suite is well sprung, and cushions are spring-filled. Come in and see this Special at once! Also shown in photo—Coffee Table, another "Special" at 39/6. Bookcase, 14/12/-, Lamp Standard, 39/6. Parchment Shade, 32/6. Axminster Carpet, 12 x 9, £11/10/-.

£17'19'6

Terms Arranged

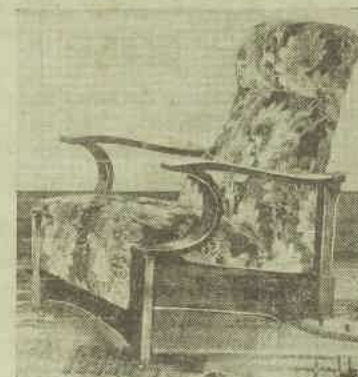


No Extra for RADIO TERMS

As a special offer we charge no extra for Terms on Pulsfords "Bathurst" Radio. The set shown is the 5-Valve Superhet—a quality Set in every detail. It gives local and interstate reception with wonderful clarity of tone, using latest Valves, and Amplion Speaker. 12 months' free service, and free installation in metropolitan area. Special Price.

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Regal Radio Chair for Marvellous Comfort

For comfort there is nothing like this Regal Chair. The shape is specially designed to suit the body in an easy reclining posture, and cunningly contrived springs on the back frames allow the chair to give with the weight, making it flexible and buoyant at the same time. It is covered with best quality Genoa Velvet. The woodwork is polished rich brown. Pulsfords Special Cash Price is 92/6

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THE "LULLABY" CALICO COSYBYE is 3ft, 3ins. long, and folds up quite flat for carrying or storing 9/6

THE SECOND COSYBYE, in Blue Damask, is very pretty, and same size as above 12/6



THE PRAM on left, above, of closely plaited cane painted in ivory; inside is upholstered in Blue 87/6 with Blue Cushion

THE OTHER PRAM is larger size, and very roomy; the outside is in deep Cream; inside has up-£6/17/6 holstered Cushion in soft Pink

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Save 10% on Linos

Pulsfords bought large stocks of New British Linos and Floorcloths before the recent 10 per cent. increase in price, and this saving is passed on to you! Dozens of bright new patterns in the best qualities are now showing AT THE OLD PRICES.

NEW CARPETS, TOO. A new shipment of British Axminster Carpets in latest designs and colours has just arrived. These are marked at lowest possible prices, and your inspection is invited.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

Pulsfords have just issued the first section of their new Catalogue of Lounge Suites, Bedroom, Dining and Breakfast Room Furniture, etc. Send your name and address, mentioning the particular furniture you are interested in, and we will send you your free copy at once. Country customers are specially invited to write.

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119 BATHURST STREET

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WRITE FOR SPECIAL COUNTRY TERMS.

A Clever Device Ironing made Easier

Quite an ingenious device to lighten ironing tasks is the new cord-holder which leading shops are selling now for about one shilling each.

YOU simply clamp this simple gadget on to the end of the table or ironing board and slip the flex of the electric iron into the "V" shaped end.

This does away with all slack flex which so often gets in one's way when ironing, rumpling up things or becoming tangled-up in one's feet.

When ironing the cord holder will follow along or across the table at any angle in which the iron is moved, and when the iron is brought back to rest there is no slack flex to throw off the table.

It's a simple device, inexpensive, but it will be looked upon as a blessing in every home throughout the country.



MISS LILIAN BAUER, a member of the committee organising a Cabaret and Card Afternoon at the Dugowan, in aid of the Boy Scouts, on Aug. 11.

—Raymond Sawyer.



HIGHLIGHTS for READERS

Conducted by
Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10. Myra Dempsey. 2 to 3. Dorothea Vautier.

The Most Difficult Man to Interview

How would you approach a man like Henry Ford if you wanted to interview him? He is the most difficult man alive to interview — in fact, he has been described as having a Chinese wall around him, guarded by his secretary.

EVERY day someone requests an interview with him, and there is but one approach—through this invaluable secretary. Well, how do you get to the secretary? The answer is, to make an appointment and take your knitting along, for you may have to wait! Samuel Marquis, writing

of Henry Ford, says, "If all the hours men have spent in waiting to see Henry Ford were added together, it would be interesting to know just how many hundreds of years the grand total would be."

On Wednesday, July 25, during the 2 to 3 session, Dorothea Vautier will endeavor to take you behind the Chinese wall and help you to reach the personality of Henry Ford.

Local Byron

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON (called the Byron of Australia) is one of the most romantic figures in literature. Romance was Gordon's birthright, his family history teems with it. His mother was well born and heiress to a vast estate, so Gordon entered life with extravagant and aristocratic instincts. He was born in a fascinating spot—the Asores. Here in one of the loveliest islands in the Atlantic he spent some of the early years of his childhood. He came to Australia in the wild colonial days, and won the admiration of all who knew him by his splendid horsemanship and dauntless courage.

He was recognised as a splendid steeplechaser. Throughout his life in Australia he suffered much from need of money, and through many of his poems runs a very despondent note. Listeners will be intrigued to hear more of this adopted Australian poet when Dorothea Vautier speaks about him from 2UW on Friday, at 2.15.

Famous Women

A TRIBUTE to a great woman is the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, the first British hospital to be run by women for women.

Dr. Garrett Anderson was the first woman in England to be registered as a doctor. A long and spirited struggle was necessary before she overcame the many obstacles put in her way by traditions and male opponents. As soon as she obtained her license to practice she started St. Mary's Dispensary for poor women.

This has gradually grown till to-day it is a splendid hospital which treats yearly thousands of women. The only male members of the staff are the porters and the stokers in the boiler-room.

To-day there are many hospitals for women, run by women, but it was the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson foundation which showed the way at a critical time when women's place in medical science was still a matter for debate.

Listen to Mrs. Littlejohn tell of this remarkable woman and her work on Friday at 11.15 a.m.

STILL another great woman will be referred to next week, when on Monday at 4 p.m. she will tell the life history of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, who died a few weeks ago.

SLENDER, dark-eyed Margaret Gillespie, who is dancing a Spanish tango at the Australian Hall on the 26th of this month, where a veritable feast of folk songs, folk dances, and country dances is being presented. She is also appearing with her two sisters—Jean and Winifred—in two Scottish groups, a Cumberland reel, and a threesome reel, and in practically every other item on the extensive programme. Margaret studied in London under Elsa Brunel-Jeschl. The mantilla she is wearing is the Imperial Alhambra design, made entirely by hand, and seen by her in Granada, Spain.



THUMB NAIL Autobiography

AMY OSTINGA

AMY OSTINGA has been associated with 2UW for twelve months.

Possessed of an appealing mezzo-contraalto voice, she may be heard frequently over the air. One of her regular features is the miniature musicale which is usually programmed for Monday evenings at 8 o'clock, but during the Test cricket broadcasts, in order not to disappoint listeners, it is transferred to Sunday evening. Amy Ostinga also shares in the very successful 2UW frolics performances, which are given from time to time on Saturday evenings.

She was her husband's co-worker for many years, and they were fortunate in being companions in every sense of the word, proving to the world that careers, love and family are compatible. She had two daughters, to one of whom (who is also married to a scientist) she has entrusted her unfinished work.

Madame Curie refused titles and honors which were offered her from time to time, and whenever grants of money were given her, she immediately allocated them to scientific work.

Mrs. Littlejohn will give a talk in quite another vein on Wednesday at 4 p.m., the subject being "Would Equal Pay For Equal Work Relieve Unemployment?"

Man on "Home Rule"

MR. NORMAN LYONS, who is so actively associated with the advancement of aeronautics in Sydney, will turn his attention to quite another subject on Friday at 2.40 p.m. He will tell the women of New South Wales how he thinks they could achieve greater leisure, and increased comfort by acquainting themselves with scientific home management. Mr. Lyons feels quite sure many of his women listeners will desire to argue his findings with him, and as they cannot do this over the microphone they are invited to write to him.

Music of the Week

ON Sunday at 10.30 a.m. Myra Hess and Sir Hamilton Harty will be heard in some attractive items, including "Sea Pieces" by MacDowell, and "First Slavonic Dance" (Dvorak). Listeners are asking for items by Sir Hamilton Harty, so evidently his visit here has created a bond between him and his public.

A rendering that should be ideal for the leisure hours will be given at 4 p.m. when the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra will play "The Carnival of Animals," by Saint-Saens.

Besides the realistic descriptive music, there are flashes of wit in "Tortoise" and in "The Elephant," when the "Dance of the Sylphs," from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," is used to portray the ponderous beasts, and in "Fossils," when he uses the "Skeleton Dance" from his own "Danse Macabre." Music lovers should also listen to Edith Lorand's orchestra on Wednesday at 9.20 p.m.

Edith Lorand's is one of the most famous orchestras of the Continent, and there was some talk recently of a visit to Australia of this very fine band of players, but so far nothing definite has been announced.

Another item not to miss is Emmy Bettendorf and Herbert Ernst Groh in the Garden Scene from "Faust" on Thursday at 8.30 p.m.

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Skin flaws are likely to trouble anyone, and no wonder, with the unceasing attacks of dust and germs! But the new compound of medications, Cadyl, in Rexona Soap, is an effective check on these blemish-causing impurities. The latter penetrates deep into the pores, right to the root of blemishes. Here the new medications do their work, purifying and soothing the pores, actually drawing away the deep-seated dust and germs that clog the tissues. At the same time the gentle stimulation of the medications invigorates the skin and restores the healthy, natural action of the pores, giving the skin strength to resist the dust and germs that always threaten it. So the medications make and keep your skin fresh and clear.

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Aquarium Gardens are Fascinating

You can build one even in areas where the water supply is at a premium Says the OLD GARDENER

Many are under the impression that only the wealthy can afford to install fish-ponds—further enhanced with aquatic plant life—or make aquarium or "bog" gardens, but garden lovers, with the smallest area at their command, may have one or the other at little cost. The Old Gardener in his simple way gives you valuable help in this article. . . Here he comes!

WELL, what do you think, Miss, I had a message from one of my gardening friends asking me to call as soon as possible, so I hurried along to see if I could help her out of the trouble, and all she was worried about was how to make an aquarium garden.

She told me that she was always under the impression that an aquarium garden was only for wealthy people. But what a mistake! Why, this class of garden can be made in any home, at a small cost, and how interesting it can be!

You could have an aquarium garden here, too, Miss. Even with the small supply of water at your command you will be able to have some of the most

placed at irregular positions, with rock-work placed here and there to suit taller and larger plants.

Suitable Plants to Grow

I WILL now give you a list of plants suitable for a "bog" garden, an aquarium garden, or aquatic display: *Hottonia palustris*, the water violet. This is a lovely plant, and grows well in ponds, making an attractive display of lilac flowers during the summer months.

Nymphaea alba, a beautiful, showy plant, never fails to be attractive, and is looked upon as the queen of aquatic plants.

Pontederia cordata, another handsome plant, which grows about three feet high; has bright green leaves on



FOR THE small garden, what could be more delightful than this oblong pool, with its fish and aquatic plants and four little evergreens placed at its corners?

beautiful plants that can be grown, and at very little cost.

Let me explain one of the cheap methods of culture, and one that may be adopted where there is a small supply of water only, or when there is no possibility of installing a pond or "bog" garden.

Secure tubs by cutting wine casks in two. Kerosene tins or petrol tins, cut lengthwise, or old drums, cut to a convenient size, all make good receptacles for water plants. Old wash-up dishes, bowls, anything, in fact, that will hold from a few inches to a couple of feet will act for the same purpose.

Place a little soil in the bottom to allow the plants to take root, and, by adding water when needed, and keeping down weeds, etc., a most interesting display of aquatic plants can be arranged.

After the plants have been developed a little, the small vessels can even be lifted indoors for decorative purposes. Insert them in any smart earthenware pot or urn, or even paint or lacquer them to suit the color scheme of your various rooms.

And what a study of plant life it is, watching them grow and unfold! That fishpond you are going to make can also have several specimen plants growing. Place them in pots, and put the pots into the bottom of the pond. Around these the goldfish can swim quite happily, and the pots can then be lifted out when necessary.

In other corners of the garden, especially in the large areas where it may be too wet and of a boggy nature, turn it into a pond, and make an aquatic garden.

Raise the centre, with a winding narrow path, setting little islands here and there. Even plants in pots can be

long stalks, and dense spikes of small blue flowers.

Rigidaria africana does well in "bog" gardens, or in some damp situation.

Butomus umbellatus (the flowering rush) is an extremely pretty flower, which grows well in water, and makes a fine aquatic plant.

Jussiaea grandiflora is a fine plant, but it spreads over the water very quickly.

Nymphaea tuberosa, an excellent companion for our native water-lily, is a free flowerer, and will also grow out of the water.

Hydrocharis morsus ranae (the frog-bit) is a floating water plant, and has round, heart-shaped leaves. It likes to be planted at the level of the water, where the stems spread in every direction over the water, making a fine display.

There are dozens of different varieties, apart from those that have been mentioned, so that a very fine aquatic garden can be made.

A few that should not be grown, as they soon get out of control are: *Polygonum amphibium*, *anacharis alismastrum*, *potamogeton lucens*, *glyceria aquatica* and water lilies.

In the Orchard

SPRAY all peach trees well with lime sulphur, mixing the solution 40 to 1 for trees with foliage, and 30 to 1 for those without leaves.

Curly leaf will be prevalent this year, because of the heavy rainfall. Moist conditions bring on various fungus diseases, so spray at once—prevention is better than cure.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

To F. Nelson: The best carnations for the cut-flower trade are Denet, John Story, Glory, and British Queen. Prices given range from sixpence per dozen for blooms, freshly cut. You should be able to make a good living from your area. Be methodical, study the cut-flower trade, and grow accordingly. Make a point of having flowers for sale at the lean times such as during the winter.

Novel Competition



MADAME LOUISE LAMOUREUX, the noted frock-designer, has a beautiful frock to the All-Australian (British) Aeroplane Fund Committee for a guessing competition, which will be held at Grace Brothers during the next month. The competition will be to guess the number of sequins on the frock, valued at 50 guineas, and Madame has awarded prizes of £2/2, £1/15, and £1/10 to go to the winners of the competition. From 3 p.m. to 9 p.m. each Friday evening, Madame will be at Grace Bros' showroom displaying this frock and other beautiful creations made entirely by Australian hands.

HORS D'OEUVRES

HORS D'OEUVRES act as appetisers to the dish that follows. There are two kinds—plain and dressed. Grapefruit, olives, tomatoes, cucumber, radishes, prawns, gherkins, are some varieties of plain hors d'oeuvres. Serve radishes with an inch of stalk or with the whole stalk and leaves. Cucumber and tomatoes should be sliced in a dish with a little vinegar, and a sprinkle of chopped parsley.

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"If individuals would give attention to a daily clearance from their bodies of the waste products of food, indigestion would cease and dyspepsia vanish."

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REGAL LOUGHBOY

This LOUGHBOY is 4ft. wide 5ft. 3in. high. Fitted on one side with three sliding trays, trouser rack, and a hat shelf. On the other side, a rod with sliding books, a diamond-shaped bevelled mirror and a tie-rail. Oak Natural or Two-tone finish. £3/7/6
SALE PRICE



1 TALLBOY nearly Half

This TALLBOY is in polished Queensland Walnut on Cabriole Legs is 5ft. 8in. high, 4ft. wide, and 19in. deep, with two flush figured doors which lock individually. The interior has very high hanging space, the other side is fitted with four sliding trays, two hat compartments, and shoe recess. Original price, £12/19/6.
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5 Rolls Wallpaper, 12 yards of Border or Frieze, 1lb. Patent Paste, 1 pke. Glue Size and our special Booklets, "How to Paper Your Own Home," and "How to Panel Your Walls."
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Clearance of a Special Purchase Wool reversible rug, mottled effect in fawn only. Size, 4ft. 6in. x 2ft. 2in.
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Bought at a huge discount, this large range of Chinese Brassware is offered at greatly below regular value! When once sold, these prices cannot be repeated!

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In two designs, comprising Cig. Box, Match Box Holder, Ash Tray, and Handled Tray.
SPECIAL SALE PRICE, Set .. 4/-



Chinese Brass CANDLESTICKS

as illustrated, and two other designs.
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Chinese Brass SWEET or FRUIT BOWLS

In three different sizes.
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9-inch .. 2/6, 7-inch .. 1/11,
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Good Quality White English China Cups and Saucers, smartly finished with Gold, Red, Blue, or Green edge; line and traced handle. Buy now at this Special Price, and save!
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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



MY DEAR JULIET.—Wreathed in sunny smiles and crowned with fragrant blossoms, young spring looked in on us last week.

A likeable lad, I must admit, though his presence always portends an epidemic of that "goofy" feeling which means man proposing and woman accepting, and sends the jewellers, florists, modistes, and milliners cock-a-whoop with joy at the certainty of soon catching Dan Cupid in their cash registers.

AND, if you want to confound your grandmother, Juliet, next time she brings out the old libel about modern girls being so sophisticated, and "not what they were in my young day, I assure you!" I could whisper in your ear news of the stork's hovering over the homes of quite half a dozen recent and lovely brides, each of whom is as thrilled at the prospect of the approaching miracle as ever grandma's pills were in her young day. Yes, I could tell you, but, of course, I shan't—just yet.

ALL this talk of families to be, or not to be, brings me to that delightful young family of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate. You know their devoted parents have had the whole five of them trotting round Egypt, England, and the Continent with them. I hear the size of the contingent caused quite a stir en route. Complete with purse and parents, the youngsters are due home on August 2, so Mrs. Poate's exotic beauty will soon be improving our social functions again.

LAST week Mrs. M. J. Plomley sat about thirty bright young things round the floor of her drawing-room, to plan the first dance of the Woolahra Branch of the Red Cross Society. She also had the presence of mind to see that each guest told her how many tickets she would take that day, and did not wait for them to "let her know." As matrons on the committee include Mrs. Stanley Stoddale, Mrs. Plomley, Mrs. Phil Westcott, and Mrs. Hal Sexton, and girls include Suzanne Stoddale, Helen Blaxland, Judy Burling, Joyce Ruskin Rowe, and Gay Curtis, the dance, which is at the White City on August 24, should be a great success.

QUITE the hit of the evening at the "Collins' Inn" Ball was scored by Mrs. Dundas Allen. Asked who she was, she replied, "I am Victoria, when she was good!"

Also arresting were Elizabeth Onslow's quilted petticoat and the diamond earrings and plaques affected by her as "A Lady of Quality." Dainty and clever Mrs. Worthington Simon, a very childish-looking author, indeed, frilled from waist to ankles. Joan Wardell in sprigged muslin. . . . Suzanne White, all in baby blue with poke bonnet. . . . Elizabeth Knox, in bouffant gown and vast green-striped muff to match.

I DROPPED in to Marjorie Smyth's show last week at the Grosvenor Galleries, and was charmed with the pictures which she painted at the Naval Reserve at Rushcutters Bay.

She told me she loved painting these, as the "Old Salt" round about were keenly interested in the progress of her work.

Professor T. G. Osborn opened the show with a whimsical speech. Among the visitors were Mrs. Iven Mackay, Mrs. Gordon Russell, Mrs. Maud Sherwood, Misses Jean Cheriton, Gladys Teece, Margaret Sandbrook, Lorna and Betty Bradford, Bertha Clarke, Cyril McCole of Brisbane, and Miss Muriel Lee, who brought her niece, Clare Butler.

THAT great traveller Mrs. Walter Lowery is in Sydney at the moment, staying at the Australia. She has recently been travelling through America and was accompanied by her two granddaughters, who enjoyed what is now a special privilege—seeing a picture "shot" at Hollywood.

Mrs. Jack Campbell entertained her at tea at the Australia, and her many Sydney friends were delighted at this chance of renewing the friendship.



THIS delightful photographic study radiates vitality. The girl leaning on the jolly rail is Betty Broome, daughter of Mrs. W. T. Broome, of Mosman.

—Women's Weekly photo.



NONI-ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vol Molesworth, Santa Fe, Village High Rd., Vaucluse, announces her engagement to Bruce Leveson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Leveson, of Blake St., Rose Bay.

MRS. HARRY HODSON (Margaret Honey) and her young son are both blooming. I hear, and Margaret is thrilled with her new home. The only flaw in her happiness is that she is to part with her mother very soon. Mrs. Byron Beans will not reach Sydney until October, for she is travelling through America, breaking her journey there to visit her husband's mother.

Mrs. Beans, senior, is very much alert, both physically and mentally, and a very interesting woman.

ANNIE HUGHES, in "The Fugitive," and Beryl Bryant, in "Transit of Venus," are proving to Sydney Little Theatre audiences at present that, however good an amateur actor may be, the professional touch always tells. Bryant's Playhouse was so crowded on the first night of "Transit of Venus," that the supply of programmes ran out. Norma Carpenter was the most poised of the cast, with the exception of Miss Bryant, but played her part on rather too shrewish lines.

Jim Toomey was perfectly priceless as the Governor of an Asiatic province, especially when, in the second act, he wore a white mess jacket several sizes too small, and precariously fastened by one small button.

REPERTORY work is one of Lady Campbell Williams' enthusiasms, so she was very appreciative of the party arranged for her by Mrs. Monte Severn at the week-end. Guests included Doris Fitton, Annie Hughes, Don Pinley, and Harry Tighe.

A Bachelors' Gallery

VERY well, inquisitive Juliet, I will "drop you a life-line," as you so crudely put it, about some of our eligible bachelors. But don't forget, my girl, how once a Juliet went a-Romeo-ing over the balcony and landed herself in tr-r-r-agedy!

Here openeth the bachelors' gallery.
EXHIBIT NO. 1: Mr. Hugh Luscumb Newman.
Age: Thirty-ish. Occupation: Squatter. Complexion: Bronze.

Wise about sheep and otherwise—tall, handsome, energetic, broad-shouldered, dances like the answer to the maiden's prayer. Last seen: Lunching at the Australia early in the week, complete with attractive partner, but en route for station stronghold in Grafton district.

Anyone finding him, please . . .

THROUGHOUT

the week the Y.M.C.A. has looked more like a women's club than a man's, the reason being preparations for the annual fete, which will be opened this Thursday at 3 by Lady Street, and on the following day at the same hour by Lady Poynter.

Last year the fete was called "futuristic," but this year the Y.M.C.A. has doubled back on time, and it is "Old Tyne." The name was suggested by the fact that the association is this year celebrating its 80th anniversary.

ON Friday, Mrs.

A. E. Pavell gave a farewell party at her home in honor of Mrs. W.

B. Carmichael, who is letting her home in Killara, having bought a property near Robertson, where she will spend most of her time. She will, however, visit Sydney from time to time to stay with her daughter, Mrs. E. M. Hildebrand.

Jean Hildebrand, her granddaughter, is accompanying her to the country. Among Mrs. Pavell's guests were Mrs. Middowes and Fay. The latter will not be seen at the Royal Sydney Golf Club for some time after next week, as she is off to Colombo.

ROMANO'S was a vivacious rendezvous

for youth and beauty on Saturday night. Babe Cobcroft had the loveliest gown—a mellow ivory velvet with a

little coat to match. Barbara Robinson's patou pink satin took unto itself a long train and short coat. Judy Burleigh's unusual shoulder cape of green tulle feathers looked very chic on her ivory chiffon gown. Mrs. Byron Wrigley was the cynosure of all eyes in the very snappiest of new creations. Of midnight blue chiffon, it had a bodice of devil red chiffon which fell away into a cape effect at the shoulders. Mrs. Doug Levy was attractive in lettuce satin.

ON Sunday afternoon Mrs. A. Messmer entertained at her home in Lindfield, her guests including Miss Margaret Bignall, of Yabel, in the Solomon Islands. Miss Bignall was not much impressed by our poinsettias saying that in the Solomon Islands they are red all over, not only at the top. But she did appreciate all Mrs. Messmer's orchids even though she herself has a very fine collection.

Mrs. Messmer was some years ago given a "rare" plant. This however, turned out to be a Queensland "pest." It multiplied itself not only all over her garden, but came up in the gravel drive. It was with great rejoicing, therefore, that Mrs. Messmer was able to give the only specimen she had overlooked when pulling up the pest to one of her guests who likes plants that grow themselves.

PERHAPS due to the combined excitement of being newly engaged, twenty-one on Friday, and having a bad cold, Hilda Crago was too ill on Saturday to be present at her own party, given in celebration to about 70 of her friends. Her fiancé—Walter Allerton—was also absent, being away in the country.

Nevertheless, with a jazz band, dancing in the billiard-room and ballroom, and with Nell Crago and Mrs. F. Crago as hostesses, everything went off very successfully.

Jane Anne

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

Intimate Jottings

A Highlight or Two—

Mrs. K. H. Wilson's nifty idea of centring one camellia at the back of her décolletage and placing a large cluster of same on front of corsage.

Marie Dumas, from London town, coroneted with violets.

Lawrence Campbell as List at "Col-lits' Inn" ball, conscientiously complete with crop of warts.

Mrs. Clifford Kitchen, late for a dance, because "One must listen to the confounded cricket scores!"

Many people "doing" two musicales on Friday night—Lady Street's at Government House, and Rev. C. T. Parkinson and Mrs. Parkinson's, of "King's," at the Forum.

Likes Country Life

I HEAR that Mrs. James Chisholm, whom Sydney knew so well as Audrey Fayell, adores country life, and is happily settled at her home, Burmah, near Inverell.

Audrey is developing a passion for gardening, and spends hours in her lovely garden, which boasts many shrubs and a picturesque bird bath.

Farewell Party

MRS. R. O. BLACK, of Wallangra, near Inverell, is staying at the Australia so she can frequently visit her stepson, Jack, who is still at St. Vincent's, but is now in the convalescent stage.

A few days ago Mrs. Black gathered her friends for cocktails at the Australia, and the gathering served as a farewell to Mrs. Jim See, who leaves shortly for London, and also to Mrs. Graham Body, who has departed for her station home after having had a most enjoyable cruise.

Coming Home

NOW on her way to Sydney is Mrs. A. McLachlan, who has been in England for some time visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Collins. Since her marriage to her naval officer Mrs. Collins, who was well known in Sydney when she was dainty little Phyl McLachlan, has made her home in England.

Making Breakfast History

MRS. P. A. PICKBURN is in the throes of choosing furnishings and fitments for her new Garden Club premises at Adrian Hall, Elizabeth Bay.

Mrs. Tom Owen will be hostess at the first cocktail party to be given at the club. Commander Gifford also has a party "on the ice" shortly after his return.

Already Mrs. Pickburn is making plans for the gaieties during the Prince's stay, and many parties have already been booked by well-known hostesses. The morning the Prince arrives she intends arranging a special breakfast at the club. The windows command a wonderful view of the harbor, and lucky people at this party will be able to watch the progress of the Prince's boat up the harbor.

Bodyguard for Duke

TWO of the young players in the recent polo chukkas, Ken Mackay and John Allison, of Dungog, have been chosen to act as bodyguard to the Duke of Gloucester. Jim Cameron, who does not play polo, but is in the same Light Horse troop at Dungog as the other two, has been chosen also, although he is the "baby" of the regiment, and far less experienced than many whom he surpassed in the very difficult horsemanship tests.

Reunion in London

JUST four days after their arrival in London, Mrs. Strath Playfair and her sister, Mrs. E. Milgrove, were joined by their sister Merle, Mrs. Reynall, from Shanghai. She had intended visiting Sydney, but hearing of her sister's trip to Europe, she and her husband decided to go to London instead.

The trio were delighted to meet their old friend, Mr. Edgar Percival, and, of course, his "Gull" aroused their especial admiration.

Another Sydney lad to squire the sisters was Geoff Wilkinson, a brother of Dr. "Fob" Wilkinson.

Poinsettia de Luxe

TRUST Australia Black to think out something novel and exciting in the decoration line! At her party at Taplow, Neutral Bay, on Friday night, she "went all poinsettia," and the loveliness of the result was breath taking. I assure you.

Squat silver candlesticks held tall, red, wax candles, and their ends were inserted into small poinsettias, forming, with their pointed leaves, a decorative fringe. On each plate green table-napkins were folded lengthways with pointed edges and two leaves arranged on each side of the crimson flower.

The glass dishes held sweets covered in red cellophane, and masses of strawberries embedded in cream on large cakes flanked a vast flat bowl filled with poinsettias covered in green ferns.



Rode on Camels

THOUGH she has been across "the line" about ten times, Mrs. Maurice Gulson is just back from her first trip into the interior of Egypt. She stayed with her sister, who lives there. She greatly enjoyed the rainless climate, then not too hot, and a trip up the Nile to Luxor on one of the palatial river steamers. Mrs. Gulson also spent a day riding on a camel into the desert, where she took movie pictures.

Sydney Will Miss Her

SINCE Brigadier O. F. Phillips' new appointment will take him to live in Melbourne, Mrs. Phillips will have to leave all the friends she has made in Sydney. She has made hosts of them here and will be much missed.

The family parrot, who is so clever and so gifted musically, will doubtless add a new note of joy to his repertoire when he recognises his old Melbourne haunts again.

Plans for Christmas

THEIR many friends in Sydney and Newcastle will be glad to hear that Cassie and Florrie Matthewson, who are now in Wellington, N.Z., are planning a trip back to Newcastle at Christmas time. Their mother, who is now paying Newcastle a flying visit, is to be in Sydney shortly.

I hear that young Hugh Matthewson, who is so handsome and so clever, is engaged in some most interesting experimental work in Newcastle with the new chromium process.



Over from Hobart

ON a visit from Hobart is Mrs. Fred Grant, who is accompanied by her son, Ian. Mrs. Grant is better known in Sydney as Mary McIntyre. She is the daughter of the late Justice McIntyre and Lady McIntyre, of Hobart. Her father was Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania for some time.

A gifted violinist, she studied for a time under Cyril Monk. Quite a sensational romance attaches to the story of her most prized violin. When she was a child of seven her parents took her to a Melbourne music shop to choose a violin, and the instrument which she purchased later proved to be a "Strad." When Kubelik was in Australia he enjoyed playing on it, and, more recently, Mrs. Grant lent the wonderful instrument to the Sydney violinist, Nora Williamson.

Colombo Before Squash

ALTHOUGH she would probably have gone to Melbourne with the women's squash racquets team had she stayed, Joan Sayers has decided on a trip to Colombo and leaves in a few days. As Joan is good at every kind of sport, from shooting and fishing to tennis and swimming (at which she was one of Ascham's champions), she should do well at deck sports.

The ranks of the Royal Sydney squash racquet players are thinning. Mrs. R. Traill (Margaret Mackellar) and Betty Ross-Gore, two champion players, have both recently left for abroad.

Walked Over Great Wall

DR. W. C. MANSFIELD and his daughter, Mary, both adored every minute of their Eastern trip, although they were particularly impressed by the Great Wall, over which they walked for an hour or so. Before its surface could be used for a motor road, as has been suggested lately, all the potholes will have to be filled in, Mary says.

In Peking they met a Bellevue Hill friend, Mrs. D. Scotland, who was staying for a month with friends. Mary bought a marvellous pair of silver fox furs. These are for Mrs. Mansfield, although Mary hopes to get a "loan" from time to time.

At the "Dorch"

IN a letter to a friend, Mrs. Maud Mylius tells of the good time she is having during the London season. With Mrs. Arthur Shute and Mrs. Shute's daughter, Mrs. Carlisle Taylor, she was recently entertained at the famous Dorchester.

Mrs. Taylor, who was Audrey Shute, was quite famous in Sydney for her wonderful dancing and extremely small and pretty feet. Her brother, Alan, is also in London.

Have You Heard That—

Guests who were not able to attend her "At Home" last Friday, Saturday, or Monday are being entertained at Bishopscourt by Mrs. Moull next week?

Mrs. Jim See is hoping to get Mrs. Hugh Munro to accompany her to Russia?

Filmer Blame, of Longreach, who has been cutting a dash in society here, recently, is now staying with Enid Hull?

Veronica Beatrice McPhillamy will, with suitable assistance, blow out the one and only candle on her birthday cake on July 27?

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Louise Mack Advises

ON MATTERS OF EVERYDAY INTEREST TO WOMEN

PUTTING Husbands in the BACKGROUND

Are wives of the present day adopting a dominating attitude towards their husbands, and forcing them into the background of their domestic life?

IT certainly is an awful suggestion. But turning aside from it will not get us anywhere, so let us tackle the matter and see what we can find out about it with a view to helping.

M.A.N. writes that his wife is making a success of her business—a beauty parlor and ladies' hairdressing salon in the suburbs.

"But I myself am one of the great unworked and unwanted. I offered to take the desk and make the appointments, but my wife snubbingly told me a man was no good for that; a man couldn't do it; only a woman could fill that role. Pushed aside, that's what lots of us men are nowadays.

"At my wife's bridge parties she'd much rather have only women, and several of my friends have told me the same thing about their wives. Whose fault is it? What do you advise us to do?"

IS there really a superiority complex, manifesting itself at long last in the hearts of women?

Certainly many wives are showing their husbands how well they can manage their own affairs, and the affairs of other people also; and women are doing extraordinary things, like Naomi Mitchinson, writing the most marvellous, ghastly, blood-curdling, but terrifically faithful novel about ancient Greece. All the great Greek scholars are loud in their admiration of the book. But all say: "Fancy a woman writing it!"

What they mean is, she should have left it to the men! They simply can't realise that a woman could do it so brilliant, so accurate, so deep.

BUT home-life. How is that being affected?

In many homes husbands are being made to feel their inferiority where once they were referred to, looked up to, and made the only criterion that mattered. It isn't a pretty spectacle, the brisk wife who squashes her husband, but I think it hurts onlookers just as much as it hurts the husband, and a wife ought to remember that, and be careful with her two-edged sword.

And, mind you, you don't have to be actually present at the suppressing of a husband to know that his wife is snubbing him.

You can see it in his face; in his walk; in the way he lights his pipe; even if you only meet him out in the street looking for a job.

Man's Fault

BUT what has brought this about? Is it woman's fault, or is it man's own fault, really?

Of course, man himself is responsible for this state of things.

It was man who plunged the world into economic chaos, not woman. Women had nothing to do with that at all.

Women fetched and carried; they nursed; they fed; they tended, meekly, willingly, unquestioningly, selflessly, millions and millions of them; looked up to their men always as the superior beings.

And then? Then they found their men had led them right into the slough of despair, and couldn't find a way out, either for themselves or their women, or their children.

It was either perish, or do things! So the women started doing things on their own. Can you blame them? They had to get out of that slough.

YET women love men just in the same old way as far as their hearts are concerned.

In fact, I think they are really more devoted now than ever, seeing their men so hard hit.

See how willingly they start bearing the burdens when their men cannot make headway. See them opening their tiny shops. See them carrying their knitting to the buyers. See them making jams and preserves and home-made cakes to



WOMEN'S outlook on life is more dominating.

sell. What for? And all this for their homes!

And that's the answer in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

BUT a word of advice to women. Watch your technique, my dears. Mollify it. Beautify it, decorate it, and in your home put over the same charming graciousness that you employ in your beauty parlor as one of your most valuable business assets there.

Believe me, you'll find it even more important and more valuable at home, not computable in hard cash, maybe, but "far beyond rubies" all the same.

MY advice to M.A.N. is not "Don't take them seriously," but "Don't take them to heart!"

PRIZE-WINNERS...in Our £250 KNITTING Competition!

Who will be the winners of the £250 in cash prizes being awarded in the great knitting competition just concluded by The Australian Women's Weekly? Thousands of women all over Australia are keenly interested in this question.

Judging of the entries will be concluded this Friday morning, July 20, and the winning garments, together with the semi-finalists, will be displayed at David Jones' auditorium the same day from 2.30 p.m. to 3.30 p.m.

PRELIMINARY judging took place in all States last week, the judges in each State being recognised knitting experts and women taking a prominent part in public life.

Garments selected by them have been brought to Sydney for final judging, and this will be done on Friday morning, the judges being Miss Brewer ("Gerda"), the knitting expert of The Australian Women's Weekly, and Miss Gladys Moncrieff, the famous Australian singer, at present starring in "Collits' Inn."

So high is the quality of the entries in each section that the judges' task of making the final decision will be extremely difficult.

Approximately 500 garments remain to be considered by the judges, and all these will be displayed in David Jones' auditorium on Friday afternoon, and may be inspected, free of charge, by all interested.

The display speaks eloquently for the skill and artistry of Australian women. It includes practically every type of garment, beautifully knitted, from a lovely ball frock for a woman to the most charming wee garments for baby.

In addition, extraordinary ingenuity has been shown by women making entries in the "Best Outlay of 5/-" section. This has resulted in a most interesting display of useful and artistic articles, such as coat-hangers, toys, and so forth.

Every woman will be interested in this exhibition. The exquisite workmanship and wide range of garments displayed give it a unique appeal. Cash prizes for winners range in value from £30.

A full list of winners will be published in the next issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, and entries will be made available to owners shortly after.

Final Judging Takes Place This Friday... Visit the Fine Display



MISS GLADYS MONCRIEFF, famous Australian singer at present starring in "Collits' Inn," Miss Moncrieff will assist "Gerda," our knitting expert, at the final judging of entries in The Australian Women's Weekly £250 knitting competition this Friday.

"We can understand why they do such a lot of good"

—says well-known Chemist about this remedy for

WEAK KIDNEYS

RHEUMATISM, SWOLLEN JOINTS, STABBING PAINS

If you suffer from the above trouble, if you are weak, lacking vigour, having bad and painful nights, read this letter from a well-known chemist, the proprietor of many establishments. Its wonderful health message is vitally important.

He says:—"Day after day we hear people praise De Witt's Pills, and knowing the formula, we can understand why they do such a lot of good."

To those who have hitherto sought in vain for a remedy for rheumatic ailments

or affections of the kidneys, we could certainly say—try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They will banish your pain, strengthen your urinary organs, and benefit your health in many ways, for they will make and keep your system free from harmful impurities.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills should find a place in every home."



There lies the secret of your trouble—the kidneys

With expert opinion from an authority you can trust, one in daily, hourly contact with health troubles, why will you wait in suffering longer? Make up your mind now to give De Witt's Pills a fair trial. They will not fail you. In 24 hours from the very first dose you can see and know how they act directly through the kidneys.

Thousands of one-time sufferers, now restored to health, tell you there is no surer, safer remedy for lumbago, chronic backache, rheumatism, sciatica and all the sure signs of kidney trouble, than De Witt's Pills.

Where all other remedies fail, in cases where men and women have been bed-ridden, or perhaps have suffered—not weeks, but years—De Witt's Pills have brought quick relief from the old pain and restored health, vigour and vitality. Be sure you ask for and see you get the tried and trusted, genuine remedy—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6. See that the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., is clearly printed on the side of the box.



De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

LADIES! Rid Yourself of Perspiration

DEODORANTS IRRITATE the SKIN and RUIN YOUR CLOTHES. PERSPIRATION can be PERMANENTLY BANISHED by a Simple Home Treatment without INJURY to SKIN or FABRIC. For information enclose 1/- (Stamp or Postal Note) in STAMPED ADDRESS ENVELOPE to AMY COLL, G.P.O. BOX 3425 G.P.O. SYDNEY.



SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT WITH COD LIVER OIL, has altered all that—changed those long weary hours of tossing wakefulness, into nights of sound peaceful sleep. This is because, it contains NATURAL ELEMENTS that not only build up physical vitality, but NERVE STABILITY with it. SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT WITH COD LIVER OIL, with its highly concentrated food value, feeds the tissues, enriches the blood, and nourishes the system as ordinary diet can not do. It is also a safe-guard to throat and chest, against colds and chills.

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PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for

2/-

Can you digest this?



He said he would 'eat his hat'

He might have succeeded if only he had remembered to take it with MUSTARD.

It is very rash to eat anything indigestible without Mustard. Roast pork—for instance—duck, cheese and bacon need Mustard to take away their richness and make them easier to digest. And the sharp, pleasant tang of Mustard brings out their flavour and makes them much more tasty. Try Mustard with to-morrow's bacon and eggs: you'll find

it's nicer
with Mustard
- Keen's Mustard

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Things of Importance
In Baby's Second
Year!

By...
Mary
Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby
King, the World-famous
Authority on Baby Wel-
fare.

Baby is now starting on his second year; but the mother should not imagine that less care is necessary in the preparation of his food than during the first year of his life.

"Baby can eat anything now" is a common and erroneous belief. As a result, baby loses his firm flesh, vitality and beautiful complexion, and becomes thin, pale and sickly.

AFTER baby is a year old his drinking-water need not be boiled, if it comes from a good source. If there is any doubt about its purity, however, continue with the boiling. The water need no longer be warmed before it is given to him.

It is necessary to continue boiling his milk for three minutes to do away with risk of T.B. infection.

Baby's menu becomes more varied during this period. His milk mixture is still the most important item, but his education in the eating and digesting of solid foods must be given due attention. Twenty ounces (one pint) of milk, to which is added five ounces of water, is the daily allowance at this age.

In the thirteenth month baby may be given a little vegetable purée occasionally in place of the vegetable soup introduced at twelve months. He may also sample ground rice and semolina puddings, and almost any vegetable which has been well cooked and rubbed through a fine sieve. Vegetables should be served in small quantities, nice and warm, with a little butter or meat-gravy. Baked apple or the pulp of stewed prunes may be served as a sweet, with a little cream from the top of the milk.

Daily Menu

THE following suggestions may help mothers in the preparation of baby's meals from the 12th to 15th month.

When Baby Wakes.—Drink of milk mixture, 6 to 8 ounces.

Breakfast.—Porridge (partly strained), 7 to 9 tablespoons, with about two ounces of scalded milk poured over. Two or three fingers of crisp toast and butter. (NOT hot buttered.) Milk mixture, 5 or 6 ounces. Piece of raw, ripe apple to finish meal.

Dinner (Midday).—Three or four ounces of vegetable milk broth. Two fingers of even-baked bread. A small baked apple (no sugar). Four or five ounces of milk mixture. Piece of raw, ripe apple.

Alternative Dinner.—Three or four tablespoons of sieved vegetables, with half a teaspoon of butter, or a little meat gravy. OR half a coddled egg. Twice-baked bread, one or two fingers with butter or dripping scraped. Milk pudding, one or two tablespoons, with one or two tablespoons of prune pulp and a little scalded milk over it. Milk mixture to drink, four or five ounces. Piece of raw, ripe apple to finish meal.

Evening Meal.—Bread and butter, or toast, or twice-baked bread and butter—as much as hungry for. Milk mixture, six or seven ounces. Piece of raw, ripe apple.

Give only three meals daily, with early morning drink.

Baby's weight at 13 months will be about 22lb., and at 15 months about 25lb. Baby does not gain nearly so quickly as in the first year, the average gain in the whole of the second year being only 6lb.

to 8lb. Do not worry if the gain is somewhat irregular during the year.

THE most important event for baby during the 12th to 15th months is his mastering of the art of walking. He will wobble all over the place at first, and you must beware of his falling into tubs of water and down steps. Baby will walk of his own accord when his bones and muscles are ready, so do not force him to do so, but encourage him when he tries.

Buy the right kind of shoes for baby. They should be shaped in "rights" and "lefts," heelless, and made of good leather. It does not pay to buy cheap shoes; nothing but the best is good enough for baby's growing feet, and the mother should make sure that the shoes are a little longer and wider than the actual measurements of the foot.

Early Care

Feet which are taken care of in infancy and childhood will repay the money spent upon them by being serviceable in adult life and free from corns and bunions.

Baby should walk with his toes pointing straight ahead—neither out nor in. If his feet turn outwards and over towards the inside when he walks, baby may have weak feet and needs specially-made shoes.

This period of baby's life is very fascinating from the adult point of view. He tries to do things for himself, such as helping mother to put on his shoes, attempting to feed himself, etc. In all his efforts he should be encouraged and given praise when he accomplishes what he sets out to do.

Baby can also say many single words, and begins to use short sentences.

The wise mother will not talk "baby talk" to her child, but will encourage him to use proper words from the start. It is so difficult for the child who is always spoken to in baby language to realise that such language is merely an imitation of his early efforts at speech, and not English at all.

If baby is properly looked after and the home atmosphere cheerful and happy, he is not likely to develop that distressing condition known as "negativism" wherein he automatically does and says what he is requested not to do and say.

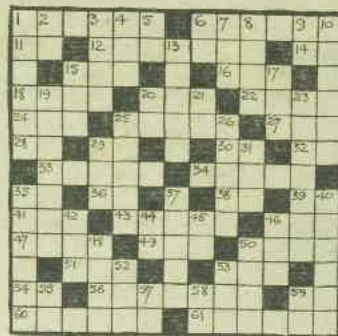
This is the direct result of wrong handling; lack of decision on the part of the parents or those responsible for baby's welfare, and lack of sufficient firm but loving control. No one likes the "I won't" child, and he is a constant irritation to himself as well as those about him. Teach baby that you mean what you say.

If you threaten to do a certain thing should baby behave in a displeasing way, do what you threaten if he so behaves, otherwise he will realise that you do not know your own mind, and he will play up to it.

Our Weekly Crossword

ACROSS

1. Slow (noun).
6. Inland.
11. Depart.
12. Composition by Dante.
13. Morning.
15. Deer.
16. Town in Victoria.
18. District of France.
20. Pronoun.
22. American coin.
24. Sea.
25. Lapsed.
27. Spoil.
28. Thus.
29. Omission—omitted.
30. Advertisement.
32. You and me.
33. Below.
34. Crank by friction.
35. Above.
36. Physician.
38. Type measure.
39. Behold!
41. Indile.
42. Locations.
46. Writing point.
47. Address God.
49. Japanese coin.
50. Herb.
51. Wager.
52. Lubricate.
53. Railway office.
54. Limestone.
56. Imbued type.
59. Farm.
61. Body tissue.



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS.—Bear, data, idiot, regal, timer, alert, sleep, genre, here, we, test, doors, ant, n.w., cats, avert, vague, nabobs, trade, stent, aster, tell, hats.

DOWN.—Blotch, edile, nimer, rooted, dele, agent, larry, after, tes, rager, saw, enter, search, cannot, evade, rebel, acute, tudder, seers, reel, vin.

DOWN

1. Concurs.
2. Perform.
3. Gold covered.
4. Writing fluid.
5. Preposition.
6. A.R. (actual).
7. Downward bend in timber (U.S.A.).
8. Loosened the earth around.
9. Sun god.
10. Smouldering ashes.
11. Occurrence.
12. Organ.
13. End in view.
14. Utterant actor.
15. Exclamation.
16. French island.
17. Lachrymose.
18. Nobleman.
19. Ventures.
20. Unusual.
21. Noise.
22. Parts of boots.
23. Pileless.
24. Get.
25. Slices suddenly.
26. Exalts.
27. Suffia.
28. O.
29. Short bark.
30. Demagogue.
31. Gilding hazard.
32. Unit.
33. Exclamation.
34. A home (Lat.).
35. The thing.
36. River in Italy.

Indigestion Sufferers



Here is New Hope

Be warned in time. You dare not neglect even the slightest symptoms of indigestion. The slight pains of to-day may become the tragic health breakdown of to-morrow.

When we tell you De Witt's Antacid Powder, the quick-action, new-principle remedy, will give you immediate relief, we wish we could show you the host of wonderful letters from one-time martyrs who say how quickly and surely this new-principle remedy for indigestion has benefited them. You would not stay a day longer waiting for "slight indigestion" to wreck your health.

RELIEF—SURE AND QUICK

Here are just three letters from men and women grateful for indigestion misery gone, thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. Read these carefully, then decide if you will stay in danger longer.

Acute Indigestion.

My whole digestive system was out of order, due to having to get up from meals to serve in the shop. At night I could get no rest, and the shocking burning pain in my stomach prevented me from sleeping. Since taking De Witt's Antacid Powder I have obtained complete relief. I cannot speak too highly of it. —No. 156

Sour Stomach Relieved.

It was my unfortunate lot to suffer from sour stomach for many years. Soon after eating, my mouth would suddenly fill with a nasty-tasting sour fluid, and nothing I ever tried did more than lessen the sourness, and the fluid continued to rise from the stomach. De Witt's Antacid Powder has altered all this. I will never be without it. —No. 164

Dyspepsia Relieved.

I was on special diet for a long time, but excepting for short periods, my trouble would keep on recurring. At times I have nearly starved myself for days at a time, until I became so weak I could scarcely walk, then after the first real meal I would be as bad as ever. De Witt's Antacid Powder has altered all that, and I cannot speak too highly of it. —No. 160

De Witt's Antacid Powder for indigestion is indeed wonderful. Where operation has been advised, where the sufferers have been laid aside in hospital, where everything has been tried without results, this new remedy has given glorious relief from awful pain and built sound digestion once again.

Try this new-principle remedy now. It is invaluable in all cases of—

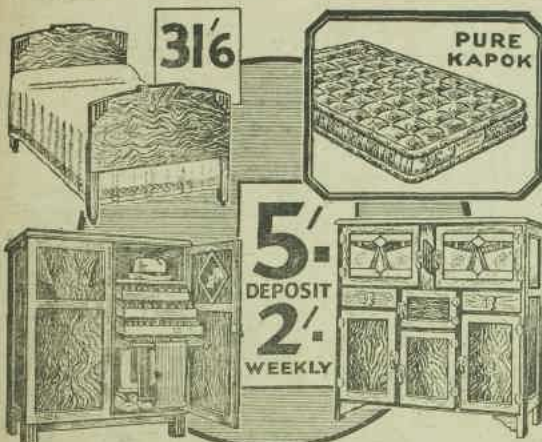
Sour Acid Stomach, Palpitation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Burning, Gripping Pains.

Do not allow neglected indigestion to lead you to a state of chronic stomach ulceration or gastritis. Go to your chemist now and get a supply of—

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.



Full-size Kapok Mattress; guaranteed 100 per cent. pure Japara. Splendidly made for comfort and long wear. This Week's Cash Price 53/6.

New Design 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted. Finish and Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, 92/6.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails, and useful mirror. This Week's Cash Price 59/6.

Full Panel Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price 31/6.

Kapok Mattress, pure Japara, 26/9 extra.



Comfort is assured in this handsome Lounge Suite because Settee and Chairs are full size and scientifically constructed and the Loose Cushions have perfect inner springs. Upholstered in beautiful Tapestry this splendid suite is remarkable value at This Week's Cash Price, £15/19/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

15/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY



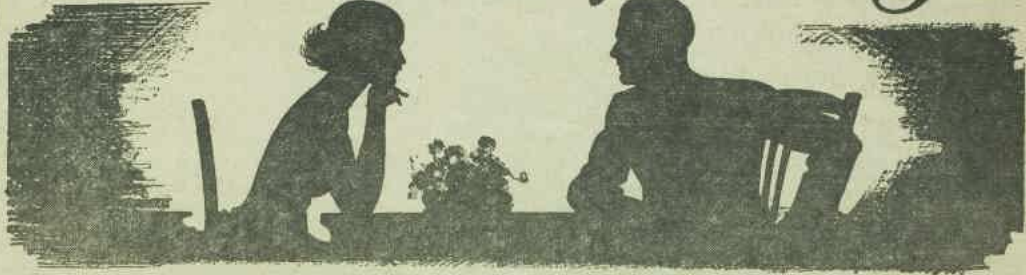
Sturdy construction and beautiful finish are outstanding features of this Two-tone Oak Dining Room Set. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has mirror back, and usual drawers and cupboards. 5ft. Rectangular Table has four massive legs and moulded top; four upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration) have upholstered lift-out seats. This Week's Cash Price, £10/19/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

10/6 DEPOSIT 3/- WEEKLY

249 Clarence St

Are you discussing furnishing?



W.W.CAMPBELLS'

will give you

2 YEARS TO PAY!

JULY SPECIAL. Furnish on the "50 Pay Way" (50 Fortnightly payments). This remarkable plan for completely furnishing the home is available in the Metropolitan Area during JULY.

LOWEST DEPOSITS IN SYDNEY. You can also make smaller, or any, purchases on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest in Sydney, too.

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT

TEST MATCH SPECIAL!

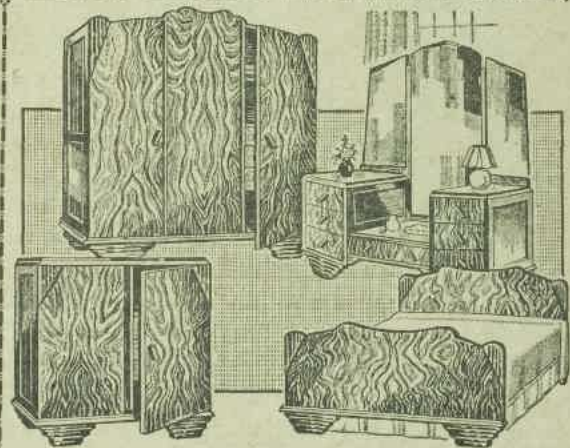
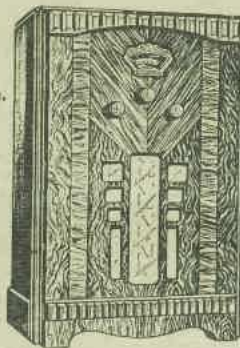
Release of Limited Number of 5-Valve Superhets at

Reduced Cash Price **£12/19/6**

This Model, The "Clarence," can be secured

15/- DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY

Free Delivery.
Free Service.
Free Installation.
Guaranteed 12 Months.
Immediate Metropolitan Delivery of this Model, as illustrated, on Cash or Terms as above.



Magnificently figured, Fully Polished Maple gives a particularly handsome appearance to this artistic Bedroom Suite. Extra-large, 5ft. Wardrobe, and Double Loughboy are both fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Extra-wide, 4ft. drop-centre Dressing Table has three reflex mirrors, centre being deep and wide Cheval mirror. This is one of the best bargains ever offered at This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/6 (Bedstead Extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

20/- DEPOSIT 4/6 WEEKLY

**WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS
BRITISH
AXMINSTER CARPETS**



9ft. x 7ft. 6in. Usual Value: £6/10/-
9ft. x 9ft. £7/10/-
10ft. 6in. x 9ft. £8/10/-
12ft. x 9ft. £9/10/-

NOW AT—
£4/19/6 £5/19/6 £6/19/6 £7/19/6

**One Door
from Market St**

PLANNED on LINES of SMART SIMPLICITY WASH-DAY JOY

This Jumper will give Distinction to the Fuller Figure

ALTHOUGH soft yellow and brown were the chosen colors for the original pictured here, you can combine any two colors to suit your own particular coloring. The directions are simple—easy enough for the amateur to follow with ease.

Materials Required: 900. yellow 4-ply Virella yarn, 100. brown 4-ply Virella yarn.

Needles: English, 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 12.

Measurements: Length, 18 inches; bust, 40 inches; sleeve seam, 19½ inches.

Tension: Six stitches to one inch.

Abbreviations: K. for knit, p. for purl, st. for stitch, m. for moss, tog. for together.

FRONT

Cast on 120 sts., using No. 12 needles. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 35 rows. Stocking stitch 6 rows, increasing the sts. to 125 in first row.

Commence pattern.

1st Row: K. 1, m. 25, k. 1, m. 31, k. 4, p. 1, k. 4, m. 31, k. 1, m. 25, k. 1.

2nd Row: P. 2, m. 23, p. 3, m. 29, p. 4, m. 2, p. 4, m. 29, p. 3, m. 23, p. 2.

3rd Row: K. 3, m. 21, k. 5, m. 27, k. 4, m. 5, k. 4, m. 27, k. 5, m. 21, k. 3.

4th Row: P. 4, m. 19, p. 7, m. 25, p. 4, m. 7, p. 4, m. 25, p. 7, m. 19, p. 4.

5th Row: K. 5, m. 17, k. 8, m. 23, k. 4, m. 9, k. 4, m. 23, k. 8, m. 17, k. 5.

6th Row: P. 6, m. 15, p. 11, m. 21, p. 4, m. 11, p. 4, m. 21, p. 11, m. 15, p. 6.

7th Row: K. 7, m. 13, k. 13, m. 19, k. 4, m. 13, k. 4, m. 19, k. 13, m. 13, k. 7.

8th Row: P. 8, m. 11, p. 15, m. 17, p. 4, m. 15, p. 4, m. 17, p. 15, m. 11, p. 8.

9th Row: K. 9, m. 9, k. 17, m. 15, k. 4, m. 17, k. 4, m. 15, k. 17, m. 9, k. 9.

10th Row: P. 10, m. 7, p. 19, m. 13, p. 4, m. 19, p. 4, m. 13, p. 19, m. 7, p. 10.

11th Row: K. 11, m. 5, k. 21, m. 11, k. 4, m. 21, k. 4, m. 11, k. 21, m. 5, k. 11.

12th Row: P. 12, m. 3, p. 23, m. 9, p. 4, m. 23, p. 4, m. 9, p. 23, m. 3, p. 12.

13th Row: K. 13, p. 1, k. 25, m. 7, k. 4, m. 25, k. 4, m. 7, k. 25, p. 1, k. 13.

14th Row: P. 14, m. 1, p. 4, m. 27, p. 4, m. 5, p. 4, m. 27, p. 4, m. 1, p. 4.

15th Row: K. 15, m. 3, k. 4, m. 29, k. 4, m. 3, k. 41, m. 3, k. 41.

16th Row: P. 16, m. 1, p. 4, m. 31, p. 4, k. 1, p. 42, m. 1, p. 42.

17th Row: K. 17, m. 1, k. 3, m. 15, k. 46, m. 1, k. 3, m. 15, k. 46.

18th Row: P. 18, m. 1, p. 5, m. 15, p. 45, m. 1, p. 5, m. 15, p. 45.

19th Row: K. 19, m. 1, k. 7, m. 15, k. 44, m. 1, k. 7, m. 15, k. 44.

20th Row: P. 20, m. 1, p. 9, m. 15, p. 43, m. 1, p. 9, m. 15, p. 43.

21st Row: K. 21, m. 1, k. 11, m. 15, k. 42, m. 1, k. 11, m. 15, k. 42.

22nd Row: P. 22, m. 1, p. 13, m. 15, p. 41, m. 1, p. 13, m. 15, p. 41.

23rd Row: K. 23, m. 1, k. 15, m. 15, k. 40, m. 1, k. 15, m. 15, k. 40.



NOTE THE TREATMENT of neck, with its attractive finish, which gives length. Also the ribbed cuffs, finished in deep brown to harmonise with the collar.

24th Row: P. 24, m. 1, p. 17, m. 3, p. 7, m. 15, p. 29.

25th Row: K. 25, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 5, k. 7, m. 15, k. 38.

26th Row: P. 26, m. 1, p. 17, m. 7, p. 7, m. 15, p. 37.

27th Row: K. 27, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 9, k. 7, m. 15, k. 36.

28th Row: P. 28, m. 1, p. 17, m. 11, p. 7, m. 15, p. 35.

29th Row: K. 29, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 13, k. 7, m. 15, k. 34.

30th Row: P. 30, m. 1, p. 17, m. 15, p. 7, m. 15, p. 33.

31st Row: K. 31, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 17, k. 7, m. 15, k. 32.

32nd Row: P. 32, m. 1, p. 17, m. 19, p. 7, m. 15, p. 31.

33rd Row: K. 33, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 21, k. 7, m. 15, k. 30.

34th Row: P. 34, m. 1, p. 17, m. 23, p. 7, m. 15, p. 29.

35th Row: K. 35, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 25, k. 7, m. 15, k. 28.

36th Row: P. 36, m. 1, p. 17, m. 27, p. 7, m. 15, p. 27.

37th Row: K. 37, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 29, k. 7, m. 15, k. 26.

38th Row: P. 38, m. 1, p. 17, m. 31, p. 7, m. 15, p. 25.

39th Row: K. 39, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 33, k. 7, m. 15, k. 24.

40th Row: P. 40, m. 1, p. 17, m. 35, p. 7, m. 15, p. 23.

41st Row: K. 41, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 37, k. 7, m. 15, k. 22.

42nd Row: P. 42, m. 1, p. 17, m. 39, p. 7, m. 15, p. 21.

43rd Row: K. 43, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 41, k. 7, m. 15, k. 20.

44th Row: P. 44, m. 1, p. 17, m. 43, p. 7, m. 15, p. 19.

45th Row: K. 45, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 45, k. 7, m. 15, k. 18.

46th Row: P. 46, m. 1, p. 17, m. 47, p. 7, m. 15, p. 17.

47th Row: K. 47, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 49, k. 7, m. 15, k. 16.

48th Row: P. 48, m. 1, p. 17, m. 51, p. 7, m. 15, p. 15.

49th Row: K. 49, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 53, k. 7, m. 15, k. 14.

50th Row: P. 50, m. 1, p. 17, m. 55, p. 7, m. 15, p. 13.

51st Row: K. 51, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 57, k. 7, m. 15, k. 12.

52nd Row: P. 52, m. 1, p. 17, m. 59, p. 7, m. 15, p. 11.

53rd Row: K. 53, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 61, k. 7, m. 15, k. 10.

54th Row: P. 54, m. 1, p. 17, m. 63, p. 7, m. 15, p. 9.

55th Row: K. 55, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 65, k. 7, m. 15, k. 8.

56th Row: P. 56, m. 1, p. 17, m. 67, p. 7, m. 15, p. 7.

57th Row: K. 57, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 69, k. 7, m. 15, k. 6.

58th Row: P. 58, m. 1, p. 17, m. 71, p. 7, m. 15, p. 5.

59th Row: K. 59, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 73, k. 7, m. 15, k. 4.

60th Row: P. 60, m. 1, p. 17, m. 75, p. 7, m. 15, p. 3.

61st Row: K. 61, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 77, k. 7, m. 15, k. 2.

62nd Row: P. 62, m. 1, p. 17, m. 79, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

63rd Row: K. 63, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 81, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

64th Row: P. 64, m. 1, p. 17, m. 83, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

65th Row: K. 65, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 85, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

66th Row: P. 66, m. 1, p. 17, m. 87, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

67th Row: K. 67, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 89, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

68th Row: P. 68, m. 1, p. 17, m. 91, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

69th Row: K. 69, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 93, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

70th Row: P. 70, m. 1, p. 17, m. 95, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

71st Row: K. 71, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 97, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

72nd Row: P. 72, m. 1, p. 17, m. 99, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

73rd Row: K. 73, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 101, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

74th Row: P. 74, m. 1, p. 17, m. 103, p. 7, m. 15, p. 1.

75th Row: K. 75, m. 1, k. 15, k. 7, m. 105, k. 7, m. 15, k. 1.

To Restore Carpets

CARPETS which have faded may be restored by a rub-over with a cloth wrung out in a mixture of vinegar and very hot water, first sweeping to remove the dust. Use one part of vinegar to three parts of water.

4th Row: P. 14, * k 1, p. 1 * 4 times, p. 17.

5th Row: K. 17, p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 12, k. 2 tog.

6th Row: P. 13, p. 1 * k. 1, p. 1 * 3 times, p. 17.

7th Row: K. 17, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 13.

8th Row: P. 13, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 17.

9th Row: K. 17, p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 13.

10th Row: P. 13, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 17.

11th Row: K. 17, k. 2 tog., p. 2 tog., k. 10, k. 2 tog.

12th Row: P.

Stocking stitch for 16 rows, decreasing every 6th row at neck end, then cast off 9, k. to end of row.

P. back.
Cast off 9, k. to end of row.
P. back.
Cast off 10 sts.
Work the other shoulder in the same way.

BACK

Cast on 116 sts. Rib in k. 2, p. 2 for 35 rows, using No. 12 needles. Change to No. 9 needles. Increase the sts. to 121 on the first row of stocking stitch, and continue in stocking stitch for 9 rows.

Commence pattern.

1st Row: K. 1, m. 25, k. 1, m. 33, k. 1, m. 33, k. 1, m. 25, k. 1.

2nd Row: P. 2, m. 23, p. 3, m. 31, p. 3, m. 31, p. 3, m. 23, p. 2.

3rd Row: K. 3, m. 21, k. 5, m. 29, k. 5, m. 29, k. 5, m. 21, k. 3.

4th Row: P. 4, m. 19, p. 7, m. 27, p. 7, m. 27, p. 7, m. 19, p. 4.

5th Row: K. 5, m. 17, k. 9, m. 25, k. 9, m. 25, k. 9, m. 17, k. 5.

6th Row: P. 6, m. 15, p. 11, m. 23, p. 11, m. 23, p. 11, m. 15, p. 6.

7th Row: K. 7, m. 13, k. 13, m. 21, k. 13, m. 21, k. 13, m. 13, k. 7.

8th Row: P. 8, m. 11, p. 15, m. 17, p. 15, m. 17, p. 15, m. 11, p. 8.

9th Row: K. 9, m. 9, k. 17, m. 15, k. 17, m. 15, k. 9, m. 9, k. 9.

10th Row: P. 10, m. 7, p. 19, m. 13, p. 19, m. 13, p. 19, m. 7, p. 10.

11th Row: K. 11, m. 5, k. 21, m. 11, k. 21, m. 11, k. 5, k. 21, m. 11, k. 5, k. 11.

12th Row: P. 12, m. 3, p. 23, m. 9, p. 23, m. 9, p. 23, m. 3, p. 12.

13th Row: K. 13, p. 1, k. 25, m. 9, k. 25, m. 9, k. 25, p. 1, k. 13.

14th Row: P. 14, m. 1, p. 4, m. 27, p. 4, m. 5, p. 4, m. 27, p. 4, m. 1, p. 4.

15th Row: K. 15, m. 3, k. 29, m. 3, k. 41, m. 3, k. 29, m. 3, k. 41.

16th Row: P. 16, m. 1, p. 4, m. 31, p. 4, k. 1, p. 42, m. 1, p. 42.

17th Row: K. 17, m. 1, k. 3, m. 15, k. 46, m. 1, k. 3, m. 15, k. 46.

Stocking stitch 54 rows.
Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.
Decrease 1 st. each end of every k. row until 67 sts. remain.



Continue in stocking stitch until the armhole measures the same as the front.
Cast off 9, k. to end of row.
Cast off 9, p. to end.
Cast off 9, k. to end.
Cast off 9, p. to end.
Cast off 10, k. to end.
Cast off 10, k. to end.
Cast off.

SLEEVES. (Both alike)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts. in brown yarn.
Work 16 rows in k. 2, p. 2 rib.
Change to yellow yarn and continue for 6 inches.
Change to No. 9 needles.
K. next row, increasing to 81 sts.
P. next row.
Commence pattern.

1st Row: K. 1, p. 1, repeat to end of row.

2nd Row: P. 2, m. 21, p. 3, m. 29, p. 3, m. 21, p. 2.

3rd Row: K. 3, m. 19, k. 5, m. 27, k. 5, m. 19, k. 3.

4th Row: P. 4, m. 17, p. 7, m. 25, p. 7, m. 17, p. 4.

5th Row: K. 5, m. 15, k. 9, m. 23, k. 9, m. 15, k. 5.

... for your WOOLLIES

Here are some expert tips that will save your most cherished woollies from stretching or sagging when it becomes necessary to make a day for them.

FIRST and foremost, choose a sunny day with wind in the air. It cuts your work in half. You see, woollies must be dried as quickly as possible—preferably out of doors.

It is a wise plan to wash each article separately. So many, anxious to get the job over, steep them altogether. Don't do this.

Now, to each gallon of suds needed, allow approximately three tablespoons of soap-flakes and dissolve in hot water. But do not immerse the garment in this. Woollens should never be washed in hot water. Cool it down with cold water until it is barely lukewarm. Whisk this up to a creamy lather and then put in your garment.

Knead and press, and squeeze with care the suds through it. Do not rub, twist, or stretch the garment.

The Rinsing Process

FOR rinsing purposes use clear water of the same temperature as that in which the garment was washed.

Repeat this, using fresh water, until all the soap is removed.

Dry With an Eye to Preserving Their Shape

As stated above, woollies must be dried as quickly as possible. So the next step is to place the garment (when wet)



DON'T RUB or stretch woollies, and have the water barely lukewarm.

in the shape in which it should normally be, and let it dry this way.

Before putting out to dry, roll between towels, and press out as much of the moisture as possible into the towel. Dry on a flat surface—this with an eye to preserving its shape.

Do not, however, permit the garment to become hot. Moderately slow drying is safer than drying too fast.

6th Row: P. 6, m. 13, p. 11, m. 21, p. 11, m. 13, p. 6.

7th Row: K. twice in first st., k. 6, m. 11, k. 13, m. 19, k. 13, m. 11, k. 6, k. twice in last st.

8th Row: P. 8, m. 9, p. 15, m. 17, p. 15, m. 9, p. 8.

9th Row: K. 10, m. 7, k. 17, m. 15, k. 17, m. 7, k. 10.

10th Row: P. 11, m. 5, p. 19, m. 13, p. 19, m. 5, p. 11.

11th Row: K. 12, m. 3, k. 21, m. 11, k. 21, m. 3, k. 12.

12th Row: P. 13, k. 1, p. 23, m. 9, p. 23, k. 1, p. 13.

13th Row: K. 15, m. 7, k. 28.

14th Row: P. 16, m. 5, p. 30.

15th Row: Increase at each end of 1 row, k. 40, m. 3, k. 40.

16th Row: P. 41, k. 1, p. 41.

Continue in stocking stitch, increasing each end of every 8th row until there are 101 sts. Work 15 rows of stocking stitch.

Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of every row until all the sts. are cast off.

NECK STRIP

Using the No. 9 needles, cast on 1 st. in brown yarn. Increase 1 st. every row, working in moss stitch, until 7 sts. are on the needle. Work in moss stitch for 21 inches, then decrease 1 st. every row to correspond with the beginning.

BOW

Using No. 9 needles, and brown yarn, cast on 3 sts. Increase 1 st. each end of every row, working in moss stitch, until there are 19 sts. on the needle. Continue in moss stitch until work measures 2 inches. Change to yellow yarn and work in moss stitch for 4 inches; change to brown yarn and work as for the beginning, decreasing 1 st. each end of every row until 3 sts. are left. Cast off.
Press all parts and join seams.



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LARGE JAR
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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VERY SMART BLOUSE.

WW640.—An exceptionally smart blouse to wear with your winter costume, which gives a dainty and youthful appearance. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

WW641.—A boon to the housewife, this everyday frock for the home, which can be opened out flat for ironing. Contrast collar extends to the crossover fastening. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Free
Pattern



WW645

WW646

THIS week's free pattern depicts one of the newest models, featuring a separate cowl front.

The skirt has an inset panel, back and front, and the side portions are slightly gored.

The pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. All turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

IN CLUB COLORS.

WW638.—Let your club colors predominate on the court. Choose a striped blazer flannel for this smart coat. Wide revers extend to the low fastening. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

SHORT FUR COAT.

WW639.—Here is something striking for a short fur coat. Roll collar fits well round the neck and continues below the waist. Coat may be worn with or without a belt. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

INTRODUCING CONTRAST.

WW642.—The trimming of this frock is quite original. The upper portion of the panel suggests turn-back revers of contrast. Sleeves have shaped trimming, stitched into the armhole. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MIDSEASON MODEL.

WW643.—A midseason frock of heavyweight woollen fabric. Blouse and skirt are shaped in a novel design at the side fastening. Sleeves give a broadening effect to the shoulders. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

WW645.—Smart school frock with contrast vest, with gathered sleeves and inverted pleats each side of the skirt panel. Pattern for 6-8 years. Material Required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 30 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

WW646.—A school frock of fancy woollen fabric with a two-tier collar and centre back fastening. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material Required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WW642

WW643

MATRON'S MODEL.

WW644.—This model is specially designed for a matron. It is cut in one piece from shoulder to hem, with side fastening. Roll collar may be of self or contrast. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW644



TINTED NAILS...

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If enclosed 9d. in stamps for a trial size Cutex Liquid Polish, including two shades of Polish.

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In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses:

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SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and 1d. stamp for postage to:

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AFTER BABY CAME

Mother Put On Weight

TELLS HOW SHE GOT BACK TO NORMAL

"Before having my baby," writes a young mother, "I weighed 10 stone. Afterwards—to my great dismay—I weighed 12 st. 7 lbs. and gradually increased to 13 st. 1 lb. Then I read of Kruschen Salts (six weeks ago), and I decided to try them, at the same time dispensing with sugar, potatoes and white bread.

"To my great joy, when I weighed last Wednesday, it went 12 st. 1 lb. I feel so jubilant in the thought that if I keep on with this, I shall regain my normal weight, and once again be able to go in for the sports and pastimes I had to discard owing to being sensitive about my fatness. I feel I have a lot of pleasure and happiness in store."—(Mrs.) L. B.

There are six vital mineral salts in Kruschen. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

Kruschen Salts do not reduce you overnight—like so many products claim to do. But taken regularly over



a period of time—with a modified diet and gentle exercise, half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast will take away unhealthy flesh and restore your figure to its normal weight.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Pictures Worth Framing. Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of *The Australian Women's Weekly* may be had from this office for 2/.

"SHE'S hopped it, sir," said Barley. "Cut through the woods. But I'm thankful to see you, sir. And that's the truth."

It was twenty minutes later, on the skirts of Annabel village, that Barley stood by the Rolls and told us his tale.

We dared not return to the castle before ten minutes past one, for Lass was twelve miles from Yorick and not even the Rolls could have done the double journey in less than thirty-five minutes, no matter how much she was pushed. We had, therefore, ten minutes to spare—much against our will, for that Pharaoh was racing for Yorick we had not a shadow of doubt. Still, to be uneasy was foolish; that day I had done the journey as Pharaoh was doing it now.

It was now ten minutes to one—two hours since Pharaoh had found that the Rolls was gone. If a car had come by at that moment, he could have been at Sabbot at eleven o'clock—to find the village sleeping and every door shut and barred. Charm he never so wisely, Pharaoh would never leave Sabbot under the hour. The man could hardly use violence, for that would set the police on his track; and Sabbot's only garage had many faults. Its master was disorganised and deaf as a post—a hideous combination for anyone pressed for time; its complement of cars was shocking, but before I could take one away, I had had to pay a deposit of twenty pounds; its petrol-pump was not working; its boy was dull of comprehension and had his right arm in a sling.

Still, Pharaoh was Pharaoh, and Dewdrop was there to help. Supposing that they had left Sabbot at half-past eleven o'clock. No car that came out of that garage could possibly bring them to Yorick in less than two hours and a half. Say two hours—just in case. If Pharaoh had the luck of

STORM Music

Continued from Page 5

the devil, we might expect to see him at half-past one; but I would have laid a fortune that he would not arrive before six. (Here, perhaps, I should say that I had not forgotten the car I had left in the greenwood—Pharaoh's own car. But Pharaoh did not know it was there, nor did he know how to get to the spot where it stood. That he would stumble upon it was more than I could believe.)

So, as we had time to spare, Barley stood by the Rolls and told us his tale.

"A wire came on Monday, sir, a little later than usual, about ten o'clock. Return at once, it said, and it bore your name. Well, we left as sharp as we could—for Villach, of course; but when we gets out at Villach, there ain't no car to meet us, let alone no Rolls. 'That's queer,' says Mr. Bohun. 'I don't understand it,' he says. 'If Mr. Spencer could wire, he could send a car. It may be all right, but we'd better go careful. Barley, from this time on.' Well, we 'ired a car at Villach and stopped four miles from the farm. Then we enters the woods on foot. It was just about half past four when we sights the house. Everything looks as usual—sleepy an' peaceful, you know, sir, an' no one about. But Mr. Bohun's un-

"To-morrow morning, sir. About seven o'clock."

"What could be better?" said I. "Tell him to expect me for breakfast at about a quarter to nine. And that after that, if he likes, we'll run along to Plumage and close the information bureau."

As I let in the clutch:

"Good-bye, Barley," cried Helena. "Do what you can for his lordship and please ask Mr. Bohun to forgive me for making free with his room."

But Barley made no answer. I think he was incapable of speech.

We were back at the castle within a quarter of an hour.

As the warden stepped out of the wicket, Helena spoke:

"Has anyone entered the castle since I've been gone?"

The porter replied:

"No one at all, my lady."

I had known that would be his answer, but the words were comfortable words. The race had been ours all the way, but now we knew it was over and the numbers were up. I began to wonder if Pharaoh had yet left Sabbot.

Helena was addressing the warden. "He's not been to the station, Florin. Unless he's here, he must have gone somewhere by car."

"His lordship's not here, my lady. And the Adelaide postern was open, which shows that he went that way."

"He should have been seen on the drawbridge."



WHAT new mystery is concealed within the walls of Yorick Castle? Exciting adventures befall Lady Helena and John Spencer in next week's splendid instalment of "Storm Music."

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Take two 'ASPRO' Tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and two Tablets every three hours afterwards until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research, and quick relief is obtained, because, after ingestion in the System, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide—an anti-septic—is anti-pyretic—anti-periodic, and anti-rheumatic. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. Always have it in the home ready for any emergency.

BUY A PACKET TO-DAY FOR PROOF.

'ASPRO' IN — COLDS and 'FLU OUT!

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March 2, 1934.

Dear Sirs,

It gives me much pleasure to send you a note of appreciation in regard to 'ASPRO' Tablets. I find them an excellent medicine and stand-by for the prevention and relief of INFLUENZA, COLDS, and CHILLS.

I am happy to state that since 'ASPRO' was recommended to me I have made them a regular part of our household requirements, and it has saved us from illness and the consequent loss of time and money. In this changeable climate, your Tablets have proved a great help to the whole family.

Yours faithfully,

22th/34. (Sgd.) C. G. F. WELSTEAD.

easy. 'Mustn't rush in,' he says. 'You stay an' watch out,' he says, 'while I go round to the back.' He hadn't hardly spoken before Rush comes out on the apron, as bold as brass.

"I give you my word, sir, that shook us. We made sure they'd got you all right. But of course we couldn't do nothing until it was dark. Then we crept in and 'ad a close-up." He drew in his breath. "Those two—Rush and Bugle—they're simple; that's what they are. They're like a turn on the 'alls. You could walk right in between them before they'd know you were there. For 'alf an hour that evening we listened to what they said, and of course we very soon knew that Pharaoh'd got his foot in the castle and you was away. Then Mr. Bohun goes for the farmer's wife; but she knows nothing at all, except that his lordship's back and given special orders that Bugle and Rush is to have your rooms at the farm."

"WELL, we had to have quarters somewhere, so Mr. Bohun comes here. 'The last place they'll look,' he says, 'and the best I know.' Then we starts in watchin' the castle and visitin' Plumage at night. And that was all we could do, for to look for you was hopeless—we didn't know where to begin. But we knew where Pharaoh was, and we made up our minds to get him, for once he was out of the way all roads were clear."

Barley closed his eyes and pushed back his hat.

"Do you think we could get that man sir? We could have had the others time and again. Bugle and Rush, I mean—though we could have had Dewdrop, too. But Mr. Bohun says, 'No. Bugle and Rush,' he says, 'is our information bureau. So we don't do them in,' he says; 'if there's any news goin' they'll have it, and we may as well be in on that.' So we've let them be—so far. But you wouldn't believe how we've laid an' laid for Pharaoh—and missed him every time. Look at to-night, sir. I'd been lyin' there where I met you since half-past six. Keepin' observation, I was, for Mr. Bohun's at Balzharg—I've told you that. To beat up his quarters, he said, in case you'd called. Well, I thought I had got him to-night, when the Rolls slowed down. I was ready to blow his head off—an' then it turns out that it's you. I don't believe in charmed lives, but if ever a blackguard had one, Pharaoh's him."

"You wait, Barley," said I, and got into the car. "When d'you expect Mr. Bohun?"

"He should, my lady. But one of the lamps went out about half-past ten. His lordship may well have gone by while the porter was making the change."

"The fact remains that he's gone—when I needed his presence most. It can't be helped. I shall have to act without him. Open the gates."

I drove the Rolls under the archway and into the small courtyard.

As the leaves were closed behind us: "Out of sight of the wicket," said Helena.

There was just enough room to berth the car out of view.

Helena turned to the warden, who had opened the door by her side.

"The porter is to put out his lights, but stay in his lodge. He is to open to no one until you return. Mark that. To no one at all. And in five minutes' time you and all the night-watchmen will come to the library."

"If your ladyship pleases," said Florin.

Helena left the car, and I followed her up the stairs.

As I closed the library door my lady took off her hat, pitched it on to a sofa and moved to the hearth.

"Put a match to this fire, John dear." I knelt to do her bidding. Then I patted her delicate instep and raised my eyes to her face.

"You must be worn out, my beauty." She put out a little hand and touched my hair.

"I don't know why. I haven't done much but sit still."

I rose to my feet.

"What are you going to tell them?" For a moment she did not answer, but stood with her eyes on the flames. Then—

"That the man that murdered young Florin is coming to the castle to-night; that three hours ago he did his best to kill you because he knows you can prove that he took young Florin's life; that they know him as 'Captain Fanning,' but that I know him as 'Pharaoh'—a very dangerous felon, who is wanted for at least four murders in England alone." She turned to set her hands on my shoulders. "You must forgive me, darling, for playing this hand alone. But now you must stay in the background until we're through. They must not begin to believe that I'm acting on your advice. Now that Valentine's out of the way my authority here is supreme, but I'm putting a strain upon it when I use my brother's absence to order the death of his guest."

Please turn to Page 30

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By EVELYN



Should EYEBROWS be Plucked? ...

The Answer is "Yes"... Only if they are Heavy, Bushy, and Irregularly Inclined!

TIME was when many a modern-minded Miss considered it the correct thing to shave off the eyebrows and paint new ones on in their place—irrespective of their natural beauty. Very often these subtractions and additions left the victim with a look of perpetual surprise or permanent query, defeating the very effect for which she was striving.

Plucking, with discretion, and only when necessary, is another matter, and when carried out with due regard to the contour of the face enhances the appearance.

LUXURIANT eyebrows well arranged do not make up the whole beauty of the eyes; the eyebrows are at least half of it. They enhance their beauty, giving radiance, and giving, as they follow their shape, an expression and individuality. Formerly nobody would have dreamed of modifying their shape. It is only in the past ten years or so that plucking, or reducing—in a word, correcting—the arch of the eyebrow has been resorted to.

Generally speaking, we can say that the thin eyebrow gives light to the face. Few women have this perfect. Nearly all have eyebrows too thick for perfect beauty. In some instances they meet with a slight tuft of hair across the bridge of the nose, and they overflow often over the forehead or the lids. A little inclination can remedy this.

Regularising the eyebrows may be achieved by several ways:

By tweezers, razor, a depilatory, or by electrical treatment.

The first seems the most practical to us. When you have once asked a specialist to pluck your brows, it is easy for you each morning to remove two or three hairs which have been growing out of place and which spoil the line.

The razor, which gives an impeccable line, demands a sureness of hand and is not advisable in most cases.

Plucking by electrical methods is a procedure the best of all, since it removes the hair for ever. But have I need to say that it must be applied by a specialist?

Yet this method is not advisable, as fashion changes.

How Can One Pluck One's Eyebrows?

IF you have a very wide forehead you must lessen each eyebrow from the side of the lid in order that the line may be as high as possible. If, on the other hand, your forehead is low, you must lessen each eyebrow in the frontal part in order to leave as much space as possible between the root of the hair and the eyebrow itself. And if you think your eyebrows are reasonably balanced, pluck a little to each side.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



This week's exercise, practised regularly each morning when you get up, will help you to meet the coming day with renewed vigor and energy. It will especially be of benefit in reducing waist and thighs. Bring your hand down slowly to touch the left foot with the right hand, return to your original position, and then touch the right foot with the left hand.



BEFORE PLUCKING the eyebrows, rub on a little cold cream, or apply a menthol stick; then prick out in the direction the hair is growing as demonstrated by lovely June Vlasak, of Fox.

or patchy, that is to say, if the root is not absolutely regular over the whole space, you can hide, with the aid of the pencil, this irregular white expanse.

Are Your Eyebrows the Color You Wish Them To Be?

IF they are dark, that is perfect; if they are too light, then you must dye them, for nothing detracts from the life and expression of a face more than pale eyelashes and eyebrows. Paint them with the aid of a dye, which holds for three weeks or a month, or you can, on the other hand, paint them each day by means of some cosmetic (the same as the one you use for the eyelashes), taking care every time to choose a natural color—dark brown or black.

Whether their color be artificial or natural, you must brush them with a little brush dipped in vaseline, so that they appear sleek and brilliant.



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Weekly Diet Hint

A DIET composed entirely of liquids is occasionally desirable. Such a diet places very little strain on the digestive tract, and that is why it is always indicated when an individual has fever. Except in fever cases, liquids should not be continued longer than two days, else weakness results. Milk may be used entirely (two quarts a day), or broths, clear soups, beef juice, or thin cereal gruels.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I am a prey to nervous fears, irritability, and unaccountable fits of depression. They are very real to me, and I think uncontrollable, for, although I am conscious of the stupidity of my fears, I cannot help their intrusion. I get fearful if the children go out of my sight; worry over minor ailments, and know there is often no cause for my jumpiness. My family says, "It's nerves; you should control them!" but I suffer acutely in my efforts to do so. Can you suggest any helpful methods for me to employ?

I AM continually impressed by the fact that persons afflicted with some variety of fundamental nervous disorder—in other words, with a neurosis—are made to suffer more than they already do because their condition is so little understood.

For example, there are those who cannot sleep, or who become exhausted upon slight exertion, or who cannot work, or who are obsessed with doubts, fears, tormenting ideas of one kind or another, or are harassed with goodness knows what other kind of mental torment.

The varieties of nervous afflictions of purely functional origin—that is, without organic structural basis—are so numerous that it would take pages and pages to make only a partial list.

But these patients, after consulting a physician or two—and usually they have consulted a score or more in the passage of the months or years—and learning that nothing wrong exists with the heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, stomach, or any other of the vital organs, are led into the false deduction that therefore their trouble is not serious.

Relatives and friends of these patients, learning that a physical cause for the

THE EYEBROWS can be darkened and lengthened for effect by the deft touch of a pencil, specially sold for that purpose. Here you see Miriam Jordan, of Fox film fame, touching up her finely "pencilled" brows, which follow to perfection the shape of her attractive dark eyes. The eyebrows should be regularly brushed with a tiny brush sold for the purpose. This helps to keep them in perfect shape.

trouble is absent, immediately begin telling the unfortunate one to "forget it."

In other words, they assume that the difficulty is all imaginary and that the neurotic symptoms can be overcome by an act of the will.

Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. A neurosis never can be cured that way. Furthermore, people with neurotic complaints suffer mental agony which is as bad as, if not actually worse than, pain or the symptoms of physical disease. Indeed, pain may exist in the neuroses. There are cases where the pain is excruciating, due entirely to the working, the functioning, of the nerves themselves.

THE thing to do with a neurotic patient is to try to be understanding and to direct him to a nerve clinic or nerve specialist for proper treatment. To tell him that nothing is wrong with him merely makes the patient feel more self-accusatory, inferior, guilty, ashamed and humble. And that is the very worst way to feel if the neurosis is to be overcome.

What a neurotic needs is encouragement. He must be freed from the idea, which usually haunts him, that he is to blame. It should be pointed out to him that his condition is a genuine manifestation of nature the same as if pathology of structure existed.

The neurotic should not be petted and cajoled, of course, but he should not be made to feel that he is the stepchild of mankind and that his disease is pure fake. Some of the greatest men and women who have ever lived were neurotics. A neurotic, indeed, may even be a blessing in disguise provided the neurosis can be cured, as most of them can be.

When people are cured of neurosis they are usually happier and more efficient than they would have been had they had no neurosis at all. The reason for this is found in the mental house-cleaning they have had to undergo in order to get well.

HOPKINS HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.***

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ISLAND Paradises Attract WRITERS

Situated between the ports of Bowen and Mackay, about 21 degrees below the Equator, Deauville does not often find a place on the map of North Queensland.

That it has become better known of late is due to the fact that it has been given as the postal address of several writers who have become island-dwellers on the near Pacific Ocean.

AUSTRALIANS who have visited the sophisticated pleasure resort of the same name in France probably might include this small town as another interesting example of curious christening.

Not even by the widest stretch of imagination can it be regarded as resembling its French namesake.

Henry Lamond, whose "Teeth and Talon" has been published, and who also wrote "Horns and Hooves" is a bushman who has turned islander. His wife and two children are with him on Moile Island, in the Whitsunday Pas-

sage. There sheep grass, cows supply milk, fish are to be caught in the ocean, and life in general is one grand song.

As is soon discovered from his books, Lamond is a bushman from the western sheep and cattle country; he knows stock, tame and wild; he knows bird and animal life through all its different scales. Both he and his wife are from pioneer stock, so have adapted themselves to their new living conditions, as only those who have dared and won out know how.

NOT so very long ago two adventurers came from Sydney in a yacht, and when they reached the Whitsunday Passage, finding it an Ocean Garden of Eden, they decided to stay a while on an island. The man of the party had roamed the wilds of Africa and India, and so was ready for any emergency. But his wife was an artist who had spent much of her life in London and Paris. It was not long, though, before she was an adept at bread-making. Mrs. Lamond had initiated her.

Soon a garden was thriving, gay with varied colors from the plants given by the Lamonds, who shared, too, the supply of fresh milk yielded by their cows. In a very short time the newcomers decided they had, by great good fortune, chanced upon two of those rare human beings who, no matter how busy they may be, always find time to help everybody else.

Picturesque surroundings, no matter how poetic and ideal they may appear in a book or a picture, do not compensate the wrong type of woman for what she can only see as isolation and monotony.—F.B.

STORM Music

Continued from Page 28

"I" he felt that you were behind me, the warden would seek to withstand the orders I'm going to give. I mean, they're pretty serious. . . . And so I must leave you right out—for this night only, my dear. To-morrow—this afternoon you'll stand on another footing, for everyone in the castle will know I'm to be your wife."

I could not answer her, but I put my arms about her and kissed her lips. For a moment we clung together. Then she drew back, flushed and smiling, leaving her hands in mine.

So we stood for another moment, looking into each other's eyes.

I think I never found her more lovely, for with all her pride of beauty, she looked just a little shy. And she looked so glad to be shy. . . . And never before had I seen such stars in her eyes.

And then—the stars faded, and the light in her face went out.

The lips I had kissed were moving, but no words came—and her little hands were trembling, and the blood was out of her face.

She was looking over my shoulder—not so much with horror as dully, as though the battle were hopeless and she were tired.

As I let her go and swung round: "Don't move, Mr. Spencer," said Pharaoh. "The triggers give these things are absurdly light."

"This thing" was an automatic pistol, pointing in my direction, about six paces away.

I CONFESS that I was dumbfounded, and several seconds went by before I could find my tongue. Then:

"That's so much bluff," said I. "This isn't the forest's cottage. If you fire on me here—"

"I most frankly admit," said Pharaoh, "that the feelings with which I should kill you would be extremely mixed. To be still more frank, I don't want you to force my hand. Not that I value your life. In fact, you're rather a nuisance. But if I were to—er—abate you, I should probably have to withdraw—and that wouldn't suit my book. But for you to take any action would suit my book even less. And so, if you move, I shall fire. I'm sure Lady Helena favors my point of view."

"Yes," said Helena quietly. "I see your point. Don't move, John, I beg you. He means what he says."

"He does indeed," said Pharaoh. "Stand perfectly still."

He covered the distance between us. Then he raised the pistol and placed the mouth of its barrel directly between my eyebrows against my skin. So he stood still for a moment, while a look of demonic hatred ravaged his face. Then his hand went into my pocket and took my pistol out.

As he stepped back:

"Melodrama," said Helena.

The slightest tinge of color came into Pharaoh's face. Then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "After the love scene, the strong stuff."

With his words a knock fell upon the door.

"Ah," said Pharaoh. "The trusty warden, no doubt. With his white hair unbent, the stout old sheriff comes; behind him march the halberdiers. . . . I think you were going to tell him something, Lady Helena. Well, do have him in. But perhaps I ought to remind you that Mr. Spencer's life will depend upon what you say."

The pistols slid into his pockets; but though he withdrew his left hand, his right hand stayed where it was.

Again the warden knocked, and Helena raised her voice and cried to him to come in.

The warden entered the room.

As his eyes lit upon Pharaoh, he started as though in surprise; then he closed the door behind him and turned to where Helena stood.

My lady moistened her lips.

"I'm not at all satisfied, Florin, with the watch that is being kept. Here's Captain Farling returned, but he was never challenged or—"

"I found a postern open," said Pharaoh. "To save the porter trouble, I entered by that."

"He should have been seen," said Helena. "crossing the bridge."

The warden looked greatly concerned.

"There is something amiss, my lady—I know not what. I will swear that Hubert is faithful, and Piers, who is watchman to-night, is a man of his word. Yet, as I tell them, they might have no eyes nor ears."

"There is something amiss," said Helena. "Double the watchmen, Florin, and stop all leave. Two porters are to stay in the lodge and to keep a list of all persons that use the bridge. No postern is to be opened without permission from me. Why were the servants abed when I came in?"

"By his lordship's orders, my lady."

"Those orders are cancelled—until his lordship returns. And now rouse his lordship's valet and let him prepare the room in the eastern tower—the room above mine. Mr. Spencer will sleep there to-night. And rouse Rachel, as well. She will make my room ready and wait till I come. One thing more. She drew out her master key. 'Here is my key, Florin. You may as well keep it for me until I need it again.'"

The warden bowed and took it. "Will your ladyship speak to the men?"

"Not to-night. I've changed my mind. But please see that they do their duty. I've a definite feeling of danger—very pressing danger, Florin; so please beware."

"Rest assured, my lady, nothing that I can do shall be left undone."

Helena smiled and nodded, and the warden bowed low. Then he bowed to me, but not Pharaoh, and left the room.

There was a moment's silence. Then: "I congratulate you," said Pharaoh, "upon your quickness of wit. I had to give you some rope, and you used it all."

Helena took her seat in a high-backed chair.

"I rather fancy," she said, "you'd have done the same."

"I don't know that I should have," said Pharaoh, wrinkling his brow. "I believe in a margin of safety."

Now, why do you think the warden ignored me when he went out?"

Helena shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps you don't command his respect."

PHARAOH fingered his chin.

"Dewdrop," he said quietly.

One of the curtains swayed, and Dewdrop stepped out.

"Concentrate on that warden, Dewdrop. You heard what her ladyship said. If he seems to be getting ideas, you must act for the best. The situation is delicate, Dewdrop, for what are we among so many? And now cover Mr. Spencer. I want to talk."

As Dewdrop moved towards me, he took his seat on a sofa and crossed his legs.

Seeing no reason to stand, I stepped to a table and took my seat on its edge. At a nod from Pharaoh Dewdrop took his stand on its farther side. I did not like him behind me and moved more than once, but he always moved when I did, to keep just out of my view.

Pharaoh was looking at Helena, smiling an inebriated smile.

"I'm afraid it's clear," he drawled, "that you didn't expect me so soon."

He sighed. "That's been the misfortune of so many people I've known. Some of them are still living. . . . You see, a car came by, and its owner gave me a lift. To be perfectly frank, he surrendered the wheel to Dewdrop without a word." Again he fingered his chin. "You know, I can't help feeling you ought to have thought of that."

"I agree," said Helena, shortly. "That was a bad mistake."

"BUT the only one,"

said Pharaoh. "Indeed, if I may say so, I'm much impressed. Mr. Spencer's quite a good chauffeur—I'm sure of that; but only a brain in a thousand would have thought of abducting the Count."

Helena stared.

"Are you being humorous?"

"No," said Pharaoh quietly. "I'm simply giving you the answer to a simple addition sum. As it's very short, I'll do it over again. . . . You left the castle as I was approaching the bridge. In fact, I was able to cross it while Hubert—the faithful Hubert—was closing the wicket, before he re-entered the lodge. That's why he didn't see me. But that's by the way."

Well, I found your departure astounding. I mean, on the face of it, once you had gained the castle, to deliberately leave it again was the act of a fool. But you are no fool, Lady Helena. . . . I was still considering this paradox when I found the postern ajar. I confess that helped me a lot—in more ways than one. And the moment I heard that the Count of Yorick was missing, the sum came out."

He uncrossed his legs and leaned forward. "Let me put some cards on the table. I want you to see that, if for no other reason, because you have scruples you are weighted clean out of this race. You see, I am not so embarrassed—I never am. Now take to-night. Placed as you were, once I was back in the castle, nothing this side of hell would have got me out. Yet the Count would have disappeared. Now there's a little problem—which I will resolve. I assume he was drunk—forgive me, but he usually is by ten. Well, they say blood's thicker than water, but I never found it so. I should have dropped him gently into the moat. . . ."

Please turn to Page 34

WATCH ENCHANTED

AS SWIFT, NEW LOVELINESS COMES TO YOUR SKIN—NOW, PERHAPS, AGEING PREMATURELY

If time is taking its toll, use the Facial Youth—Golden Youth Beauty Idea, and, at night, get back the cream you've lost. At night, cleanse your pores for soap and water can never cleanse them; by using Facial Youth Creaming Cream. Each morning use Facial Youth Day Cream, and follow with Golden Youth Powder. Three simple steps to youthful attractiveness! In these beautiful, secret cosmetic ingredients are used to secure for you the delight of a clear, clean, plump skin, heightened in loveliness to an extent that cannot fail to please. And all so swiftly. So pleasantly. So softly.



Same old story . . . a heater that is a heater in name only . . . one part of the room quite warm, the rest cold and gloomy . . . a game of human chess (moving round so that everybody will get some of the available heat) . . . part of your body quite warm, the rest almost freezing cold . . . and then—off to bed to get warm.

What a contrast with the modern method—a "1934" gas fire. Not a cold corner—every part of the room snug and inviting; everybody cosy and comfortable; heat in an instant and in the exact quantity required; fresh circulating air that is as healthy and as invigorating as spring sunshine.

You can shut out the cold from your home and make it as snug as the sunniest sunporch—with a "1934" gas fire. It does not matter if your fireplace is small or large, old style or modern, or if you are using an old fashioned grate, because there are gas fires for every size and kind of fireplace. Come and see these "1934" gas fires. They are stylish, they are finished in captivating colors and they are so cosy that ordinary heaters seem only lukewarm.

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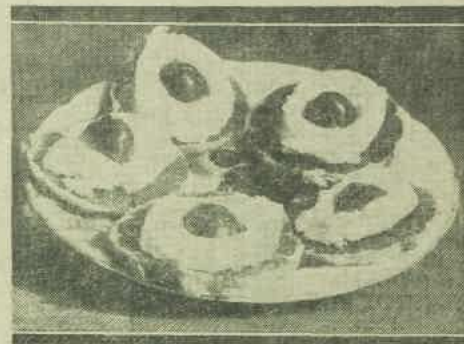
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RICH, RIPE ORANGES, Please!

For tempting variations in the daily menu, they're wonderful...

MAKE the most of them—these health-bringing balls of "bottled sunshine." They're hanging ripe from your trees, piling up case upon case in the markets, overflowing fruit-stalls and gladdening shops... They're plentiful and cheap—and here are some new ways for using them.



SLICED ORANGES, cream cheese and olives served in this manner as an hors d'oeuvre are deliciously appetising. The recipe is given on this page.

THE JUICE of an orange in a glass of water first thing on arising and last thing at night is splendid.

ORANGES supply all valuable minerals to build teeth and bones, rich blood, nerve tissue, and help to regulate the body.

Oranges have an alkaline reaction on the blood which neutralises the acidity caused by necessary foods as eggs, meat, fish, bread and cereals.

The fruit sugars supply heat and energy in an easily digested form, and also supply the body's need for sweets in a natural, healthful way.

Oranges are helpful to those wishing to reduce—they prevent the acetone type of acidosis due to too rapid burning of body fat.

Oranges contain vitamins—those protective food elements necessary for health and growth—vitamins A B C. The

Wash, dry, and cut oranges into thin slices. Put into a glass or earthenware dish, with pineapple (cut into dice), cloves, nutmeg, sugar, orange juice, lemon juice, cinnamon. Cover and bake in a moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours. Serve with meats, hot or cold.

SWEET ORANGE JAM

Medium-size thin-skinned oranges, 1½ sugar to each orange. Wash and dry oranges, cut into thin, even slices, and place in a basin; add 2 cups cold water to every orange. Stand overnight. Next day bring to the boil, simmer until fruit is soft but not broken. Add 1½ sugar to every orange. Again bring slowly to boiling-point and boil quickly until liquid wrinkles when tested in a saucer. Bottle and cover while hot.

ORANGE CONSERVE

Twelve ounces sugar, 1 pint water, 3 oranges. Make a syrup of sugar and water and boil together 10 minutes; add the oranges which have been cut into three equal pieces. Simmer gently for 30 minutes;

By MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

with blanc mange or steamed pudding, or sprinkle with chopped walnuts and serve as a dessert.

ORANGE CHEESE FILLING

Orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, cream cheese. Beat the above ingredients together until the consistency of thick cream. Spread between wholemeal bread cut into fancy shapes.

ORANGE TOAST

Quarter cup orange juice, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 cup sugar, buttered toast. Cut six slices of bread, trim, and butter. Mix the orange juice, rind, and sugar together, and spread on the hot buttered toast. Then put in hot oven or under grill for a few seconds to brown. Cut in strips or fingers and serve hot.

ORANGE NUT WHIP

Three ounces peanut brittle rolled fine, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup orange pieces.

Whip cream, fold in the finely-rolled peanut brittle and orange pieces. Chill, and serve in individual dishes.

ORANGE AMBROSIA

Five oranges, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup grated coconut.

Peel and remove the white pith of oranges, cut in slices, arrange in a serving dish alternately with coconut and sugar.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE FILLING

Four oranges, castor sugar, whipped cream. Peel oranges, remove all pith, then separate into sections and sweeten with sugar. Spread over top shortcake and garnish with whipped cream.

ORANGE MINT SAUCE

Quarter cup finely-chopped mint, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 cup lemon juice. Mix the above ingredients until sugar is dissolved. Stand aside for one hour.

ORANGE CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup sugar, a little thinly-pared orange and lemon rind, 1 cup orange juice and pulp, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, pinch salt, 1 cup cream, 1 cup cold water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for 10 minutes; add lemon and orange rind, also sugar, and stand in a vessel of hot water over the stove. Stir until the sugar and gelatine dissolve. Then add salt, pulp, orange, and lemon juice. Stand aside to cool. When it begins to jelly (the

consistency of treacle), fold in the stiffly-whipped cream and beat until fairly thick, and then turn into a wetted mould. Turn out, and serve with slices of orange around the dish.

ORANGE FILLING

One egg, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup orange juice, grated rind of 1 orange, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 heaped tablespoon corn-flour.

Put the water and sugar into a double boiler. When hot, add the cornflour blended with a little of the orange juice, also the well-grated orange rind. Stir until it boils, then simmer 3 minutes. Now add the well-beaten egg and butter. Stir until it thickens, adding the remainder of the orange juice, and butter. Mix well. Allow to cool before spreading on the cake.

ORANGE CUSTARD

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, 2 cups milk, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 5 tablespoons sugar, 4 or 5 oranges.

Put the milk into a saucepan with a little thinly-pared orange rind, and bring slowly to simmering point. Blend the flour with 1 tablespoon milk or water; add to the hot milk and stir until it boils. Simmer 4 minutes. Beat the egg-yolks and 1 cup sugar together and add to milk. Stand in another vessel of water, and stir until it thickens. Cool. Add the vanilla essence. Pour into a serving dish containing the peeled and sliced oranges. Beat the egg whites to a stiff froth, add the 5 tablespoons sugar. When stiff, heap on custard and serve.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

MAYBE you never tried oranges this way—with nuts and straw berries. Then here is a treat in store. Easy to prepare, too!



latter prevents scurvy, although we do not hear of cases of scurvy to-day. A lack of this vitamin, however, causes listlessness, irritability, and nervous symptoms, also dental decay, as the calcium content of the fruit increases the usage of the calcium in other foods. Vitamin C, be it noted, is destroyed by heat and long cooking.

ORANGE SLICES

(For an hors d'oeuvre) Peel the oranges and cut into slices. Sever the joining sections with scissors and spread apart—like flower petals. Put a pat of cream cheese in the centre, and a slice of stuffed olive on top.

Two oranges, 4 slices pineapple, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 5 cloves, 1-8 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup pineapple or orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

lift out and arrange in clean dry jar. Cover to overflowing with syrup and slip on lids. Lightly pack into a large vessel of water, with straw in between to prevent them touching, and bring slowly to the boil. Boil for 40 minutes, fasten down the lids, and allow to cool. Store in a cool dark place to prevent fruit losing color.

ORANGE SLICES

Three oranges, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter. Very lightly grate the skin from the whole oranges. Boil for 30 minutes. Cool. Cut in half-inch slices and lay them in bottom of a baking-dish. Place on each slice 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter. Cover with water, and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Lift from the dish, place under grill, sprinkle well with sugar, and grill. Serve

BEST RECIPES

A QUEENSLAND reader wins first prize this week with a novel recipe.

Perhaps you have a favorite recipe? Send it along; you, too, may win £1.

This Wins £1

CHOKO AND ORANGE HONEY

(Original) PEEL and cut into small squares twelve chokos, put into a dish, and cover with a cup of sugar, the juice of six oranges, and one cup of water. Leave stand twelve hours. Next day put into a preserving pan and boil for one hour, then add the shredded rind of two oranges, two pounds of sugar, and a little ginger (preserved), and boil till it jellies. It should be a dark honey color, and is delicious.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. Craddock, Lang St., Dutton Park, Brisbane, Qld.

RED INDIAN CAKE

Half a pound butter, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 large cup milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence, 1½lb. currants, 12oz. plain flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons spice, 1½lb. suet. Nuts of all kinds, and mixed peel, may be put in this cake, also dates and dried cherries. Cream butter and sugar, and beat in the eggs. Mix all the fruit with the flour and dissolve the soda in the milk. Add half the flour and fruit and mix well. Then add the other half. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Hickman, 10 Dandenong Rd., Camfield, S.E.7, Vic.

CHEESE SUPPER CAKE

One cup flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, a little water, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup currants, slices of Kraft cheese, and a few almonds nuts if liked. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add egg beaten well, then add flour, mix thoroughly, add water and currants. Have ready a greased tin, pour half the mixture in tin, then place the slices of Kraft cheese so that when cake is cut in slices, each person gets a slice of cheese, then add the rest of cake mixture, well covering the cheese. Brush over with milk and bake in a moderate oven, for three-quarters of an hour. When cold and ready for supper, cut in slices and butter each piece; serve on a sandwich tray. If liked, almonds stuck on top before placing in the oven to an addition.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Adelaide Henry, 35 Almsworth St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

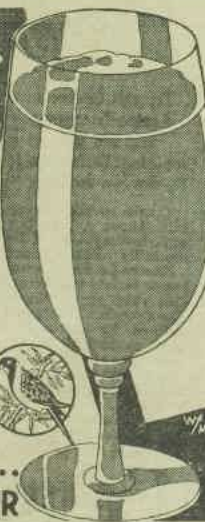
HAM AND APPLE ROAST

Take 1½lb. of thick slices ham, 1½lb. cooking apples, 1oz. brown breadcrumbs, 2 onions, 1½lb. sage, 8oz. grated cheese. Arrange a layer of sliced ham in a baking-dish or casserole, sprinkle with the crumbs, cover completely with a layer of sliced apples. Continue the layers till the dish is three-quarters full. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Beat 2 eggs with the grated cheese, spread over the top, and return to oven until the cheese is melted and the eggs set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Almey, 19 George St., St. Peter's, S.A.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

EASY-BAKE.—Would you kindly send me another packet of Yeast, for which I enclose 1/9 for postage. I have never made bread before; I always thought it was such hard work and trouble. With Easy-Bake I am getting along famously. I have put wheat-meal flour with the last cake, and it turned out wonderfully good. I will send for large quantity later on, as I intend to use it medicinally. Thanking you—Mrs. H.R. Mittington, N.E.W.

To EASY-BAKE.—I had a try with your Easy-Bake yesterday for the first time. I am always a bit nervous in trying fresh things, as I am afraid I might have a failure. Well, I must say I had very nice bread; it rose up nicely and is nice and white and light. I boiled about three cups of water and grated two small potatoes and put a pinch of hops in. I boiled them over five minutes, then strained them through a wire sieve into a nice earthenware basin, let cool several minutes, and stirred in three teaspoons of the large carton, and then when lukewarm or so I stirred in one teaspoon of the starter and poured it into a screw-top woodroofs bottle. I could see it start to work and gradually get a nice white foam. I mixed up between 600 and 700 of flour or so, and had four big loaves and three rolls. I am very well satisfied with it for the first trial, and, needless to say, two different neighbors borrowed bread from me, so I had to start to-day and make another lot for to-morrow morning. Each one reckoned it was good. I can say I am satisfied and it is not hard to do—Mrs. E.P. Stockings, S.A., June 21, 1934.

A CHILD CAN UNDERSTAND DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE

If you want a healthier digestion, a normal appetite and regular daily elimination of body waste, we can supply you with one month's supply of the purest Dehydrated Yeast packed in dose pots and defining the best obtainable, and sold with no other pay guarantee for 10/-.

It contains the much-discussed essential VITAMINS "B" and "D," and is a recognized remedy for all STOMACH TROUBLES, INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIC DEBILITY, BLOOD IMPURITIES, COLIC, CATHARTIC, and the cause of nearly all complaints, CONSTIPATION. For children, it makes bone, muscle, tissue, stops teeth decay, keeps the complexion free from pimples and gives them that clear, healthy appearance. WHEN YOU BAKE WITH EASY-BAKE you receive the MEDICINAL benefit in your Scones, Muffins, Cake, Bread, etc. 1/- trial packet for Baking purposes will convince you (great treat). Distributors to the Overseas throughout Victoria by HENRY BERRY & CO. PTY. LTD., Collins Street, Melbourne.

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1 Shredded Yeast and P.H. or sponge for 1/- trial. Baking 1/9, 1lb. 2/-, 5/-, 10/-.

Excepting the 1/9 packet the prices are wholesale, saving you 4/- No risk is taken, as EASY-BAKE keeps 12 months. Please write plainly, in block letters. Save the empty packets—we buy them from you, 2/- each.

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If you have had luck at games, love, business—you should carry a pair of Myrtle Braden's Rubic Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil or misfortune, and the other to attract much good luck, love, happiness and prosperity. Packed by return mail. Price 4/6 pair. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase if not fully satisfied. V. B. Hazzett, 139 Macquarie St., Potts Point, Sydney, N.S.W.

PARENTS SHOULD KNOW THIS

HOW TO SAVE MONEY BY MAKING FAMILY COUGH REMEDY.

It is essential that all parents should know how to save money by making their own family cough remedy that will prove safe and effective for every member of the family from the youngest baby up to the oldest adult. Here is the recipe, given by a leading chemist: Into a jug put four tablespoonfuls of sugar, three of either treacle or honey, two of vinegar, and a large breakfast cupful of warm water, stir till dissolved, and, when cold, pour into a large bottle. Then add a bottle of concentrated HEEZNO. (It costs 2/- at all leading chemists and stores), and you will have a family supply equal to eight ordinary-sized bottles of the usual remedies for chest and throat ailments, which if purchased in single bottles would cost up to £1. You will be astounded at the speedy way HEEZNO soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and banishes coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza, and whooping cough. Make it a practice to always have HEEZNO in your home.

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TEST this wonderful method in your own home and if it doesn't develop you—send me your name. I want you to try it! I want you to PROVE to hundreds of other women have proved, that you can fill out those hollows and remedy the bony appearance.

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Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

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HIMS, Ancient and Modern

Continued from Page 8

AFTER a shrewd glance at the door he quickly took up the thing and put it in his pocket, then, since George might appear at any moment, he retired with it to his own room, where sitting on the bed he slit the envelope and dipped his finger in. "Dear Sir," (he read)—"Your letter addressed to 'Daphne' and intended for my daughter was delivered here to-night, and in her absence for the evening I opened it myself, as the mode of address struck me as unusual."

"I need hardly say that it came as a shock to read such a letter over my daughter's signature, and I appreciate your assurance that you had not read the whole of it."

"I consider it my duty to take care that the letter is neither re-written, nor re-posted. I shall consider whether to confront my daughter with it or not. But I assure you I am indeed grateful that I never reached the intended recipient."

"Yours truly,"

"WILLIAM J. CHALLONER."

On this occasion it must be admitted that there was shown upon Tony's countenance a much more noticeable expression of concern.

His eyebrows seemed to have gone up half an inch, and his lips hung apart, which fact took from his face much of the character which in the ordinary way made it attractive; a moment or so later this character returned, intensified, for his gorge was rising, and with it his determination.

William J. when she came in last evening?

Was she calling Anthony Bevington every rude name she knew, and stamping on her bedroom floor, and talking of running away? Or was she still ignorant of what had happened and lying between the sheets in silk pyjamas of a pastel shade, one rounded arm behind her head, her eyes still closed in blissful sleep, and some souvenir of that fool George beneath her pillow?

Thoughts of this nature suddenly presented to Tony Bevington the fanciful picture of a girl so sentimental as to have kept, say, bus tickets which would commemorate some ride taken in George's company; he was not amused; he was slightly incredulous and rather snuffy about it. George, of all people!

Well, anyway, what was he to do about it?—that was the point.

First he thought of telephoning the house; then he realised that William J. would probably not leave until nearly ten o'clock for his city office, even if he went to such a place; he must be more circumspect than that. He had better call. Yes, that was it. He would go round in person, tip-toeing up the steps and ringing very gingerly, would ask to see the girl herself.

Whenever he had settled any little problem to his liking Tony was always swiftly cheerful; he now began to think again of breakfast, but decided that to avoid too long a chat with George he would dress first. He did so, humming

MAKING Hubby the Handyman

From Our Special Correspondent, LONDON.



PRACTICAL instruction at special evening classes here is designed to make young husbands handy men in the home. For instance, they will not have to spend anxious moments on top of a step-ladder wondering if the fuse wire will explode.

Instruction is given in the use of modern labor-saving appliances in the home and what to do if they go wrong.

"With so many houses fitted throughout with electricity it is becoming more and more necessary for young men and women to know what to do if the appliances go wrong," said a member of the Education Committee.

In addition, students are taught how to keep fit, at special "keep fit" classes.

Young wives are also taught the best way to prepare dinners for their husbands.

Whom, he would like to know, did William J. Chaloner think he was? A very pompous parent, this! In fact, a pompous ass.

Good Lord, it was bad enough from the poor girl's point of view that he himself had opened the letter in the first place; it was preposterous if such an intimate missive were to be used as a shuttlecock in a game, by post, and read by every player before being batted back. He was hotly on the girl's side in this matter. Hotly and wholly.

And another thing. He had particularly said he hadn't read the letter and now this silly snob wrote back and gave him a very fair idea what had been in it. Well, as a matter of fact, he had read a good deal of it, because it had opened "Darling," which might have been himself quite easily, and had only ceased when he realised that it dealt with affairs of which he had no knowledge, and was signed by somebody whose name he did not know; yet, by the way in which William J. had written back, the fellow more or less implied that he must have read it, and had better know at once that Daphne's father would not tolerate such purple passages at any price.

He looked up from his second reading of the letter with a little line like an apostrophe between his eyebrows, and his mouth compressed.

He conjured up a mental picture of the scene just now at Cornish Place. This girl, whose handwriting was well suited to the composition of intriguing letters and who underlined "darling" every time she used the word, was perhaps wondering whether a note from George had arrived by this morning's post. Or was she, on the contrary, looking back upon a sleepless and tearful night, following upon a scene with

to himself, and before he was ready George put his nose round the corner of the door.

"Will you be in this evening, Tony?"

"I think not."

"Oh," said George, disappointedly.

"Well, I wanted to talk to you, but in that case I suppose I had better see you in the morning."

DAPHNE CHALONER was early awake. Her tea arrived and with it her maid, who drew the curtains and displayed a wintry sky, but a fine one.

"What," said Daphne, "is the time?"

And when Daphne asked a little thing like this the effect upon a male ear was to make the listener feel that he would drive all the way to Greenwich at 20 m.p.h. to find it out for her and come back with it written down and signed and dated, if only that would get him a good mark in her estimation. "What is the time?" Daphne would say, and everyone would rush off in opposite directions looking for clocks.

But Daphne's maid was not male, and she answered simply that it was half-past six.

"I rather like getting up at all times," said Daphne Chaloner. "Everything seems different. Let's have a look."

She swung her legs out of bed, hoisted herself behind them, and walked to the window, looking out upon the world as if she had arrived last night and this were really Paris. Her hair was tousled, her cheeks were pink, her arms were pale and rounded; she stood unconsciously, as if displaying favourably the latest in creations for a honeymoon, and then she swung about.

"Is the bath ready?"

"Yes, miss."

Please turn to Page 34

MOTHERS Start Unique School TUCK SHOP

Nourishing Meals for Children

Medical and educational authorities have frequently drawn attention to the tendency of school children to spend their pennies on inferior confections that undermine their health, rather than to buy nourishing food.

A Mothers' Club in a New South Wales country town has taken steps that will overcome this, and also provide meals for school children who, through economic circumstances, are receiving inadequate nourishment at home.

By MRS. R. R. S. MACKINNON, Founder of the Junior Red Cross in Australia.

IN the playground of the Intermediate High School at Inverell, there is a kiosk of charming design whose open windows are an invitation to all the children of the school who wish to participate in the good things served there each day by the volunteers of the Mothers' Club.

The idea of the club is to provide lunches for the schoolchildren which shall be absolutely well-balanced so that any child who partakes of this meal will receive all the vitamins essentially necessary for twenty-four hours.

It is also designed to provide suitable food for children who have not adequate nourishment at home owing to difficult circumstances, and matters are so arranged that no one knows who has paid for their lunch and who has not.



THE SCHOOL KIOSK

Every morning the teachers ask the children who wishes for lunch at the kiosk. In addition to those who give their names, she herself adds the names of those whom she thinks would benefit by the lunch, and red tickets are given to each child. The numbers from each class are sent out to the kiosk and provision is made accordingly.

The whole matter is very well organised and was originated by Mrs. Liggins, wife of Dr. Liggins of Inverell, who is intensely interested in the welfare of children. Three different voluntary workers, members of the Mothers' Club, give their services every morning for five days a week, and their work has interested the big hotels of the New England town. Every day large cans of soup are sent up from one or other of these establishments.

A CUP of soup or a cup of cocoa may be obtained for the sum of 1d., while a packet of sandwiches of four rounds of bread, made of wholemeal, with egg, lettuce, cheese, banana, jam, and date fillings, are given to each child for the sum of 3d. This is the winter menu. In summer, fruit cup or milk shake replaces the soup and cocoa.

Every day 15 loaves of wholemeal bread are used, four pounds of butter, four gallons of milk, three gallons of soup, oranges, lemons, eggs, bananas, and four head of lettuce. The sandwiches are wrapped in greaseproof paper of which 5lb. is used a week. Cheese is another popular item, and 7lb. is used a fortnight. Donations of cocoa, jam, and eggs are sometimes given, but all the other goods are purchased. The whole matter has the complete approval of the Minister and Director of Education.

A feature of the kiosk is that it has wooden flaps or shutters on four of its octagonal sides which let down when the children come to be served, and when put into place do away with any fear of breakages or injury with football or other games of the children.

In addition to this activity, the Mothers' Club has opened a room in the town where no food is given, but reasonable arrangements are made with the tearoom close by. In this room, however, mothers may rest and leave their parcels and take their children while in town, and it is largely used and much appreciated. In pre-natal cases, too, the Mothers' Club shows its sympathetic care by providing a room where a mother may spend a few weeks before going into hospital, and where provision is made for small cooking arrangements, and so on.

Altogether the Mothers' Club of Inverell has within its ranks some of the finest and most self-sacrificing women it has been my good fortune to meet.

Brings YOUTH and BEAUTY while you sleep

Try this Doctor's Recipe To-night, and see the Amazing Difference To-morrow morning

Thanks to this marvelous discovery, lines can be made to disappear and the skin regain its youthful beauty. Science has long known that it is the loss of certain vital elements from the skin which causes lines and wrinkles. These precious substances can now be restored by the amazing, recently found method of Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna.

Extracted from the skin of carefully selected young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal, "Bioel" the active principle of living cells is contained in Crème Tokalon (Greasy). By its use an aging, faded skin can quickly be nourished and rejuvenated—allow complexion made clear and fresh. Try Crème Tokalon containing "Bioel" to-night. Even by to-morrow morning you will see an amazing difference in the clearness and freshness of your skin. After one month's use, you will look at least ten years younger.



MRS. R. R. S. MACKINNON

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Crème Tokalon

FUGITIVE HOUR SMUGGLERS are NOT Always MEN

How Women Try to Trick the Customs Officers

The high tariff on imported goods, and the prohibition against opium and certain other drugs from the East, for which very high prices are obtainable in Australia, are inducements to daring men and women to flout the Customs laws by smuggling dutiable or forbidden goods into this country.

DETECTION entails a heavy penalty, while success means big money to the smuggler.

So many stories have been written of smugglers and their ways that there is almost a romance attaching to the name.

In earlier days the smuggler of contraband goods into Australian ports had things almost his own way, but with modern, fast, water transport and an alert body of Customs officers watching every boat that arrives in Australian waters, the lot of the smuggler has been

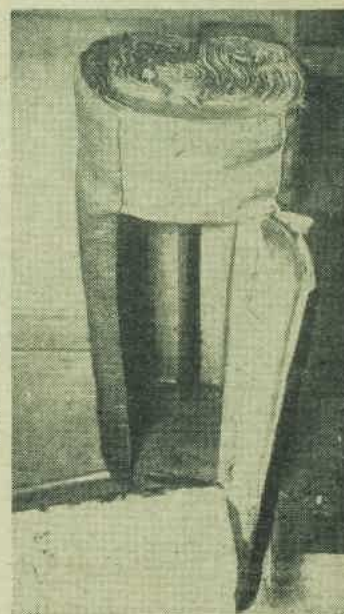
a petticoat specially constructed with pockets all round the bottom hem. In the pockets were about 13 pounds of opium, which would have realised a good sum of money in Australia. Opium at the time was worth about £8 a tin.

WITH the increased efficiency of the Customs officers it devolves on the smuggler to find ways and means of outwitting them, and some of the methods adopted by Chinese smugglers, and in which they have been detected, have been ingenious and original.

In view of the difficulty Customs



ABOVE: Customs officials preparing to search a vessel for smuggled goods.



AT RIGHT: A novel method of smuggling goods past the Customs officers. A parcel of jute bags disguised this secret container for drugs and cigarettes.

made extremely difficult and dangerous. Women are often used by smugglers as a means of getting goods ashore duty free, and many cases have been detected of ingenious devices used by them to outwit the Customs Department.

Women under suspicion are searched by female officers of the Customs Department or by policemen if any are available at the time.

Recently a traveller from England came ashore with a very valuable fur coat which she declared was her own personal property. Suspicion was aroused afterwards, and when inquiries were made it was found that the sleeves of the coat were about three inches too long for her, and that it had been brought from England for a friend.

A prosecution followed, the woman was convicted and heavily fined, and in addition, she lost the coat, which the Court ordered to be confiscated.

Another woman on an Eastern boat was found, when searched, to have a quantity of snakeskins wound round her body. The skins were rare and valuable for the manufacture of shoes and handbags, and a hint to the Customs Department was responsible for their being found.

In another case a woman who arrived in Sydney on an American boat was found on search to be wearing half a dozen pairs of undies and to have her blouse well padded in front with some dozens of pairs of expensive silk stockings which the Customs declined to accept as personal effects.

A woman who came ashore from a boat from Hongkong was noticed by an observant official to be walking rather awkwardly. She was detained and searched, and it was found that she had

Saving...

As an occupation in declining years, I declare I think saving is useful, amusing, and not unbecoming. It must be a perpetual amusement. It is a game that can be played by day, by night, at home and abroad, and at which you must win in the long run... what an interest it imparts to life!—Thackeray.

"AN a man livin' over there, he that's the doctor," with a nod towards Doctor Alvis' house, "is goin' to pay the license as soon as the pup is old enough."

Sylvia smiled. That was just what she would have expected of Dr. Alvis, who hated what he thought her to be—an idle, inquisitive young woman—but loved his poor.

She smiled down at Gubby and said: "I'll buy your dog a collar—a green one, eh, Gubby?"

"Oh—Miss!" Gratitude, pleasure and wonder were like lamps lit in his dancing eyes.

Sylvia bought a collar and lead, and gave it to him. A few days after that, looking out of the carriage window as the train went over the canal bridge, she saw Gubby leading by a green lead a small brown puppy. She caught Bill's arm, smiling.

"Look, Bill, one of those boys has got a dog."

"Lot of rubbish," Bill snapped. "He'll only ill-treat it, or else it'll starve."

Gubby ill-treat the puppy. Gubby, whose blue eyes had been lit with love and happiness when he had announced he was going to have a dog. Gubby, whose warm, generous mouth was as tender and sweet as a girl's! Gubby was the kind to protect an animal with his own life. She knew. But she said nothing to Bill. She just sat there, smiling.

THAT very evening Bill came round—a new Bill. He tossed his hat on to a chair and sent his gloves hurtling after it. Sylvia watched him astounded. This was a new Bill.

"I've got a rise," he said, "a very substantial one."

"I'm so glad." Her eyes took warmth as she looked at him. She was glad, for his sake. Dear, steady old Bill. His firm must think a lot of him to give him a rise in these hard times.

He drew her towards him.

"There is something I want to ask you—something important. Can you guess, Sylvia?"

As though, thought Sylvia, a woman couldn't guess what a man had to say by the very light in his eyes! Nevertheless, she pretended she didn't know.

"Will you marry me?"

Silence. The question she had wanted and yet dreaded had come. She turned her head away and said in a very quiet voice:

"I don't love you, Bill."

He gave an easy laugh.

"I know you, Sylvia, and your crazy romantic ideal of love. I don't want that. Love is an affection, a fondness. I am fond of you, and I feel that you are fond of me. We get on together. We don't quarrel."

But love was more than that. Love was something bigger than Bill would ever be able to understand.

"Will you marry me, Sylvia?"

She said slowly, with her hand to her throat:

"I can't tell you now. Bill—we—I mean—will you give me until to-morrow?"

"Funny kid," he laughed. "Very well. But listen, Sylvia"—he drew her on to the settee, and still with his arm round her, went on—"don't you realise it'll be a much better life for you than being here alone? We'd have the flat I'm in now—it's nice and cheap."

"The flat you are in now?" She broke in with wide, astonished eyes. He knew how she hated it, that dark, depressing place that looked on to a blank wall but to which Bill clung because it was cheap. Or had he forgotten? She gave him the benefit of that doubt. He'd forgotten, surely, how she hated it.

But he was laughing.

"Decent little flat. You'll get to like it in time. You see, to live there would save the expense of moving, and premium and new decorations."

"I couldn't—live there."

He frowned.

"You're fussy, Sylvia, and it's so silly. Give me an answer to-morrow when you've had time to think things over calmly and quietly. In the meantime, Sylvia, what about some of your delicious coffee? You're a genius at coffee-making, you know."

She went quietly about the coffee-making, she went quietly about everything that evening, for she was thinking: "To stay here in loneliness would be better than to be forced to live in that awful flat of Bill's." And fast upon that came the realisation that Bill was mean. He could afford another flat, just as, during all these months he could have afforded to take her out occasionally to coffee or to tea. But he had scarcely ever done so, declaring that it was "much more cozy here." "Here" being Sylvia's flat!

HOT HOLBROOK says: "When appetite is very alert, Holbrook's Sauce will put it right." The World's Appearances.

Continued from Page 11

THAT night, as Bill was going, she said quietly: "Don't hope, Bill, I—shan't marry you. You see, our ideas are not the same."

And Bill, flicking her cheek playfully, answered:

"I've taken you by surprise. Give me your answer to-morrow, after you've thought it over."

But when the morning came Sylvia still knew that she could not marry Bill, not if the world's worst loneliness faced her. She couldn't even meet him that morning, so she caught an earlier train and resolved to go down to the canal-side and have a look at Gubby's mongrel puppy.

When she arrived the boys were all there except Gubby. She looked round for him and saw him tearing madly towards them, on the heels of a small brown dog who, with excited yelps, was making for the water, a brand-new lead trailing behind him.

Gubby was shouting something inaudible. Sylvia, however, guessed that he wanted someone to stop his dog. But before anyone could do anything, the puppy had plunged into the water.

Without a second's hesitation the boy was in the water after him. The puppy, being a water-dog, was enjoying him-

tiny cup of hot coffee. She telephoned to her employer and explained matters, promising to be up before lunch, if possible. And then, with two hours to wait, she settled herself down to read.

Dr. Alvis, however, came in and apologised to her for his previous reception of her.

WHEN he had gone, Sylvia sat there in the blouse that was too full for her and the skirt that was too wide, and read. People seemed to come and go—patients, tradesmen, friends. And then the door opened. A voice said:

"Sylvia. Sylvia Trent!"

Her face went white, and then red. She rose to her feet, heedless of her ridiculous appearance. Her head went back. A light shone in her eyes.

"Peter!" she whispered. "Peter Chance!" He came towards her.

"I meant to find you—some day. I have only just come in. Alvis has just told me."

"But how is it you're—here?"

"Do you remember in the boat you told me about this place where the boys begged for pennies? And you told me of one small boy in particular whom you liked? When I returned from America I came down here to see for myself because what you told me interested me. And when I came

REBELLION

WHAT would you do if the housewives struck. If these cogs in the household ran amuck. And kicked the bucket, and banged the mop, and shouted aloud, "This game must stop—We have had enough of the daily grind, With the wear of body, and heart, and mind."



We want to have some of those things we crave, And we don't want to worry, and skimp and save! We're tired of the daily, drab routine, With its endless mandate of sweep and clean; We are tired of meekness and being resigned, To a woman's lot from a fate unkind. We are sick of cooking, the smell of food, With a hungry crowd as an interlude.

"We want to get out and bang the door, And vow we will work and slave no more! Alas, we weaken, and meekly say, 'I will do my best in the house to-day, It's my bounden duty, this daily task, And all that a balanced mind should ask.' So the war goes on with the good and bad, My better self, and the other lad, That little devil that spurs me on, When the nice kind 'me' for the time is gone! And so I guess till the end of things, When the weary housewife has found her wings, And far from houses will rise and soar To that place where drudgery reigns no more!"

—B. M. LeQ.

self. Gubby, however, thought the dog couldn't swim, and was making frantic efforts to reach him. Suddenly the boy flung up his hands. In a moment Sylvia realised that the boy couldn't swim more than three or four strokes. It took not three seconds for her hat and coat and shoes to be flung off, and Sylvia was in the water, swimming with long, steady strokes towards the boy.

She reached him in about four strokes.

"It's all right, Gubby, don't clutch," she gasped.

With an effort she brought him back to the shore. A crowd had gathered from nowhere. Gubby was half exhausted. Dr. Alvis, rushing out of his house, picked the boy up and, calling to Sylvia to follow, led the way into the house.

Before a small fire he brought the color back into Gubby's face and the warmth into the small limbs. Gubby's first question was for the puppy. Trying to explain to the boy that his kind of dog could swim, Doctor Alvis took him to the kitchen where the puppy was being dried, finding it a great game.

A housekeeper fussed round Sylvia bringing her hot towels and a blouse and skirt from her own wardrobe to wear while her things were drying. She had to drink something that was hot but that tasted horrid. After that she was brought chocolate biscuits and a

I knew that this was the sort of place I should like to work in if I could. So I went to Dr. Alvis and had a talk to him. The result was that I joined him, and I've found that he's the finest man I've ever met."

"You didn't—write," was Sylvia's comment.

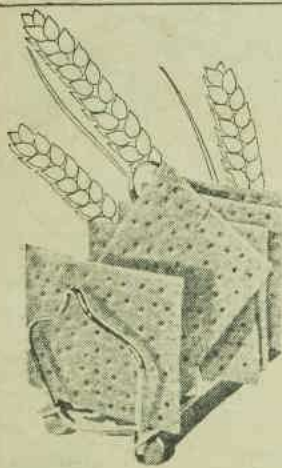
"One day, on the boat, I realised that I had no money and no position—nothing to offer you except my love; so I tore your address up before I'd even looked at it. I knew that otherwise I'd be tempted to write to you. Then (things usually happen like this, my dear), when I returned to England, my uncle heard that my training had taken all my capital and he gave me a thousand pounds. It would have come to me on his death, so he thought I might as well have it when I wanted it."

"But it was too late. I had lost you. And yet, my Sylvia, I had a feeling that somehow I'd find you. I think it was a great deal to do with the fact that you came here often that made me choose this place to work in. I felt that I'd find you here. It was a queer sort of faith that I had—the faith that removes mountains."

"Faith, Peter Chance, that took the form of small boys shouting for pennies. If it hadn't been for them—"

"Canal banks or ships in Southern seas, what do places matter? Only love matters, Sylvia," he said, and kissed her.

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HIMS, Ancient and Modern

Continued from Page 34

"N. O. At least, not that sort. He's all right. Only, you see, you wrote to him."

Her eyes went a slight shade darker; they began to look him over; a tiny pucker showed in her forehead. What sort of person was this? A friend? Or was it blackmail . . . ?

"And," she said, "why not?"

"No reason why not," Tony answered with increasing awkwardness, "but the unfortunate part is that I opened it."

"You mean you read my letter?"

"I didn't read it, no. I saw it wasn't meant for me. And you see, I live with George."

"Well, what happened then, was he annoyed?"

"He doesn't know it. I didn't like to give it to him. I was afraid he'd think I must have read it, and so eventually I sent it back to you asking you if you'd write it all over again, so that it went to him straightforwardly . . . but I didn't know your name, so I addressed it Daphne, and . . . your father got it."

She was scarcely taking her eyes off his face; he did not know whether she was alarmed, annoyed, or merely puzzled; at least she was interested and the frown had not gone from her brow.

"How do you know?"

"He wrote this to me."

Tony produced the forbidding document and offered it to Daphne, who took it and read it through; she looked up at him, then looked down again at the letter from William J.

"Well," she said quietly but significantly, "this is a nice thing, isn't it?"

"I feel I've put my foot in it properly."

"It looks a bit like that, I must say."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am. Of course, once I'd opened the thing my sole idea was to put matters right. I'd no idea this would happen, and this morning, realising what it would lead to, I waited until I thought your father would be out, and then I went round to your house to try and see you."

"I went early."

"Yes, I discovered that, but your maid gave me the address . . . and only just in time . . . your father came down then and caught me."

"What did he say?"

"He seemed to think I was George Barling."

"Did you say you weren't?"

"I said my name was Smith and that I travelled in silk stockings, but I don't think he believed it, somehow."

She gave him a side glance.

"No," she said, "I don't suppose he would." She was folding up the letter and tapping her knuckles with it.

"That'll be something to look forward to when I go back."

"You don't think he'll follow you down here?"

"He might do. He may prefer to store it up against me. His rows improve with keeping." She was still pensive. "It was nice of you to have come all this way, anyhow, to warn me. I'm glad I know. And so George never got the letter?"

"H. E. doesn't know you wrote. That's what I thought I'd better let you know, and, of course, he doesn't know that I know anything at all about it."

"I may be wrong," said Daphne, "but I don't quite see why you couldn't have passed it over to him. After all, I don't suppose you read it, did you? He would have given you credit for not doing that."

"I don't quite think he would," said Tony. "You see, for one thing, while I was opening it, I unfortunately dipped the corner of it into my tea, so that he'd know I'd opened it out, and as you didn't even start 'Dear George' I went some way before I began to feel there must be something wrong. He'd know that, and it would have made things awkward."

"From your point of view?"

"Well, no, from George's. You see . . . I know George pretty well."

She gave him another look, then turned away and presently looked at the clock.

"You must have had a long wait. What time did you get here?"

"Oh, I had lunch on the way, and turned up early this afternoon. That didn't matter."

"You must need tea. Or is it too late? You'd like a whisky and soda, perhaps. Or, look here, must you go back at once? I mean . . . they'd love you to stay to dinner, I know."

Tony drew attention humbly to his clothes.

"I'm afraid I haven't a change. I didn't mean to stay, and I came as I was."

"Of course. That doesn't matter a bit. They'd understand. Of course they will. The question is whether you're in a hurry. This wants thinking over."

I'll have to send some message to George, by you, I think . . . at any rate if I can't do that I'll have to write another letter for you to post."

She raised her eyes to him and he was suddenly aware that if she asked him to stand on his head he would most cheerfully attempt the feat, though, curiously enough, it was one he had never been able to accomplish, even in his schooldays.

He confronted her accordingly with something like restrained devotion. She said:

"Can you stay . . . to give me time to think it over while I dress?"

He nodded. "Yes, rather. I'll do anything. It's all my fault, and if you like I'll go up to town now and tell George all about it, and bring an answer back before you go to bed to-night!"

Her smile was a very acceptable reward.

"That is very sweet of you. Look, sit down there by the fire, and I'll tell them to bring you a whisky and soda. Or, wait a minute, I'd better introduce you. Here, come with me, and meet some people. What did you say your name was? Smith?"

"No, Bevington."

Although he was supposed to be in conversation, it was on Daphne that his attention was still concentrated as she went up the stairs.

The fascinating tone of her voice lingered in his ears; he could still feel those blue eyes looking seriously into his; he could see again the faultless freshness of her skin; even though there had been mud on her shoes and stockings; even though her hair was flopping and her hands showed hints of climbing fences.

Fancy a girl like this writing a letter like that . . . to George!

Somebody was addressing him. They said:

"Will you say when, Mr. Bevington?"

SHE had been quick, and she came straight across to Tony. "Well, that's more comfortable. I just had a bath, that's about all. I shan't dress for dinner until afterwards."

She laid a confiding hand on his arm and directed him across to the hall to a more distant seat; there she steered him into an arm-chair and herself sat on the window sill, framed by the curtains she looked infatigable; the wave had come back into her hair, and her feet were swinging wistfully. She looked down at him from under level brows, and then, as if she were asking him to assist her in some secret rag, she said:

"Listen, now, are you on my side, or aren't you?"

"Oh!" he said. It was the shortest, quickest, and most definite answer; he folded his hands round his knee and looked up at her for a first idea.

"You've really got no idea what sort of person I am?"

Said Tony: "I can see."

Said she: "Do you mind telling me, absolutely honestly, as one chap to another, how much of that letter you read?"

"I should think," said Tony, unaffectedly, "I must have read about half."

"I forget which half was the most thrilling," said Daphne. "I wish you had brought it here. I'd have run through it. I suppose father read the lot. It's funny, isn't it, how unsporting a parent is? But I'm not concerned so much with the fact that George hasn't seen the letter as with the fact that father has. Do you think it would be the slightest use my saying that I had written two letters that night and had inadvertently slipped them into wrong envelopes? You see, fortunately, I don't think I mentioned George's name once. As far as I remember I kept saying 'Darling.'"

"That's quite correct," said Tony, "and you underlined it every time."

"Yes, that was supposed to be a whisper."

"And might I ask," said Tony, "whom, in that case, you would say the letter was intended for?"

For one wild moment he thought it barely possible that she might sweetly say "For you" . . . in which case he was ready to leap out of his chair and clutch her hand. However, there would have been but little point in this device; her father would not, he feared, be much more pleased to find his daughter thus addressing Tony Bevington than he had been to find her writing to George Barling.

"Well, I should say," she answered sedately, "that it was written to a man called Sammy Simpson, and in case you don't know who he is, he's sitting over there now in breeches and walters, rather thin on top and rather freckled, and he's the heir to a very big estate round here and I am supposed to be sort of engaged to him."

Please turn to Page 37

Why Doctors insist on a LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

If you have ever been a patient in any hospital you will know that laxatives are usually given in liquid form.

Doctors prefer a liquid laxative because the dose can be measured exactly to the patient's needs and its action is therefore under control.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learnt that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

Laxatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs should never be given to children. Give them a safe laxative, a gentle liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is recommended.

"California Syrup of Figs" does not cause bowel strain to the most delicate system, and this is of the utmost importance to expectant mothers and to every child.

All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with "California Syrup of Figs". It is a delicious-tasting laxative of sure and easy action. No synthetic chemicals; just a natural vegetable laxative. All children love the wholesome fruity flavour.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 24 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig."



PICTURES Worth Framing

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for

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"I've no patience with people who are content with a wash that's only half white!" Washing gets the things clean, but you can never get that beautiful white without the blue rinse. Just blue water for the last rinse—could anything be easier!

Make sure it's Reckitt's Blue you buy—see a label on every knob and Reckitt's name on every label.

Reckitt's BLUE
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



THERE was great excitement at Mushroom Grove. Everyone was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the three little pigs. Tommy, Tuppy, and Teddy were their names, and they were continually being chased by a nasty big wolf.

As the clock in the hall chimed six, and they had not put in an appearance, Wunderlust began to get a little worried. "H'm. I don't like it," said Wunderlust, "they should be here by now. I think I shall go out and look for them myself."

"I'll come with you," said Fred. "Good, come along," said Wunderlust, making his way to the front door. Fred followed, and soon the two were briskly walking down the street. Not a word was spoken for at least a few minutes, then Wunderlust broke the silence.

"I heard recently that the big bad wolf has a twin brother, and that he is quite a jovial kind of a fellow, and does many good deeds for people, but does not like anyone to know about them."

"Yes," said Fred, "that rumor has been about for a long time, but I hardly think it is true. For surely, if he really lived we would hear about him sometimes, or see him now and again."

"No, no," said Wunderlust, "I am quite determined that he does live, and as he detests publicity of any kind that is why we never hear about him."

"It's a great shame we don't," said Fred, "everybody is frightened of wolves nowadays, because they have heard so much about the big bad wolf."

"Yes; it is a great pity," went on Wunderlust, "I wish I could do something to stop people saying horrid things about wolves. But, who's coming on the other side of the road?"

"Why, it's the three little pigs," said Fred, "but look, look who they have with them—it's the big bad wolf!"

Wunderlust and Fred stopped as if rooted to the ground.

"Ha, ha, ha," said Tommy, the fattest of the little pigs, "don't be afraid of our big good wolf. He's our very best friend. Why, he helps us build our houses, and chases his brother away every time he comes near us."

Wunderlust smiled and came nearer to the wolf, then said, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Wolf, I've heard quite a lot about you."

"What," answered Mr. Wolf, in a gruff voice, "who told you?"

"Oh," said Wunderlust, almost apologetically, "everyone has heard of your goodness, and it's only right they should hear more about you."

"Have they really," said the good wolf. "I thought everybody was afraid of me. Why, wherever I go people seem to run from me."

"They will never do that again," said Wunderlust, "and I doubt if they ever did at Mushroom Grove, for they always spoke well of you, and when I finish telling people of your good deeds everyone will want to be one of your friends."

"I would dearly love to live at Mushroom Grove," said the good wolf pleadingly. "I am not happy living as I live now."

"You will certainly live there, then," said Wunderlust soothingly, "and I know everyone there will love and respect you."

Wunderlust then smiled his happy smile, and within a short period all Mushroom Grove was talking of the good wolf's goodness.



THE BAD WOLF



Connie's Letter

MY Dear Pals,—

Last Saturday I learnt how to play such a jolly game. It is called "The Nonsense Picture Game," and causes a great deal of fun. Here is how it is played:—



Introducing Doug Nicholson, of Rose Bay.

Each member of your party is given a sheet of paper and a pencil. Then all players are asked to put five dots on their papers, placing them anywhere they like. They must not be too close, nor absurdly distant; they must just be a couple of inches apart. When all the papers are ready they should be collected and mixed up. Following this, they are dealt out, one to each player. This game is to draw a human being, a man, a woman, a child, or a baby, using one dot for the mouth, two for the hands, and two for the feet.

Of course, the person who draws the best picture is the winner of the game.

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to Rita Griffith (10), Carrum Downs, via Frankston, Vic. Rita's letter, besides being very interesting, was neatly written and well expressed.

Well, good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,

From your Pal, CONNIE.

Go Hiking!

By MAURICE CAHILL

PACK up some lunch in the old haversack. Fasten it firmly and straight on the back. Look up the guide book, decide on the track. For this is the weather for hiking.

The bush birds are calling, the breeze fresh and free. The road winds ahead, leading on to the sea; Happy together, all good friends are we, cheerily singing while hiking.

Homeward we turn at the close of the day. The sun sinks to rest, and the moon lights the way.

Tired? Yes, but happy, is what we all say. Happy because we've been hiking. Prize of 5/- to Maudie Cahill (18), 4 Muttama Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W., for this original verse.

FUNNY NOTICES

Wanted, a piano for a lady with mahogany legs. Found a ten shilling note by a man all crumpled up. Prize Card to Emil Rotes, Douglas St., Oxley, Qld.



MY PLAYMATES. Prize of 5/- to Mary McInnes (13), 101 Windsor Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., for this clever sketch.

FOR FUN & FANCY

MARY. Mamma, there is a new name on that house down the road.

Mother. What is the name, Mary?

Mary. Vacancies.

Prize Card to Bessie Dick, Wallace St. Fern Hill, via Cootham, N.S.W.

Mother. It's no use pretending the ants have eaten the jam; there are no ants in the pot at all.

Small Son. That's funny. I put a whole matchbox of 'em in myself.

Prize Card to Joan Small, 2 Oxenfold St., Parkside, S.A.

Percy. Oh, dear, I've forgotten what I wanted in the basket.

Shopkeeper. What basket?

Percy. Goodness, I've forgotten the basket.

Prize Card to Jessie McAllister, 26 Hanney St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

An American, an Australian, and an Englishman were boasting, and the Englishman said:

"We have potatoes a yard thick because of the climate," and the Australian said:

"We have pumpkins as big that they take two horses to carry them!" and the American said:

"That's nothing; we have buildings a hundred stories high, and no ladders, stairs, or lifts, and people living at the top." And the Englishman said:

"How do they get there?" And the American said:

"Climb it." (Climate.) Prize Card to Gladys Roberts, Bradley St., Guyra, N.S.W.

IE DIDN'T MATTER Little Nellie, with arms spread well across the table, and with her little tongue out, was bending over a piece of paper on which she made queer little dots and marks.

"Darling," cried Mother, as she came into the room, "what are you doing?"

"Oh, just writing to Kitty Brown," said Nellie.

"But, dearest, you don't know how to write!"

"No, Mamma," replied Little Nellie, "but what does that matter? Kitty Brown can't read."

Prize Card to Marie Carshaw, Bendigo, S.A.

A CATCH Turned long ago, yet made to-day. Employed while others sleep: What few would like to give away. Not any wish to keep.

Answer: A bed. Prize Card to Helen Reed, 99 Holden St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

EVERY DAY

CAN you remember a day on which you did not buy something? Actually, EVERY day is a spending day, even if no money passes, because each day must bear its proportion of such running costs as rent, electric and gas service, wear and tear of clothing, and so on!

Everyone tries to earn as much as possible, and to spend as little as possible when spending is necessary, and, after all, real thrift is usually practised in spending.

Surely a thought can be given to the other kind of thrift on at least one day a week—pay-day—the kind of thrift which operates from a determination to put away at least a small sum that will NOT be spent.

Put the small sums in a Savings Bank account to accumulate, to bear interest, and to be available when really needed.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

HIMS, Ancient and Modern

Continued from Page 35

FEELING a little like a ventriloquist doll, Tony allowed his neck to turn while keeping his eyes upon her till the last moment.

"I suppose," he said, "you mean your father has selected him."

"That's what I mean," said Daphne. "Is he a pretty awful chap, then?"

"There's a long way to go between being pretty awful, and adorable. I'm not in love with him. But I was thinking in desperation that if father thought I had written like that to him he'd be delighted, and that's another funny thing. The same letter, you see, but disgusting if addressed to one man and entirely proper if to another!"

"Then Sammy Simpson would presumably have had the letter which you meant for George. Would he play the game, and produce one?"

"No, that's the trouble. I'm afraid he wouldn't. Sammy, you see, takes me for granted. I mean the families are all for it, and whenever I come here everyone pairs off and leaves me with him, and I don't see how I'm to get over an explanation of the fact that I had written like that to anybody else. I don't see how he could play up and keep any self-respect. I suppose he'd say I had ruined his life and then father would be just as furious as ever."

"Do you particularly mind about your father?"

"I mind to this extent . . . that at the least provocation father cuts off my allowance. I hate being cut off like that. So what I've been doing so far is to play for time, and hope something will turn up to save me."

"Well, now," said Tony . . . "If I might make a suggestion . . ."

He stopped. A maid was coming across the floor, and she halted in front of Daphne.

"Excuse me, miss, the police are here."

"For me?"

"No, for this gentleman."

Tony got to his feet and touched himself on the chest.

"For me? What for? What's the complaint?"

"It's about a stolen car, sir."

"Stolen car?" Tony moved slowly and perplexedly towards the door; Daphne slipped from the window-sill and came after him. She was at his shoulder when he stopped at the front door and looked out into the night, where, sure enough, a sergeant stood awaiting him.

This officer coughed once in importance and twice from habit.

"Are you the driver of a car, sir, a Bradman Bee, registered number F.O. 9922?"

"Yes, I was driving it. What about it?"

"Well, sir, I don't know, of course, what explanation you have to offer, but the report we have is that the car is stolen. It was missed, I understand, from Clark's Passage, Victoria, London, this forenoon, and one of my men on duty down the road reported having seen it go by. Nothing was done immediately, but when I was a-walking round just now making inquiries I stepped in to have a look at the cars collected outside the house, and sure enough I spotted it. It answers the description right enough, sir, and I'm afraid I'll have to ask you for a statement."

"No trouble about that," said Tony promptly. "It belongs to a friend of mine, George Barling. I often borrow it. He knows that perfectly well. He

doesn't use it in the daytime. It's understood. I didn't notify him that I'd taken it. But still, he must have known I'd got it."

"According to information, sir, he knows no reason why it should be gone anywhere."

Tony had colored slightly; turned and grinned at Daphne. Then he shrugged.

"It's not like George to turn so nasty. I suppose he wanted it for himself, but I didn't know. This is his way of getting back on me. He evidently thought it would be humorous to put the whole police force of England on to me and have me stopped and the car brought back to teach me a lesson."

THE sergeant fumbled with his pencil.

"That may be quite all right, sir, and I'm not saying it isn't. But I'll have to put in a report, and I can't allow the car to be driven away without instructions from the owner. I'll have to telephone to London. Perhaps you would let me have your name, sir, and I'll send word that you borrowed it. I suppose there isn't any doubt about this, sir, I mean . . . he'll know who you are all right?"

"Yes, yes," said Tony. "Why, I live with him. This lady can tell you that." He turned and indicated Daphne Chaloner. "You know George Barling?" he said confidently, and then he stopped. He was struck by the change of expression on the countenance of Daphne, and as she failed to answer him he turned his head, and then he,

too, struck a stiff and unnatural attitude.

Another car had just come smoothly purring round the drive. Out of it had stepped a gentleman of out-size, and he was now approaching quietly but significantly; he was already within earshot, and he must have heard that question put.

"You know George Barling?"

Whether he had or had not heard this, however, he stopped and inspected them with sinister intent, and then, with hanging jaws and drooping eyes, he stealthily approached; he took in the sergeant of constabulary, his daughter's expression, and the appearance of the young man.

"Did I hear you ask my daughter if she knew George Barling?"

"This policeman wanted to find out," said Tony.

"Policeman?" repeated William J. "I'm not surprised. Did I not see you at my house this morning air? And did you not tell me you were not George Barling?"

"Nor am I," Tony said.

The sergeant made an attempt to take notes of this conversation, but gave it up and looked at everybody bleakly.

"You said your name was Smith? Well, is it Smith?"

"It's Bevington."

"You said you travelled in silk stockings!"

"You must understand, I didn't mean I wore them with plus-fours."

"I knew your name wasn't Smith!"

"Yes, and it isn't Barling, either."

"You say it's Bevington?" Sudden comprehension flooded that massive

Commercial Traveller's Lament

In Melbourne she was Maudie,
In Albany she was Sue;
In Brisbane she was Gertie,
And known in Perth as Lou.
In Sydney, lovely Bertha,
And known to all the bunch,
But down in the expenses
It was petrol, oil, and lunch.
—J. SMITH, Drummoyne.

face "I see! That settles it. Are you the man, then, who returned my daughter's letter?"

"I am."

"The trouble about this gentleman, sir," said the sergeant, "is that he drove down in a stolen car."

"So!"

William J. turned and penetrated Tony with a glare.

"Whose car?"

"George Barling's," put in Daphne. "Now do you understand?"

"I most emphatically do not. The whole affair is most unsatisfactory. Meantime this person had better go with the sergeant to the lock-up."

"That won't be necessary, sir," the sergeant pointed out. "If I substantiate what he reports, I'm going to telephone to London for instructions."

"A very good way of getting those," said William J., "would be to bring this man Barling down here. I have a lot to say to Mr. Barling."

"It's a long way to bring him," mentioned Tony. "Surely the telephone would do."

"Kindly be quiet," said William J. He turned to the sergeant. "Where are you going to speak to London from?"

Please turn to Page 38



"I HAVE THREE
VERY PRACTICAL
REASONS."

1. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS are extremely easy to digest.
2. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS supply very valuable food elements and they contain all the precious vitamins and proteins from the whole wheat grain.
3. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS are delicious and exceedingly popular; try them spread with butter and creamy candied honey, with butter and cheese, or jam.

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get them.

For economy and convenience
buy whole tins.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM



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RADOX slimming baths are a necessary part of all modern reducing methods. Diet or exercise, or perhaps both, may be specified in the treatment, but beauty authorities recommend that every reducing regime be supplemented by Radox slimming baths in order to achieve faster and more lasting results. There is nothing complicated about these Radox reducing baths. Twice a week you take a hot bath with Radox, extra strength as directed, and when the desired reduction is secured, a Radox slimming bath from time to time will counteract any tendency to put on weight.

At all Chemists.

1-37

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Established 24 years.***

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BEEF TEA
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HIMS, Ancient and Modern

"H. I'll phone from here," said Daphne.

"And who will speak to him?" inquired the sergeant.

"I will," said all present, simultaneously.

The sergeant stepped into the hall and removed his helmet; he smoothed back his scanty black hair, and looked about him.

"An awkward matter, this," he thoughtfully opined to no one in particular.

"Yes," said Tony, "and you don't know how awkward."

William J. had followed in. He filled a great part of the space available, and moved across to be greeted by his hostess, and to explain the trouble which had brought him here. In that one moment Daphne clutched Tony by the arm and looked up at him pleadingly.

"Whatever shall we do?"

"How serious are you about George Barling?" asked Tony, under his breath.

"Why, it was only silliness. I met him at a dance, and he was teasing me about modern girls and saying they were unemotional and matter-of-fact, and he said love-letters had died out of fashion, and no one wrote or kept them now unless they wanted them for breach of promise purposes, and the result was nobody of the present generation knew how to write one, and he betted that if I sat down I would begin 'Look here, old soul!'"

So I said 'Would I?' and so, next day, for devilment, I wrote one, as a sort of sample; and that's why I didn't put his name in. It was meant for anybody."

"I wish to Heaven I thought it was meant for me," said Tony.

She glanced at him amusedly.

"You had it once, and all you did was to send it to my father."

Tony looked greatly troubled.

"Oh, well, it may work out all right. Thank goodness you didn't mean it. That's what I was worrying about. In fact, that's why I didn't dare to let George see I had read the thing. You see, George is engaged already..."

to a girl I know. It made it look as if he were carrying on with one or two, and naturally I didn't want to let him think I'd found that out. I wanted him to tell me of his own accord. However, if we can get George on the telephone, I'll speak to him. I'll tell him where I am, too, and if he doesn't withdraw this complaint about the car, I shall proceed to pull a spot of black-mail by a diplomatic reference to you, and to your father. If he flirts with you because the other girl had gone away..."

"We didn't flirt."

"Does it?" said William J. "You think so. Do you expect me to believe

that had been their only intention in the beginning. He did not seem the slightest bit annoyed about the stall; there was not a hint of even suppressed laughter in his face.

Hilda adjusted her cobwebby hat to a less inebriated angle, and gazed at him with simple adoration. "Oh, Peter!" she said.

Peter put his arm as far round her as it would go.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll go and get married straight away; to-morrow, if you like. And won't you be happy on the farm! Let them see you're not going to be bullied any longer. Lord, Hilda! What do you think I'd have been doing, anyway, to let you be starved to death in a beauty shop!"

The last of the caramel had gone, but Hilda was dumb. She could only continue to stare at Peter Doody with adoration increasing.

Then, to her dismay, he began to laugh. It seemed that, after all, she had expected too much from him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, Peter, what are you laughing for?"

Peter Doody gave her a delighted squeeze, to the edification of a passing milkmaid.

"Mrs. Puffitt's face!" he said. "Did you ever see anything so funny as Mrs. Puffitt's face?"

"Well," Peter said surprisingly, "we've got rid of them!" as though

She spoke sincerely, as if she didn't want him to suppose they had.

"It was an argument about love-making through the ages."

Tony opened his mouth to speak, but stopped. William J. was returning brusquely, supported by his host and hostess, right and left. Other guests were looking across the room, and trying to find out what the policeman wanted.

"Well," said Tony, "what about ringing up George Barling?"

William J. turned and pointed at the sergeant.

"Ring up George Barling, officer, immediately, and see that I speak to him myself."

"One moment now," said Tony, "one moment, if you please. The time has come to make it clear to you that a great deal of this excitement is due to misunderstanding. Everyone sup-

posed the letter you complained about was meant for Barling, who, as a matter of fact, your daughter scarcely knows, and that's why I returned it. I was a little jealous."

"Eh? What about?" said William J.

"The fact that I was expecting something of that sort addressed to me. In fact, I took it for granted that the letter was mine; it was a shock to find it wasn't, but it now seems I was quite justified and that the real mistake came at the very start. Not only was the letter opened by the wrong man, but it was put into the wrong envelope by the sender. That explains everything."

"Does it?" said William J. "You think so. Do you expect me to believe

then, I suppose," said he. "There doesn't seem to be much else for it."

"And," cried William J. insistently, "even if she does tell me the truth now, I shall not believe it. No, you've done for yourselves this time. I shall believe now what I wish to believe, and nothing else!"

His hostess laid a consoling hand upon his elbow.

"Well, come along. I will get this number on the telephone, and you can all speak to him in turn. What is his number?"

"Yes, what's his number?" shouted William J.

And—"What's his number?" cried the sergeant.

"Westminster 4000," Tony said. Then he watched William J. escorted to the library; he watched the sergeant follow them; he reached out his elbow and nudged Daphne gently. He spoke out of one corner of his mouth.

"I say... shall we cut for it?" Daphne looked up almost adoringly.

"Do you mean now... the two of us?"

"In George's car. I'll take it back to him myself, and take you with it. I gave them the wrong number, anyway."

Daphne looked pink and white.

"Oh," she said gallantly. "I'd love to go. It's the one thing I always hoped would happen... always."

George said I couldn't write love letters, and I said that was because the men I met were all so dull and snuffy, but now something's really happened. This'll be just like Lochinvar!"

Out from the guests stepped one man agitatedly.

"I say! I say!"

"Sammy," said Daphne. "you be the one to go and tell my father!"

From outside came the scamper of feet on gravel, and then the slamming of a car door and the engine's rising drone.

Daphne was clinging to his arm; her head was close against his shoulder; her hair was blowing back; her eyes were full of longing and adventure.

"We'll probably be stopped a few times by the police," said Tony, "but every time that happens I'll introduce you as the girl I love, and they'll excuse me anything."

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Continued from Page 37

that story? Nobody would believe it. Nobody. It's too preposterous for anything. My daughter wrote to a man called Barling, and she wrote in what I call a most unseemly tone, and what I want to know is, who is George Barling, and why is he not here?" He turned and glowered at the sergeant.

"Why don't you get him on the telephone instead of standing there like that?"

"I don't know where the telephone is, sir."

"I'll show him where," said Daphne. "Oh, no, you won't," said William J. "Stay there. And you stay too," he said to Tony.

Tony looked down at Daphne with a sigh.

"You'd better tell him the truth,

then, I suppose," said he. "There doesn't seem to be much else for it."

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NYAL ESTERIN is effective because it contains Esterin Compound, a safe sedative agent which, in combination with other ingredients, acts directly on the nerve centres and brings quick relief to sufferers from headaches, neuralgia, nerve pain, toothache, rheumatic pain, etc. Women particularly should always have a tin at hand.

NYAL ESTERIN is sold and recommended by your chemist, in tins of 24 tablets for 1/3.

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WOMEN Cricketers are Ready for THE TESTS

Details of English Players Who Will Battle Against Australia

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

Leaving by the Cathay on October 9, the English women cricketers will have their first game in West Australia. They arrive in Fremantle on November 19.

They will play a series of matches against interstate teams before commencing the first Test match in Brisbane on December 28. The second Test will be played in Sydney, and the final Test in Melbourne.

THE Western Australian Women's Cricket Association has notified Mrs. Waldron, secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, that they desire to have the team stay there for six days, during which a cricket match will be played against Western Australia. The team will leave by the Bulminald for Adelaide, where they will spend a few hours, before proceeding to Melbourne.

The captain, Miss Elizabeth Archdale, to quote Miss Marjorie Pollard, is a keen player. Keeps goal for the Kent Hockey Club and is captain of the Comp Cricket Club. "A more able, clear-headed, sane, and imperturbable person it would be difficult to find."

Many hockey and lacrosse players are included in the team. Miss Snowball, who is vice-captain, teaches at the Winchester school, and plays hockey for Hants.

Best Athlete

MISS H. E. GREEN has been appointed the manager of the team, and she is from Northwood College. Miss M. Hyde is at present at Reading University studying agriculture, and is known as the best woman athlete in England. Miss M. MacLagan is the honorary secretary of the Witley Motor Club. Miss J. Partridge is a member of the games staff at Wycombe Abbey School, and is a lacrosse international champion. Miss C. Valentine is captain of the Clichon Club, and has just returned from touring the United States with the lacrosse team.

The record for the highest score does not go to a member of this team, but to Miss M. Bryant, of Liverpool, who holds the record with 220 not out. Miss Bryant has decided to retire from representative cricket this season. There is not the slightest doubt that her retirement will be a big loss to English cricket.

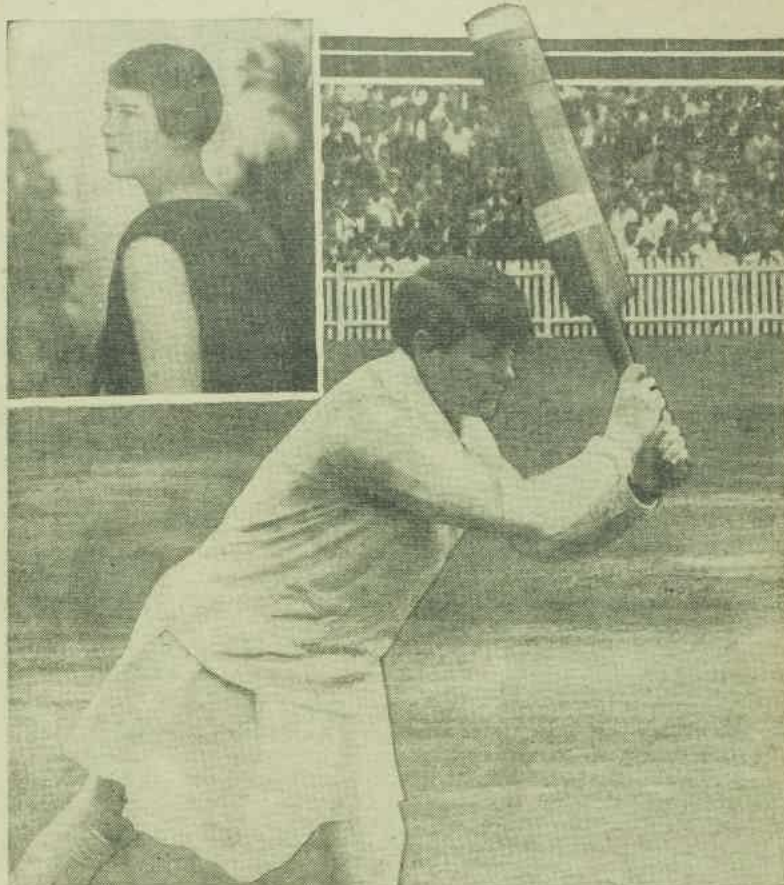
Prior to leaving for Australia, the English team will play a match against The Rest on the already famous Northampton County Cricket Ground.

It is quite possible that these series of matches against England will be played between Australian born and English born representatives.

There is a rule in men's cricket governing these qualifications, and that is that a player must have resided in England or Australia for five years prior to representing that country. They could not qualify if they have previously represented another country.

England, in the present series of matches, has played G. O. Allen, who is an Australian by birth, and, although Australia at present is represented by a purely Australian team, in the previous series of Tests in England the late Archie Jackson, born in England, played for Australia in the Test.

TWO interesting studies of Miss Betty Archdale, L.L.B., who will captain the first English women's cricket team to Australia this year. She is keenly interested in the Feminist movement, and at one time acted as secretary to the Geneva conference.



Women's Interest in Test Matches

(From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe)

A fact that I must not forget to mention is significant of the rising interest women are taking in cricket.

Of all the 34,000 people to enter the Trent Bridge cricket ground for the first match between England and Australia, a woman was the first. She brought her camp stool and pitched it at 6 o'clock in the morning, although play started well after 11, and she was not admitted until 9.

Does not this give a vivid idea of the advance of women's activity in the sporting world?

CENTRAL CONTROL will Help WOMEN'S SPORTS Councils Planned in All States

By RUTH PREDDY

The advocacy of a central controlling council for all Australian sportswomen is slowly but steadily gaining ground.

RECENTLY the Victorian Board of Management altered its name to that of the Victorian Amateur Sportswomen's Association. The change of name does not signify very much, but Victorian women are evidently anxious to enlarge the powers of their past board, and at the same time fall in line with the true interpretation of a State's controlling influence as regards sportswomen.

For some time now New South Wales has had a controlling body in the Women's Amateur Sports Council. This council, which has just published its first annual report, has rendered some valuable service since its formation.

The new council formed instead of the Victorian Women's Sports Consultant Committee is the Victorian Women's Sports Council. It is not fully formed yet, as the first meeting will not be held till July 19. The functions of the council will be the same as the former one, but it hopes to be of greater use to the associations affiliated with it. All women's sports organisations are affiliated with increasing power and membership.

Australian Board

NOW that Victoria has an Amateur Sportswomen's Association, the next step in the direction of progress is for Victoria and New South Wales to affiliate and form the Australian Board of Central Control.

Delegates will have to be nominated from each State, and arrangements could be made for these delegates to meet and confer in a conference held once or twice a year.

The suggestion of this conference immediately brings to the sportswoman thoughts of finance, but as The Australian Women's Weekly previously pointed out in reference to the financing of an Australian Council, this could be very easily arranged.

In the case of Victoria and New South Wales only, if each association as the controlling council for six thousand girls, levied a penny on each member, the sum of £25 would be in hand to finance these conferences.

BOTH hockey and basketball players are regretting the fact that candidates for their umpires' examination

must necessarily travel from State to State, or else wait during the intervening six years until the matches are held again in their own State.

It is quite possible that an easier way of meeting and examining these candidates could be arranged, and if the Australian Council were functioning, then it could be solved by the Central Controlling Association of Australia arranging for examiners to visit the various States and so permit prospective umpires greater facilities for becoming Australian umpires.

There is every prospect of Queensland forming a controlling association, and when this is done there is not the slightest doubt that women and their sport will greatly benefit by this central control.

With so many sportswomen visiting Melbourne during the Centenary celebrations, and later visiting the other States, the need for greater co-operation amongst the various associations is urgent.

Even if a sportswoman is visiting the State, and belongs to a different sport to the one in which the majority of players are interested, it is interesting to know that a welcome is extended to her from the other associations. It is this co-operation and fellow-feeling which will bring players to the highest peak in sportsmanship.

Basketball Carnival

THE Queensland Women's Basketball Association has announced its 14 members, who have started training under joint coaches Miss P. Gallagher and Mr. E. C. Mills. The players are—A. and B. Thompson, A. and O. Stanton, M. McLeod, M. Johnson, J. Moore, D. Bohm, V. Gray, M. Younger, M. Yorliss, E. Hardy, A. Street, E. Sheehy.

The country games have been set down for the week-end, August 11, when Goodna, Kilsby, and Glass House Mountains will compete for the Country Cup.

It is out of this 14, plus the country visitors, that the nine players to represent Queensland in the inter-State carnival in August will be chosen.

HOT HOLBROOK says: For the guest, a quick, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrook's Ambrosy. Make a star.

Hockey Rules Tightening

Women hockey players all over Australia will be interested to hear of the tightening-up in regulations by the Brisbane Women's Hockey Association.

SOME teams have been defaulting in not being ready to play on time, so it has been decided that a team may claim a forfeit if their opponents are not ready within 15 minutes of the regulation starting time of the match.

Punctuality is most important in sport and the president of the B.W.H.A., Mrs. A. R. Todd, asked club captains to make particular note of the new regulation. Another topic which has been causing some concern in the ranks of the B.W.H.A. was the payment of the capitation fee for interstate expenses.

The B.W.H.A. constitution provided for a "registration fee" in addition to affiliation dues. Many clubs were under the impression that this registration fee covered the capitation fee, imposed by the Queensland Women's Hockey Association to defray the costs of State team travelling expenses.

Miss Vera Nairn, secretary of the Brisbane Association, pointed out to the executive that constitutionally the registration and capitation fees are independent of each other.

The meeting, however, decided that the B.W.H.A. should meet the Capitation Levy, which was paid out of general funds.

And so the matter was settled for this year, but next year it is bound to arise again, and then what?

Interstate Fund

BRISBANE officials are keen to see the establishment of an interstate fund, which is a long-felt want of the Q.W.H.A. but since many feel that an additional levy would be too much for the bulk of the members, there is every likelihood that this season's action will create a precedent to be followed in future years.

NO more will the vexed question have to be settled as to when a player may take the field. A definite ruling has been given that in the event of a player arriving late she may take the field any time, so long as a substitute has not been played in her place, her team having played short up to the time of her arrival.

ENTRY FORM

SECOND ANNUAL CITY OF SYDNEY ESTABLISHED, 1934.

TO SCREEN PERSONALITY CONTEST

c/o Organising Secretary,
City of Sydney Established,
Box No. 12700, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please accept the following entry, subject to rules and conditions in Syllabus

SECTION	ENT. FEE	NAME AND ADDRESS	AGE
202+ (woman)			
ST			
203 (man)			
SIGNATURE OF ENTRANT			
WITNESS TO SIGNATURE			
Do you desire to be judged in Sydney Country centre			

*Cross out section not required.

At least one photograph to accompany entry.

Entries should be forwarded as early as possible.

Closing date for country judging, July 31.

No entries accepted unless fees are enclosed.

Closing date, Saturday, August 4, 1934.

MRS. H. E. TWAMLEY, president of the Q.L.B.A., proposes to take a team to tour the north as far as Cairns during August. It is anticipated that four rinks will make the trip.

This will be the first time a bowling team has been north; previous visits being only as far as Maryborough. On the way back matches will be played at all the affiliated centres, including Townsville.

MRS. S. B. HEISER, secretary of the Queensland Bowls Association, is arranging for two rinks to participate in the Centenary Games Tournament in Melbourne. Entries have closed, and Mrs. Heiser expects that the chosen players will be announced shortly. Mrs. Heiser, herself unfortunately, is not available for either tour. The Centenary Games are scheduled for November 19 to 26.

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- Stone Martens
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UNDIE BARGAINS



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These will keep you warm on cold nights! Flannelette Nightgowns for only 7/11—It's incredible! All sizes.

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Another pleasing bargain—Printed Flannelette Pyjamas S.W. & W.

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500 at this remarkable price! Coloured British Flannelette Nightgowns with "V" necks short Magyar sleeves. S.W.-O.S.

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Here's great news! 14-inch Elastic "Step-in" Girdles of superior quality. Sizes 22 to 36ins. There's only a few going at this price—90 act smartly! U.S. 9/11. Priced at 3/11

Another breathtaking value! Medium-length Tea Rose Broche Corset. Side hooking or bust front style. Sizes 22 to 36 inches. Usually priced at 4/11. Be sure you secure one at only 3/11



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FIGURE



4-6
3/6

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